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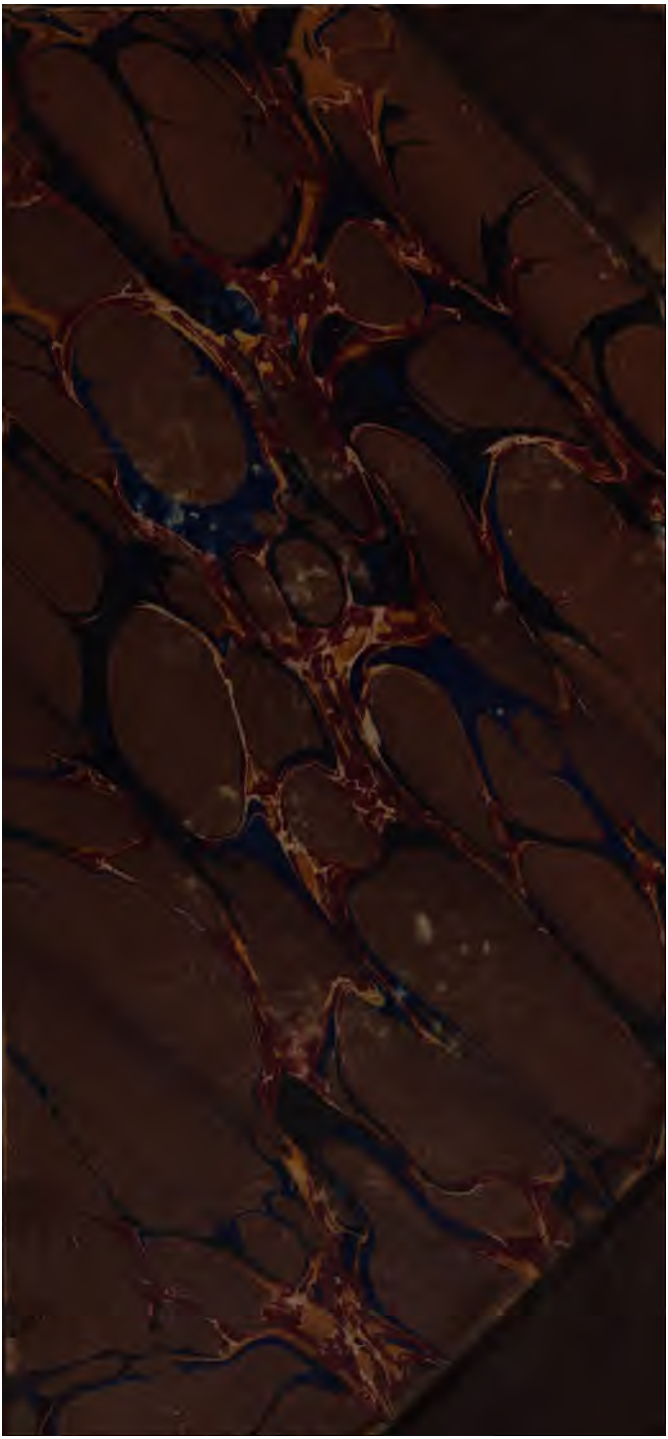


MONUMENTAL

PILLARS;

OR,

A Collection of

Remarkable Instances

OF THE

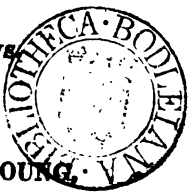
JUDGMENT, PROVIDENCE,

AND

GRACE OF GOD;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.



BY THE REV. THOMAS YOUNG,

Of Zion Chapel, Margate.

Author of Asiel; or the Young Convert described: The Wreath, &c.

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PREFACE.

TO impress the mind of the Reader with an influential belief of the existence, providence, justice, and grace of God—to cherish a spirit of mutual regard among the Faithful of every Denomination—to expose, and check the fell Demon of persecution—and, to awaken the Unthinking to a proper sense of their best interests, are the objects of this work.

Conceiving that a collection of interesting and appropriate Narratives, accompanied with suitable Reflections, would be calculated to promote those important ends, I have made the attempt.

Though some of the Narratives are generally known, yet, as I have met with various sensible and serious persons, to

whom they were quite new (which doubtless is the case with many others) they are on this account inserted. The Narratives are arranged according to the order of time; yet not with the exactness of a Chronologist. These Narrations, dispersed in various works, being now collected together, will be found convenient for reference; and, from their association, they will probably appear with greater interest.

It was my intention to publish a second volume on the same plan with this. I had collected some of the materials, but that part of my plan is now given up for want of leisure.

Should the work be useful, I gain my object, and have my reward. My prayer is to God for success—my hope of success is in Him, who is all—who does all—and to whom all is due.

THOMAS YOUNG.

Margate, October 22, 1818.

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FEARFUL PORTENTS.

The destruction of *Jerusalem* by the Roman legions, is one of the most awful and interesting catastrophes recorded on the pages of human or sacred history.—A catastrophe, so solemnly predicted, by our blessed Saviour, predicted with so much plainness, and in so astonishingly circumstantial a manner, and its fulfilment so amply confirmed by the most unquestionable historic evidence, may well excite in the mind of the attentive reader, the deepest conviction and the highest amazement.

It would carry me beyond my prescribed limits, were I to attempt to enter into a particular detail, examination, and improvement of all the important circumstances connected with the Divine predic-

tion. But I hope, for with me it is an *object*, that I may be permitted to suggest, for the information of those of our young friends, whose attention has not been turned to this subject, that there is a rich repast to be found in the writings of many eminent men, whose pens have been employed on this most interesting theme.—Those at the foot of this page,* have been mentioned with very high respect.

I have transcribed from Josephus, as being fraught with much interest, his surprising account of the strange signs and tokens that appeared before the destruction of Jerusalem which are thus enumerated by him in his preface to the Jewish war. He observes, "These miserable people (his countrymen the Jews) were thus easily persuaded by impostors, who abused the name of God; yet would they not believe, nor give any ear or regard unto certain tokens and signs of the ruin of their city: but as it were, blinded, neither having eyes nor souls, they counterfeited themselves not to see what God foreshewed them. One while there was a comet in form of a

* Archbishop Tillotson's Sermon in his Posthumous works, vol. 2, p. 547.—Bishop Chandler's defence of Christianity, p. 472.—Bishop of London's Lectures, vol. 2. p. 166. Dr. Arthur Young, on Idolatry, vol. 2, p. 216.—Dr. Whitby's and Dr. Adam Clark's notes on the 24th of Matthew; and Dr. R. Jenkins on the Christian Religion.

fiery sword, which for a year together hung over the city. Another time, before the first revolt and war, the people being gathered together to the feast of unleavened bread, which was the 8th day of April at the ninth hour of the night, there was so much light about the altar and temple, as though it had been bright day; and it remained half an hour. This the ignorant people interpreted as a good sign; but they that were skilful in holy scripture, presently judged what would ensue before it came to pass. At the same festival, a cow led to be sacrificed at the altar, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the temple; and the inner gate of the temple, on the east side, being of massive brass, and which at night had always at least twenty men to shut it, and was bound with locks of iron, and barred with bars, the ends whereof went into mortice holes in the stones on either side the door, (the foresaid stones being on each side one whole stone) was seen at the first hour of the night to open of its own accord; which being presently related to the magistrate by the keepers of the temple, he himself came thither, and could scarcely shut it. This also to the ignorant seemed a good sign, as if God opened to them the gate of his blessings, but the wiser sort judged, that the defence of the temple would fail of its own accord, and that the opening of the gate

foretold that it should be given to the enemies, and that this sign signified desolation. A little while after the feast days, on the one and twentieth day of May, there was seen a vision beyond all belief, and perhaps that which I am to recount might seem a fable, if some were not now alive that beheld it, and if that calamity worthy to be so foretold, had not ensued. Before the sun-rise, was seen in the air all over the country; chariots full of armed men in battle array passing along in the clouds, and begirting the city. And upon the feast day, called Pentecost, at night, the priests going into the inner Temple to offer their wonted sacrifice, at first, felt the place to move and tremble, and afterward they heard a voice which said, let us depart hence, and that which was most wonderful of all, one Jesus the son of Ananus, an ordinary peasant, four years before the war begun, when the city flourished in peace and riches, coming to the celebration of the feast of tabernacles, in the temple at Jerusalem, suddenly began to cry out thus, "A voice from the east; a voice from the west; a voice from the four winds; a voice against all Jerusalem and the temple; a voice against men and women newly married; a voice against all this people: and thus crying night and day he went about all the streets of the city. Some of the quality, not able to

suffer words of so ill presage, caused him to be taken and severely scourged, which he endured without speaking the least word to defend himself, or to complain of so hard treatment; but he continued repeating the same words. The magistrates then thinking, (as indeed it was) that the man spake thus through some divine motion, led him to Albinus, general of the Romans, where being beaten till his bones appeared, he never intreated nor wept, but as well as he could, with a mournful voice, he cryed, 'Woe, woe to Jerusalem.' Albinus asked him what he was, and whence, and wherefore he said so; but he made him no answer. Yet he ceased not to bewail the misery of Jerusalem, till Albinus thinking him to be out of his wits, suffered him to depart, after which, till the time of war, this man was never seen to speak to any one, but still without ceasing he cryed, 'Woe, woe to Jerusalem.' Neither did he ever curse any one, though every day some one or other did beat him, nor did he ever thank any one that offered him meat. All that he spake to any man was this heavy prophecy. He went crying, as is said, chiefly upon holy days; doing so continually for the space of seven years and five months; and his voice never waxed hoarse nor weary, till in the time of the siege, beholding what he foretold them, he ceased: and then once again upon the walls, going about the

city, with a loud voice he cryed, "Woe, woe to the city, temple, and people;" and lastly he said, 'Woe also to myself.' Which words were no sooner uttered, but a stone shot out of an engine, smote him, and so he yielded up the ghost, lamenting them all."

REFLECTIONS.

"Moses truly said unto the fathers, "A prophet shall the Lord God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me." About fifteen hundred years afterwards this prophecy was found to square with the event in the person of Jesus Christ, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." God, according to our feeble apprehension, may seem to delay the fulfilment of his predictions, and patience and faith may be sorely tried, and the scoffer be emboldened to ask, "Where is the sign of his coming?" But, what fidelity has spoken, omnipotence will effect. What holy men of old saw in prophetic vision, the generation to come, shall behold realized, as exactly as the impression answers to the seal.—This is not mere conjecture; it has been verified by innumerable facts; and, as it is a duty, which we owe to God, to glorify him, by believing the things which he has foretold; so it is a privilege which belongs

to ourselves, to rejoice in hope of their fulfilment.

None of our Saviour's predictions are more awfully striking than those which respect the destruction of Jerusalem, and which were accomplished about forty years after they were delivered with a dreadful exactness. He did not deliver himself dubiously respecting the time of this desolation; but connected with it two most extraordinary circumstances, by which as criteria they were to judge. One was, that notwithstanding the most discouraging appearances which presented themselves, and the future heavy persecutions which he predicted were to follow his death; yet the gospel of the kingdom should first be preached in all the world (that is, throughout the Roman empire. Luke ii, 1.) for a witness unto all nations, and then, and not till then, should the end of the Jewish state come. Of the accomplishment of this, in less than thirty years after the crucifixion there is evidence which can never be disproved. In respect of the other criterion, hear his most solemn affirmation, "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled;" and it is admitted as an indisputable fact, that in about the short space of forty years after his death, which was within the compass of that race they were, accomplished as he had foretold.

Our Lord foretelling the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, gives as remoter signs of its approach, "*Fearful sights, and great signs from heaven, signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars.*" These predicted tokens were such, as no human sagacity could possibly foresee. They were beyond the range of philosophical or political calculation, and they place the prophetic character of Christ in a most interesting light.

Let us with admiration dwell on the providence of God in raising up Josephus the Jewish historian to transmit to us such a collection of important facts, of which he was an eye-witness, as really forms an invaluable commentary on the predictions of our Saviour; and it is observable that they are not only mentioned by Josephus, but also by Tacitus the Roman historian. Those who handle the pen, as well as those who wield the sword, are at the Lord's disposal. He can never want a pen to plead his cause, nor a sword to fight his battles. But howgreat was the guilt, and how justly deserved was the awful punishment of those who rejected this prophet raised up by God; and whose mission was confirmed by the highest evidence. May that admonition be daily sounding in our ears, and sounding with effect, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh, for if they escaped not that

refused him that spake on earth; much more shall we not escape if we turn away from him thatspeaketh from heaven."

We are struck with the high integrity which discovers itself in these most awful denunciations pronounced by this great Prophet. How they remove the character of Christ to an infinite distance from the charge of collusion or flattery, imposture, or the fear of man. For what can be conceived more contrary to the pride, envy, self-love, national prejudices, and blood-thirsty rage of the rulers of the Jews: and, be it remembered, that at the very time their hatred of him, and their covered pride, hypocrisy, and cruelty, were as clearly seen by him as insects would be if crawling in a chrystal vase.

In how amiable and endearing a light the character of Jesus appears from his conduct towards those by whom he was despised and rejected. How pathetically he bewailed the condition of Jerusalem, and how he forewarned and kindly cautioned his hearers for their safety; "Behold," said he, "I have told you before." The Christians observing the conformity of the *Portents* to their gracious Master's predictions, adopted means for their own safety, so that they escaped the general ruin. The rest became a carcass preyed on by the

Roman eagles, according to that ancient and divine denunciation, "And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Let us copy the bright example which the precious Saviour displayed in his love for his country, in his meekness, and in his endeavours for the good of those by whom he had been so deeply injured. Let him live in our tempers and conduct, as well as be in us the hope of glory; for he is not only our great atoning priest, but also our brightest Exemplar. Surely we should beware of angry resentments against those who are *our* foes, and what is of far greater importance, the foes of the truth as it is in Jesus. If he, the centre, in whom met all the lines of excellence, was thus meek and lowly of heart, towards his most deadly enemies, shall we—we from whose head the crown has fallen, and who are bound by innumerable ties to be merciful.—Shall we stretch forth the hand, seize our fellow servant by the throat, and demand without consideration or pity, "Pay me what thou owest." Judge, Reader! Be faithful to God, and be faithful to thyself in this case.

THE CATECHUMENS.

At Carthage, the ancient capital of Africa, under what is called the fifth persecution, about A. D. 202, were seized four young Catechumens, *Revocatus* and *Telicitas*, slaves to the same master; with *Saturninus*, and *Secondulus*; also *Vivia Perpetua*, a lady of quality. She had a father, a mother, and two brothers, of whom one was a Catechumen: she was about twenty two years of age; was married, and then pregnant; and moreover, she had a young child at her breast. To these five, by an excess of zeal, too common at that time, *Satur*, voluntarily joined himself. While they were in the hands of the persecutors, the father of *Perpetua*, himself a Pagan, but full of affection to his favourite offspring, importuned her to fall from the faith. His intreaties were vain. Her pious constancy appeared to him an absurd obstinacy, and enraged him so much as to induce him to give her very rough treatment. *Perpetua's* prayers were directed particularly for patience under bodily pains. They were then put into a dark prison. So the rest, who had been more accus-

tomed to hardships, this change of scene had not any thing in it very terrible. To her, who had experienced nothing but the delicacy of genteel life, it was peculiarly formidable and distressing. Her concern for the infant was extreme. *Tertius* and *Pomponius*, two Deacons of the Church, obtained by money, that the prisoners might go out of the dark dungeon, and for some hours refresh themselves in a more commodious place; where *Perpetua* gave the breast to her infant, and then recommended him carefully to her mother. For some time her mind was oppressed with concern for the misery she had brought on her family though it was for the sake of a good conscience; but she grew more composed, and her prison became a palace.

Her father, some time after, came to the prison overwhelmed with grief; which in all probability, was augmented by the reflections he had made on his own rough and angry behaviour to her at the last interview. "Have pity my daughter, says he, on my grey hairs; have pity on your father, if I was ever worthy of that name: if I myself have brought you to this age; if I have preferred you to all your bretheren, make me not a reproach to mankind; respect your father and your Aunt. These it seems, were

joined in the interests of Paganism, while the mother appears to have been a Christian, otherwise his silence concerning her seems scarcely to be accounted for; "Have compassion on your son, who cannot survive you: lay aside your obstinacy, lest you destroy us all; for if you perish, we must all of us shut our mouths in disgrace." The old gentleman with much tenderness, kissed her hands, threw himself at her feet, weeping and calling her no longer his daughter but his mistress,—the mistress of his fate! he was the only person of the family who did not rejoice at her martyrdom, *Perpetua*, though inwardly torn with filial affection, could offer him no other comfort than to desire him to acquiesce in the divine disposal. The next day they were all brought into the court, and examined in the presence of vast crowds. There the unhappy old gentleman appeared with his little grandson, and taking *Perpetua* aside, conjured her to have some pity on her child. The Procurator, *Hilarian*, joined in the suit, but in vain. The old man then attempted to draw his daughter from the scaffold. *Hilarian* ordered him to be beaten; and a blow, which he received from a staff, was felt by *Perpetua* very severely.

Hilarian condemned them to be exposed to the wild beasts. They then

returned cheerfully to their prison. *Perpetua* sent the deacon, *Pomponius*, to demand her child of her father, which he refused to return. The health of the child we are told suffered not; nor did *Perpetua* feel any bodily inconvenience.

Secondulus died in Prison. *Felicitas* was eight months gone with child; and seeing the day of the public shows to be near, she was much afflicted lest her execution should take place before her delivery. Her companions joined in prayer for her three days before the spectacles; and she was with great difficulty delivered of a child. One of the door-keepers, who, perhaps, expected to have found in her a stoical insensibility, and heard her cries, said, "Do you complain of THIS? what will you do when you are exposed to the beasts?" *Felicitas* answered, with a sagacity truly christian, "It is I that suffer now, but then there will be another with me, that will suffer for me, because I shall suffer for his sake." Her new born daughter was delivered to a christian woman, who nursed it as her own.

The Tribune appears to have credited a report, that the prisoners would free themselves by magical practices; and in consequence, to have treated them roughly. "Why don't you, says *Perpetua*, give us

some relief? will it not be for your honour that we should appear well fed at the spectacles?"

This address of hers had the desired effect; it procured a very agreeable alteration in their treatment. On the day before the shows they were supplied with their last meal; and the martyrs did their utmost to convert it into an *agape*, (a love feast) they ate in public: their brethren and others were allowed to visit them: the keeper of the prison himself, by this time, was converted to the faith: they talked to the people, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come: they pointed out to them their own happy lot, and smiled at the curiosity of those who ran to see them. "Observe well our faces," cries *Satur*, with much animation, that ye may know them at the day of judgment."

The spirit of God was much with them on the day of trial: joy, rather than fear was painted on their looks. *Perpetua*, cherished by Jesus Christ, went on with a composed countenance, and an easy face, holding down her eyes, lest the spectators should draw wrong conclusions from their vivacity. Some idolotrous garments were offered them by the Pagans: "We sacrifice our lives" said they, to avoid every thing

of this kind." The Tribune desisted from his demand.

Perpetua sang as already victorious: and *Revocatus*, *Saturninus*, and *Satur*, endeavoured to affect the people with a fear of the wrath to come. Being come into *Hilarian's* presence, "Thou judgest us" said they, "and God shall judge thee." The mob was enraged, and insisted on their being scourged before they were exposed to the beasts. It was done, and the martyrs rejoiced in being conformed to their Saviour's sufferings.

Perpetua and *Felicitas* were stripped, and put into the nets and exposed to a wild cow, the spectators were shocked at the sight: for the one was an accomplished beauty, and the other had been newly delivered of a child. The assisting executioner drew them back, and covered them with loose garments. *Perpetua* was first attacked; and falling backwards, she put herself into a reclining posture; and seeing her habit torn by her side, she retired to cover herself: she then gathered up her hair, that she might seem less disordered: she raised herself up, and seeing *Felicitas* bruised, she gave her her hand and lifted her up: then they went toward the gate, where *Perpetua* was received by a catechumen, called *Rusti-*

cus, who attended her." "I wonder," said she, "when they will expose us to the cow." She had been, it seems, insensible of what had passed, nor could believe it, till she saw on her body and clothes, the marks of her sufferings. She caused her brother to be called, and addressing herself to him and *Rusticus*, she said, "Continue firm in the faith, love one another; be neither frightened nor offended at our sufferings."

The people insisted on having the martyrs brought into the midst of the Amphitheatre, that they might have the pleasure of seeing them die: Some of them rose up and went forward of their own accord, after having given one another the kiss of charity: others received the last blow without speaking or stirring. *Perpetua* fell into the hands of an unskillful gladiator, who pierced her between the ribs, so as to give her unnecessary pain; she cried out; and then she herself guided his trembling hand to her throat: and thus with the rest she fell asleep in Jesus. DR. MILNER'S History of the Church of Christ, page 304,

REFLECTIONS.

Four Young Catechumens devoting themselves to God, is a delightful and instructive sight. What can be more lovely, than to see the spring of life, putting forth

those flowers of Grace, which shall be fully blown in a blessed immortality. But there are also seen in the vernal months, thorns, and briars, which are nigh unto cursing, and whose end is to be burned. *This*, is as full of misery; as THAT of blessedness. My young Reader, say, what does thy spring produce? The fearful doom should deter; and the bright prospect encourage. Do you prefer the gulph of perdition to the paradise of God? think on these things. They deserve thy consideration; and the consideration will well repay thee.

The religion of Jesus was as necessary *for the beautiful and elevated Perpetua*, as for the SLAVES *Recreatus* and *Felicitas*, *Saturnius* and *Secondulus*. She with them had sinned, and there was only one Saviour, one common Salvation, which, like the sun its symbol, equally shone on all the brethren, whether of low or high degree. Their ruin was total, and their recovery was equal.

The *zeal of Satur*, though sincere, was ill directed. He unnecessarily and imprudently provoked opposition, instead of aiming by gentleness to soften the fierce; and to convince the prejudiced. There is a prudent *precaution*, which is consistent with the strictest *integrity*. But this is often overlooked or contemned. Holy

Paul was thankful to God, that he was delivered from the mouth of the lion; but *Satur* chose to run into it. "A word to the wise is enough."

What can be more affecting, than the *interviews between Perpetua and her Pagan Father?* He, overwhelmed with grief and prostrate, entreats her to forsake the CRUCIFIED; but she, though inwardly torn with filial and maternal affection, prefers a cruel death to the abandonment of him, who loved and gave himself for her, as an atoning sacrifice. Illustrious triumph! what cannot the power and consolation of the Holy Spirit effect? With such support multitudes of modern christians, would, if called to it, die for Christ. And with such support, every difficulty and every danger is to be encountered, rather than sacrifice truth and a good conscience: "If God be for us, who can be against us."

The case of *Felicitas, who was eight months gone with child*, was peculiarly affecting. She feared more for the fruit of her womb, than for herself. But God was better to her than all her fears. This is the common experience of his people; and what it is their privilege to expect. United prayers prevailed. The Lord help us to believe the efficacy of prayer, and may he

help us properly to estimate the prayers of the faithful. Alas, after all our preaching, and all our hearing, our writing and reading on these subjects, we only half believe.

How truly christian, how worthy of faith, was the answer of *Felicitas*, to the question of one of the door keepers of the prison! he heard her piercing cries in travail, and tauntingly reminded her of her exposure to the wild beasts. "*It is I*" said she '*that suffer now: but then there will be another with me, that will suffer for me, because I shall suffer for his sake.* This confidence was the consequence of her faith. She believed WHAT God had promised; and she trusted in God *for* the accomplishment. It was to her according to her faith; and so it will be with all those, who make him the object of their confidence.

PERPETUA, *an accomplished Beauty*, was not only unterrified at the prospect of being *exposed to the wild beasts*, but even pleasantly reproved her more savage persecutors. They had not only the animal rage of beasts, but the mental hatred of apostate spirits. Lord, what is Man! "*Why don't you,*" said Perpetua, "*give us some relief? Will it not be for your honor that we should appear well fed at the spectacles.*" Her address had the desired effect. This spirit arose, not from

the noble blood which flowed in her veins, but from the reign of Grace in her heart. How wonderfully the Grace of God elevates the soul above itself!

"*Observe well our faces*, said the lively and triumphant *Satur, that ye may know them at the day of Judgement.*" Yes, opposers shall see the sufferers at the bar of Christ, and shall be blasted by the lightning of his eye.

"*Thou judgest us*, said the Martyrs, *and God shall judge thee.*" These sufferers appealed from Cæsar to God. Their cause, and that of all his suffering saints will be reheard—reheard at a bar, from which there is no appeal—a bar, where the imperial purple will lose all its lustre; and where the Roman sceptre will be esteemed but as rotten wood. The truth of God, the relation in which he stands, and the infinite love which he bears to his people, insures for them a state of righteous retribution.

"*The day of the shows is arrived.*" But it would be painful to dwell on the particulars of that bloody scene. The support experienced by those blessed martyrs may well leave an indelible impression on our memories and our hearts. They shew how seasonably and effectually God appears

for those, who are called to endure tribulation for his name's sake; and may well encourage hope in the day of trial. These pious sufferers beheld, and they sustained undismayed, all the terrors of a blood-thirsty persecuting rage. Their triumph was not an empty boast. They were more than conquerors through him that loved them. Their memorial is blessed. Companions in arms! our victory also is secure! If faithful unto death—ours is the crown of life.

THE SURPRISE.

Eckius being sent by the Pope, legate into France, upon his return resolved to take Geneva in his way, on purpose to see Calvin; and if occasion were, to attempt reducing him to the Roman Church. Therefore, when Eckius was come within a league of Geneva, he left his retinue there, and went, accompanied but with one man, to the city, in the forenoon. Setting up his horses at an inn, he enquired where Calvin lived; whose house being shewn him, he knocked at the door; and Calvin

himself came to open it to him. Eckius enquiring for Mr. Calvin, he was told he was the person. Eckius acquainted him that he was a stranger; and having heard much of his fame was come to wait on him. Calvin invited him to come in; and he entered the house with him, where discoursing of many things concerning religion, Eckius perceived Calvin to be an ingenious learned man, and desired to know if he had not a garden to walk in: to which Calvin replying he had, they both went into it, and there Eckius began to enquire of him why he left the Roman church, and offered him some arguments to persuade him to return; but Calvin could by no means be persuaded to think of it. At last Eckius told him he would put his life in his hands; and then said he was Eckius the Pope's legate. At this discovery Calvin was not a little surprised, and begged his pardon that he had not treated him with the respect which was due to his quality. Eckius returned the compliment; and told him if he would come back to the Roman church he would certainly procure for him a Cardinal's Cap. But Calvin was not to be moved by such an offer. Eckius then asked him what revenue he had; he told the cardinal he had that house and garden, and fifty livres per annum, besides an annual present of some wine and corn, on which he lived very contentedly. Eckius told him that a man of his parts

deserved a greater revenue; and then renewed his invitation to come over to the Romish church, promising him a better stipend if he would. But Calvin, giving him thanks, assured him he was well satisfied with his condition. About this time dinner was ready, when he entertained his guest as well as he could, excused the defects of it, and paid him great respect. Eckius after dinner, desired to know if he might not be admitted to see the church, which anciently was the cathedral of that city. Calvin very readily answered that he might; accordingly he sent to the officers to be ready with the keys, and desired some of the Syndics to be there present, not acquainting them who the stranger was. As soon therefore, as it was convenient, they both went towards the church, and as Eckius was coming out of Calvin's house he drew out a purse, with about one hundred pistoles, and presented it to Calvin; but Calvin desired to be excused: Eckius told him he gave it to buy books, as well as to express his respect for him. Calvin, with much regret took the purse; and they proceeded to the church, where the Syndics and officers waited upon them; at the sight of whom, Eckius thought he had been betrayed, and whispered his thoughts in the ear of Calvin, who assured him of his safety. Thereupon they went into the church; and Eckius having seen all, told Calvin he did not

expect to find things in so decent an order, having been told to the contrary. After having taken a full view of every thing, Eckius was returning out of the church, but Calvin stopped him a little, and calling the Syndics and officers together, took out the purse of gold which Eckius had given him, telling them, that he had received that gold from this worthy stranger, and that he now gave it to the poor; and so put it all into the poor-box that was kept there. The Syndics thanked the stranger; and Eckius admired the charity and modesty of Calvin. When they where come out of the church, Calvin invited Eckius again to his house; but he replied that he must depart: so thanking him for his civilities, offered to take his leave. But Calvin waited upon him to the inn, and walked with him a mile out of the territories of Geneva, where, with great compliments, they took a farewell of each other.

See the State Letters and Memoirs of the Right Honourable Roger Boyle, page 4 and 5.

REFLECTIONS.

No blame attached to this celebrated disputant Eckius *for his resolve to attempt reducing Calvin to the Roman Church.* He believed him to have wandered out of the way of salvation, and, under this persuasion, the endeavour to reclaim him,

so far from being pragmatic, was highly commendable. He who supposes himself to know the only way of salvation, and yet is not concerned to communicate it to others, is not only culpable, but, as much as in him lies, suffers a soul to perish for lack of knowledge.

There must have been a high degree of curiosity and self confidence in Eckius, to seek this memorable interview. The first, might arise from the natural vigour of his mind; and the latter, might be a consequence of the theological warfare to which he was accustomed. Who can conceive the feelings excited in this active, determined, and powerful champion of the Papacy, when he first, and so *abruptly*, found himself in the presence of Calvin himself—of Calvin, the hero and the glory of the Reformed Church.

Eckius, yet unknown, *acquainted Calvin, that he was a Stranger, and having heard* MUCH OF HIS FAME, *was come to wait on Him.* The Reformer's celebrity was not the bubble of artificial fame, which touched by the thorn of examination, breaks at once, and is annihilated. No, it was a pyramid: and it remains a pyramid, resisting the blasts of malignity, and withstanding the thunders of opposition; and on which is inscribed a NAME *imperishable.*

Eckius, the stranger, was treated with all due civilty. *Calvin invited him to come in.* Here was nothing haughty and repulsive, cold and suspicious. Calvin's knowledge was brought by Eckius to the test: and Eckius, it is well known, was no common Assayer. On trial, it was found to be sterling gold: *he perceived him to be an ingenuous and learned man.* He wrestled with him, as a controversialist, and though himself a man of might, and a master in the science of shifting, yet felt that Calvin was neither to be thrown by trick nor by force. He found hin no *Time-pleaser*; but a pillar standing on the broad and deep base of a thorough conviction of the truth of what he professed. Calvin was a sun that dissipated the *mist* through which Eckius was accustomed to view him. Struck with the effulgence of his *integrity*, *he told him that he would put his life in his hands, and then said he was Eckius the Pope's Legate.* Nor was his confidence abused; for he found himself as secure in the house of this far-famed Heresiarch, as he would have been in a popish citadel. And well he might, for Calvin was a man of honor, not a man of blood.

It is no wonder that *Calvin was not a little surprised* at this singular disclosure. But it was not followed by a rude attack,

by the bitterness of invective, or by the frown of inhospitality. No, here was a mutual exchange of civilities; at the sight of which, Protestant and Catholic zealots would have been struck with horror, as at the sight of a spectre: but to the Benign of both parties, it would have been a day of high delight. We see throughout *the whole of Calvin's behaviour to Eckius*, a full confirmation that the rules of decency, and the practice of easy and obliging manners, may well comport with exalted genius and extensive learning—with elevated piety, with severe study, and with the most extraordinary usefulness.

The proffer of a Cardinal's hat was lost on Calvin. With him the HAT, and all its attendant honours, were light as the dust of the balance, when weighed against truth and a good conscience. *The revenue which Calvin received from his people, and after which Eckius did not fail to enquire*, though it did not show the riches of their liberality, yet it exhibited their pastor, as an illustrious proof, that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Eckius put the *Cup of praise* to Calvin's lips, and what more palatable? *He renewed his solicitations for him to come over to the Romish church*, and who knows not, that the solicitations of a man of note, of influence and authority, have often removed

mountains? He held forth to him, *the promise of a better stipend*—the very game after which, mere hirelings of all communions have ever delighted to hunt. But Calvin neither dared nor willed, to barter the praise of God for the praise of man. He felt the superiority of evangelical considerations to powerful human persuasion; nor could he forego his faith for revenue, for he considered it as being much more precious than gold that perisheth.

It was liberal in Eckius *to present the purse*, and his reasons were commendable. Calvin, in his refusal, showed himself superior to the love of filthy lucre; and in accepting the gift, *though with much regret*, shewed he was not insensible to acts of kindness. Eckius, from appearances, *thought he had been betrayed, and whispered his thoughts in the ears of Calvin.* But happy for him, his secret was in the breast of a man, who kept faith with hereticks. The acknowledgement of Calvin, to the Syndics and officers of the church, of the *worthy stranger's* munificence, and his own prompt liberality *in putting* before them, *all the gold into the poor's box*, might well cause Eckius *to admire the charity and modesty of Calvin.* Indeed, on either side, there was displayed a noble mindedness, more easily commended than imitated. It is interesting to observe the

renewed *hospitality* of Calvin, his attention in *waiting upon Eckius to the inn*, and his sociableness *in walking with him a mile out of the territories of Geneva.* Such was the spirit and conduct of that celebrated presbyterian Chief, at whom it has long been fashionable for culumny to hurl her envenomed shafts. Eckius and Calvin parted, not with the angry growl of bearish Bigots, but with those expressions of mutual respect which became them, as Professors of that common Christianity which enjoins, "Be courteous."

A series of facts have now passed in review before us, which, while they are calculated to arrest the attention and conciliate esteem, give to the name of cardinal Eckius, the Pope's Legate, an unexpected, pleasing, and just elevation: and in these series are also facts, which to the character of the highly distinguished, but deeply maligned Reformer, are both a shield of defence and a folio of commendation. But alas, as Archbishop Tillotson has justly remarked, "There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault, than to commend a virtue." Whether this spirit be from heaven or earth—from above or from beneath, let the Reader judge.

THE CONSTELLATION.

The Rev. Mr. Fleming, that eminent servant of God, speaking of the sufferings endured by those who lived godly in Christ Jesus, observes,—"I must add, that marvellous joy and resolution which the Saints in these *late times*, did in their greatest sufferings show, is known to the world, for their suffering was not in a corner; and we may say, hath not *come short of the primitive Martyrs*; but did witness the same spirit, and power accompanying them. I cannot pass this in general, without giving some touch, amidst such a multitude of convincing instances. Let us hear blessed Bradford at the stake, thus speak to his fellow sufferer, "*Be of good comfort, for we shall have this night a merry supper with the Lord.*" Latimer to Ridley, "*We shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out.*" Mr. Sanders, "*I was in prison, until I got into prison,*" and at the stake embracing, cries, "*Welcome the cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life.*" Doctor Farrar, to a Gentleman who bemoaned his death, and the painfulness of it, "*If you see me once stir in the fire, believe not my doctrine,*" as did after appear, for he stood without moving in the midst of the flame. John Ardley, "*If every hair of my head were a man, it should suffer death in the faith I now stand in.*"

Elizabeth Folkes embracing the stake cried, "*Farewell world, farewell faith, and hope, and welcome love.*" Robert Arguvie's son, when at Lisle, in the Low Countries, suffered with his father for the truth, in the year 1556, did cry forth at the stake, "*Behold millions of angels, and the heaven opened to receive us*;" after he had sometime fixed his eyes on heaven, and when the fire was kindled, says to his father, "*Yet a very little, and we shall enter into the heavenly mansion.*" Mr. Tims, an English minister, in Queen Mary's days, thus writes to his friends, "I am going to the Bishop's colehouse, but shall not be long there before I be carried up to my brethren, who are gone to heaven before me in a fiery chariot; follow you after me, where you shall find me singing merrily at my journey's end, "*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.*" Algerius, an Italian martyr, thus writes from his prison a little before his death, "Who would believe that in this dungeon *I should find a Paradise so pleasant; in a place of sorrow and death, tranquility, and hope of life; where others weep, I rejoice. O how easy and sweet is His yoke;*" and this he subscribes from that delectable orchard of the Leoline prison. Guy de Bres, "*The ringing of my chain hath been sweet music in my ears, all my former discourses were as a blind man of colours, in respect*

of my present feelings, O what a precious comforter is a good conscience!" The Lord Henry Otto, a Bohemian, who suffered in the late persecution, said to the minister, "I was troubled, but now I feel a wonderful refreshment. *O now I fear death no longer, I will die with joy;"* and on the scaffold cried out, "*Behold I see the heavens opened*, pointing with his hands at the place where others observed a certain brightness that did dazzle their eyes; and thus died with great cheerfulness. I shall but add the last words of that holy, and great Mr. Wishart, who thus spake amidst the fire, "*This flame doth torment my body, but no whit abate my spirits.*"

From Flemming on the fulfilling of the Scriptures, third Edition, page 332.

REFLECTIONS.

Blessed, and holy men—ye *more* than men, your deaths shewed the fullness of your convictions of the truth and excellency of the Gospel; the sincerity of your motives; and your noble—your divine superiorty to the love of life, and the dread of death. Unbelief, for a while, disquieted some of their souls. This is the common infirmity, the constitutional sin of many of the Lord's dear children. Fiducial faith, determined them for the sacrifice; but it

was the assurance of hope, that carried them triumphant in a fiery car to glory.

Their death was not that of the Indian prisoner, wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy, and national hate, cursing his enemies, by the God's of his country—No, in patience they possessed their souls; they sank into self abasement; they rose into supreme love to God; and died, breathing forth good will to men. Nor did they die like the self-righteous merit-monger, expecting future blessedness, as the debt due to him for present sufferings.—No, they died grounding their hope of salvation, upon the alone merits of Christ Jesus their much loved Redeemer. By their union to him, they were dignified in his dignity; and by his love to them, they were moulded into his likeness. O mighty love! O wonderous transformation!!

Have the triumphs of the cross ceased? They have not, Jesus, though enthroned above the heavens, now carries his followers through a fearful conflict. He manifests by them, the truth of his word, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Jesus is the same in every period—"*a very present help in time of trouble.*" Those worthies of old, conquered through faith in the one, only, living, and all-sustaining Head of the Church; and it is *now* the duty and privi-

lege of the Faithful to believe, that they also shall conquer through him. Though not called to the torturing rack, nor to the flaming pile, yet in the words of the poet,

"Saints, who feel the load of sin,
"Yet come off victorious;
"Suffer Martyrdom within,
"Tho' it seem less glorious."

What, though the enemies of the faith be whetting afresh their instruments for the war, let the children of Zion be joyful in their King; for he has promised the perpetuity of the church "*On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* Overturn it? As soon might the sun be plucked from his orbit—the angels from their seats, or God from his throne. Overturn it? No, it shall stand till the trumpet of the archangel shall sound the dissolution of the globe.

THE HOPELESS YOUTH.

When Mr. Welsh was prisoner in the Castle of Edingburgh, the Lord Uchiltree was captain, whose sister was Mr. Welsh's mother in law, being John Knox's

wife. Yet being much taken up in King James's court, he took not time to be so comfortable to his cousin Welsh as he should. But being convinced of his own unkindness, he caused Mr. Welsh to sup with him one night, in the Castle, where were also several other gentlemen, and amongst them, a Popish youth sate toward the lower end of the table, Mr. Welsh being by the Captain set at the upper end, entertained the company with grave and edifying discourse, which all delighted to hear him, save this young Papist; who, with laughter and derision, laboured to silence him; which was little regarded by Mr. Welsh. But after supper, while the guests sate a little, this youth stood up at the lower end of the table, and while Mr. Welsh proceeded from grave to gracious entertainment of his company, the youth came to that height of insolence, as with the finger to point at him, and with the face to make flouting grimaces; whereby he grieved the holy man so, as on a sudden he was forced to a silence.

The whole company, who had heard him with delight, were silent with him. Within a little *Mr. Welsh*, as moved by the Spirit of God, broke forth into these words; *Gentlemen, the Spirit of God is provoked against us; and I shall entreat you not to be afraid to see what God*

shall do among you, before you rise from the table; for he will smite some one of you with death before you go hence. All were silently astonished, waiting to see the issue, with fear. And while every man feared himself, except the insolent youth, he fell down dead suddenly at the foot of the table, to shew the power of God's jealousy against the mockers of his spirit, and the offers of his grace.

From Flemming on the fulfilling of the Scriptures; 3 Edit. p. 374.

REFLECTIONS.

Admit the truth of the relation, and many such instances of Divine judgements are on record, then follows the existence and providence of God. Deny the truth of the relation, then demonstrate its impossibility or falsehood. Say it is not to be credited, because merely founded on human testimony, the result then is, a complete abandonment of all faith in history, because that belief is founded on credible testimony. Reject it because not to be comprehended—give up then to the moles and to the bats, all that you cannot comprehend—even God and yourself.

Let no one deem the judgment on this insolent scoffer undue severity. This was a time of sore suffering to the Church in Scot-

land; and God was here vindicating his own cause. The observations of the candid and judicious Doctor Doddridge, on the punishment of Ananias and Sapphira, are so very appropriate, that I shall transcribe them. "*She*" also "*fell down and expired*—such *exemplary punishment*, of so henious a crime, was *the more expedient*, as *Christianity* was now *in its first rise*. So just at the opening of the *Mosaic* institution, Nadab and Abihu were *struck dead* with lightning for a fault (as it seems) of much less aggravated guilt: and the wisest *human Governments* generally act on the like principle." To this young, yet most daring opposer of the truth, the words of our celebrated poet are but too applicable,

"Cut off, even in the blosoms of my sin:
"No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,
"With all my imperfections on my head!
"O horrible—O horrible—most horrible."

THE SCOTCH PROPHET.

"One day while Mr. Welsh looked out at his chamber window, in the Castle, (where he was imprisoned for the Lord's cause) he happened to see the Captain,

and called unto him, saying, "God save you my Lord". The captain acknowledging his neglect, and asking for *Mr. Welsh's* welfare, desired to know how he might serve him. "*In nothing*," said Mr. Welsh, "*if you be well, except you would carry my petition to his Majesty, intreating for liberty to preach the Gospel.*" "I willingly will," said the Captain, "therefore send it to me." "Nay," said *Mr. Welsh*, "I am your kinsman, I love you so well as to *warn* you not to take it in charge, except you resolve to deal truely in delivering it, and in getting me an answer." "I shall bear the blame," said the captain, "if I do it not." "I beseech you my Lord," said the other, "undertake not unless you mind to do it, for the hazard is great." Well, Uchiltree takes it, but not coming in an opportune season (for he came when the king was passionately moved on an other occasion) he thought not fit then to give it, and as at that time he deferred, so thereafter he neglected, and at last quite forgot to deliver it at all. For which his heart smiting him, he durst hardly be seen of *Mr. Welsh* for three months. Yet conscience forgetting as well as he, he came to the same place where *Mr. Welsh* at first called him: and now *Mr. Welsh* asked "how he did, and what was become of his petition?" The captain surprized, answered, "I delivered it to his Majesty, but he was in a passion, and it

seems it hath fallen by, for I have not gotten an answer." "*Nay, my Lord,*" said *Mr. Welsh*, "*you should not lie to God and me, I know you delivered it not.* I am sorry, my Lord, for your lot, I warned you *not to be false to God*, and I now tell you, God shall take your estate and honours in Scotland, and shall give them to your *neighbour*, and this in *your own time.*" This troubled the Lord *Uchiltree*, and came truly to pass, for he being the eldest son of the good Lord *Uchiltree*, a reformer, was forced in his own time to quit all, and give both estate and honours to James, the son of Captain James, the second brother, who was the last of that house.

In connection with the foregoing relations, respecting this most extraordinary minister of Christ, I would add, that, "One *John Steward*, an eminent christian, who lived at *Aire*, having come to visit *Mr. Welsh* in prison, found him in a more than ordinary way troubled, and sad; and upon his enquiry thereanent, he sayeth, "*John*, ye should not be here, go home to *Aire*, *for the plague of God is broken up in that place*, and cause *Hugh Kennedy*, provost of that town (who was also a very singular christian) to convene the people to the streets, and pray together, *and the Lord shall hear Hugh Kennedy*, and remove

that stroke;" this at the first did something astonish the said *John*, and put him to question its truth, having so lately come out of that place, but at his return found it so; and accordingly in every thing it fell out as the man of God had showed."

Mr. Flemming, from whose work on the fulfilling of the scriptures the preceding instances were taken, was an eminently wise and holy minister in Scotland: he observes "and truly anent any of these particulars, I seriously study to have satisfying grounds anent the certainty thereof."

REFLECTIONS.

These relations should not merely excite surprize, but also the love of truth, the hatred of falsehood, and a deep conviction, that He, who inspired the prophets of old, has, since their days, inspired eminently holy men, on particular occasions.

We see in these cases, not only that Jehovah lives, but that he governs. That he is privy to all our words and actions. That he occasionally goes out of his usual way to manifest his righteous displeasure against sin; and to show the lively interest which he takes in the concerns of his people.

Instead of reasoning on these extraordinary facts, and adhering to them as corroborative and illustrative proofs of the being and providence of God, and of his hearing prayer, we are apt too lightly to pass them over. But they should be seriously weighed, and carefully traced in their bearings and consequences; "for the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Blessed is that family, blessed is that town, yea, blessed is that church which has a *Hugh Kennedy* in it.

ANGELIC MINISTRATION.

"*Mr. Patrick Simpson* in his life was most exemplary for piety, and faithfulness in serving his Master, which did preach no less to that part of the country wherein he lived than his doctrine. One very remarkable passage of his life I do here adventure to set down, having very satisfying grounds as to the certainty of it, from those who knew the same, and had a particular relation of all its circumstances, from a grave christian, who had it out of his own mouth, and likewise hath it written under old *Mr. Rowe* (of *Carnocks)* hand, who was his familiar intimate friend. It is this.

His wife, *Martha Barron*, a gracious woman, the wife of his youth, with whom he had lived in great love, fell sick, which proved her last sickness, where she was first sore assaulted by the devil, who pressed in upon her, that she should be given over to his hand, and after it did resolve in a visible distraction, which for a time grew upon her, so that most unlike to her former way, she would have broke forth with dreadful and horrid expressions; it did most appear on a sabbath morning whilst *Mr. Simpson* was going to preach, and whilst for a time he was forced with a heavy countenance to stand silent, he at last kneeled down and prayed, which she did no ways regard, but a little after, he, turning to the company that were present, told them he was sure that these who now were witnesses of that sad hour, should yet see a gracious work of God on this his servant, and that the devil's malice against that poor woman, should have a shameful foil. Her distraction did still continue until the Tuesday, which was the ninth of August, which morning at the very dawning of it, he goeth to his garden, and shut the door behind him, where for many hours he was alone; but a godly woman, who that night was with his wife, *Helen Garner*, wife to one of the Bailies of Stirling, being apprehensive of his hazard, through his grief, and fasting, could have

no rest till she knew his case, and by some help climbed up, and went into the garden, but on a near approach to that place, where *Mr. Simpson* then was, she was terrified with an extraordinary noise, which through fear made her fall to the ground.—It seemed, as she related after to others, it was like the noise of a great rushing of multitudes together, and therewith such a melodious sound, as did make her know it was something more than human, and turned to prayer, intreating the Lord would pardon her rashness, which affection to his servant, who had been the instrument of her good, had carried her to; and after going forward, finds him lying upon the ground; it was with much intreaty that he did then reveal himself in that particular, until she promised closeness not to speak it to others so long as he lived, but had his allowance, if she should survive him, which promise she kept, but after his death, did relate it to those from whom I have had this; he said,—"*O what am I, being dust and ashes, that the holy Ministering Spirits should be sent by the Lord to deliver a message to me*, and shewed he had a vision of Angels, who did with an *audible voice*, give him an answer from the Lord of his wife's condition, and coming over to his house, he said to all who were present, "Be of good comfort, for ere ten hours of this day, I am sure that

brand shall be plucked out of the fire, after which he went to prayer at his wife's bedside, where for a time she lay quiet, but whilst he mentioned Jacob's wrestling in prayer, she sits straight up in her bed, casting aside the curtain and saith, "*Thou art this Jacob, who hast wrestled, and also prevailed, and now God hath made good his words, which he spake this morning to you, for I am plucked out of the hands of Satàn, and he shall have no power over me.*" Which interruption made him for a space silent, but after, with great melting of heart, proceeded in prayer, and magnified the riches of God's love towards him, and after prayer there was sweet and Christian embracements betwixt them; yea, from that hour she did speak most christianly, and comfortably even to her death, which was on the Friday following, *August the* 13*th* 1601, whose last words, in the moment of her departure, were with a loud voice, "*Come Lord, in thy hands I commend my spirit.*"

After this Mr. Simpson lived several years, fervent, and faithful in the work of the Lord, and one, who in private walk, witnessed such mortification, that all who knew him, might clearly see, his converse was little in the world, in *March* 1618, he said, "now shall this month put an end to all

these things, and accordingly towards the close of it, was removed by death, at which time he expressed much joy, blessing the Lord for his kindness, that he had not been perverted by the sinful courses of these times, and might say, as the Lord fed Elijah in the wilderness, so, in some respect, he had dealt with him all his life time; and having these words upon some of his books written; *Remember O my soul, and never forget the ninth of August, what consolation the Lord gave thee, and how he performed what he spake, according to* Zach. 3, ver. 2. *Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire*; upon which some of his friends speaking to him anent the same, his answer was, "Absit mihi gloriari in aliquo, nisi in Domino Deo meo:" *Be it far from me to glory in any, save in the Lord my God.*"

From that blessed man's invaluable work, the Rev. Mr. Flemming on the fulfilling of the Scriptures.

REFLECTIONS.

Some, the objects of Divine Love, have been the subjects of most awful temptations. They have been the very butt of the devil's rage. Yet, by the overruling hand of God, good is brought out of their grievous temptations. Satan de-

sires to have them, that he may sift them as wheat, and God overrules his sifting, to the cleansing of the precious grain. The Members of Christ may be often heard crying out in great distress, "I sink in deep waters." But they cannot be drowned, while their ever-loving and adorable Head is above water. Blessed be God, we have an assurance of complete deliverance, and complete blessedness.—Though hard to believe, yet the truth is, that all dispensations, however mortifying to our pride, staggering to our reason, or painful to our feelings, are, nevertheless, the fruits of the Divine Sovereignty, wisdom, and goodness. O! to live under an habitual and influential belief of this great truth!—This, this, is the polar star, by which we must steer across the ocean of life, into the fair haven of endless rest.

Eminently holy believers, who, like Mr. *Simpson*, are living in the exercise of fervent prayer, and in the lively exercise of faith on eternal realities, enjoy that fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, which is known only to themselves. A stranger intermeddleth not with their joy. They sow to God, and reap the enjoyment of God; according to the apostolic maxim; "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap." These eminent Christians are the cedars of Lebanon, that

extend their arms within the clouds; drink the dew of heaven; and beneath which, the world is only shade.

This vision of angels, who came commissioned from God, was a signal instance of the Divine condescension, and care of his devoted servant. Though these angelic Spirits are the principalities and powers, among created existences, yet they glow with all that is kind towards the Saints. At the creation of man, those Morning Stars sang together—then all those Sons of God shouted for joy. At the birth of the incarnate Word, what a rejoicing acclamation among the heavenly host!—And, O! what pure, and enlarged benevolence, what exalted joy are manifested by those great and good Spirits, when a penitent sinner is brought to believe in God, through the mediation of our adorable and adored Saviour. Sent forth from the presence of God; with what delight they minister to the heirs of Salvation, regardless whether they number with shipwrecked mariners, with wanderers in the pathless desert, with children of adversity in the cottage, with nobility in their mansions, or with sovereigns elevated on their thrones. But, what mind can conceive that extension of knowledge which they receive, and those heights of transport to which they rise, while employing their vast energies, in

contemplating the glorious and profound mysteries, connected with the Redemption and final Salvation of those infinitely loved sinners, who are the objects of their guardianship. We shall never know the extent of their services, nor the extent of their love—never, till being conveyed by them to eternal felicity, we take our stand with them before the Throne, and unite with them in that most triumphant anthem, of "blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

JOHN OF THE SCORE.

"What an observable passage is that also, known to many yet alive, anent a notorious Robber in the south parts of this land, called *John of the Score*, who for many years having driven that woeful trade, did one day rencounter a poor man travelling with two horses, which he, according to his custom, takes away, the poor countryman falling down on his knees, did earnestly beg, that for Jesus Christ's sake, he would give the one again, for he had no more to maintain his poor family, but what he could gain by them, but it

was in vain; he carrieth them home with him, leaving the poor man in that desolate condition, but a little after he turns dumpish, and melancholy, could get no rest or quiet, not knowing the cause, but as he professed, that these words the poor man had spoke to him (though he was so great an atheist, that he understood not what he meant when he spake of Christ) were lying like a heavy weight upon his spirit, and whilst he was sought after for his robberies, he desired his sons to shift for themselves, for he could not go out of the way, there being a restraint upon him, and something within him that in a kind bound him from going out of the way, and thus stayed at his house until he was apprehended, brought into Edinburgh and there put up in prison, upon which a godly minister *Mr. Henry Blyth*, with a christian gentleman, *William Cunningham*, *Tutor of Bonitoun*, who had sometimes known him, makes a visit, holding forth to him his miserable estate, and the hazard of his soul, (for he was judged by the law to die) and amongst other words, shewing him the necessity to flee to Jesus Christ, he doth suddenly break out with a cry, "*O what word is that, for it hath been my death; that is the word that hath lain upon my heart since the poor man spoke it to me; so that I had no power from that time to go out of the way,*"

and after being told what an one Christ was, without whom he could not be saved, he crieth, "*O will he ever look to me, and show mercy that for his sake would not shew mercy to that poor man, and give him back his horse,*" but after further instruction, a most real, and gracious change did appear upon him, he gave most convincing evidences of the reality thereof, attained to great assurance before his death, and upon the scaffold in the public streets where he was executed, did speak so wonderfully of the Lord's dealing with him, and with such knowledge and judgement as left a conviction on all present, and forced them to see a truth and reality in the grace of God.

From Flemming's fulfilling of the Scriptures.

REFLECTIONS.

John of the Score could not flee, but waited to be taken, though he knew the consequence would be death. Had there been no operative influence out of himself, and superior to himself, instead of sitting at home as a prisoner in chains, the robber would have fled from his pursuers, as the hart from the hunters. But herein the hand of God, invincible in its operations, is most visibly, and most signally displayed.

How various are the ways by which God brings wandering sinners home to himself! John of the Score, was fast fitting himself for destruction; but God having determined that his covenant with death and hell should be dissolved, he is therefore delivered from going down to the pit. A ransom is found, and the captive is liberated. He was a brand already lighted up, for flames unquenchable; but God extinguished the blaze. He appeared to be a vessel of wrath, but being in the purpose of God, a vessel of mercy, was in due time shewn to be such. Hell deemed him her lawful prey; but God delivered him from the mighty. Instead of being cast into the lake, which burneth with fire and brimstone, John of the Score is elevated to heaven, where he excites the joyful—the triumphant admiration of Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

With such an instance before us, say, reader, what penitent need despair? and of the repentance of what sinner need we despair.

THE FILTHY CLEANSED.

" I think it not unsuitable, since it is to commend the Grace of God, and witness the reality thereof, who of all kind of sinners, as well as of all kindreds, and nations, hath brought some to glory, that I set down one very strange instance in this country, of a poor sodomite, who not many years ago, was put to death in the town of Air, for that horrid wickedness, he had been a most stupid, and brutish person, such an one, who looked to all that knew him, as if he had been above the reach of ordinary means; but in the prison, the Lord did marvellously witness the power of his grace, and in such a measure, discovered to him his sinfulness, that, after much serious exercise upon his soul, and sore wrestling, a most kindly work of repentance did appear, with great assurance, so that when he came to the stake, he could not cease from crying out to the people, under the sense of pardon, and that comforting sunshine of the presence of God; " O, he is a great forgiver! He is a great forgiver!" and had therewith these words; " Now hath perfect love cast out all fear; I know God hath nothing to lay against me, for Jesus Christ hath paid all, and these are free whom

the Son makes free." Thus, in a transport of wonder and joy, did he die; the marvellous grace of God raising him then above other men, who, not long before, seemed in some respect, below a beast.

From Flemming's fulfilling of the Scriptures.

REFLECTIONS.

With this most surprising instance of the grace of God before us, we should not utterly despair of the foulest transgressors; but direct them to a deep and serious repentance; and an earnest address to God by prayer, who can cleanse from the blackest stains; and break in pieces the fetters of the most inveterate habits, and the most abandoned practices. Jesus is mighty to save—saves to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him. O, the blood of Christ is precious blood—it is sacrificial blood—blood, which becomes to the penitent believer, a *propitiation*. It covers, or overspreads him, because, by an act of pardon, obtained through faith in that blood, his sins are covered, so that they no longer appear to the eye of Divine Justice; and hence, he, himself, is covered, or protected, from the stroke of the broken law. Blessed, blessed truths! O for more faith, and more love! then will follow more holiness and more joy.

How delightful to hear this miracle of the power and grace of God, express his wonder, gratitude, and love, "*O, he is a great forgiver! He is a great forgiver.*" We here see the truth of our blessed Saviour's words, "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much." Of the abusers of themselves with mankind, at Corinth, *some* afterwards were washed, were sanctified, were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. 1 Cor. vi. 11. These detested creatures, rescued from the most infamous and deplorable state, are encouraging examples to faith on earth; and exciting causes of triumph in heaven.

THE PRODIGAL RESTORED.

"*Mr. John Welsh*, son of the Laird of Coliestoun, in the shire of Nithisdale, was born about the year 1570. He was a most hopeless, extravagant boy; it was not enough to him, frequently to run away from the school, but after he had passed his grammar, he left his father's house, and went and joined himself to the thieves on the borders, who lived by robbing the two nations; amongst them he stayed till he

spent a suit of clothes. Then when he was clothed only with rags, the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolutions, he resolved to return to his father's house; but durst not adventure till he should interpose a reconciler; so, in his return homeward, he took Dumfries in his way, where he had a friend, one *Agnes Forsyth*, and with her he diverted some days, earnestly entreating her to reconcile him to his father. While he lurked in her house, his father came providentially to the house to salute his cousin, *Mrs Forsyth*; and after they had talked a while, she asked him whether ever he had heard any news of his son *John?* He replied with great grief, O how can you name his name to me! the first news I expect to hear of him is, that he is hanged for a thief. She answered, many a profligate boy has become a virtuous man, and comforted him. He insisted on his sad complaint, but asked whether she knew his lost son was yet alive? She answered "yes, he was;" and she hoped he would prove a better man than he was a boy; and with that she called upon him to his father; he came weeping and kneeled, beseeching his father for Christ's sake to pardon his misbehaviour, and deeply engaged to be a new man. His father reproached him, and threatened him; yet at length by the boy's tears, and *Mrs. Forsyth's* importunities, he was

persuaded to a reconciliation. The boy entreated his father to put him to the college, and there to try his behaviour, and if ever thereafter he should break, he said he would be content his father should disclaim him for ever; so his father carried him home, and put him to the college, and there he became a diligent student of great expectation, and so he proceeded to the ministry. His first post in the ministry was at Selkirk, while he was yet very young, and the country rude. While he was there, his ministry was rather admired than received by many; for he was always attended with the prophet's shadow, the hatred of the wicked. Yet it was thought his ministry in that place was not without fruit, though he stayed but a short time there. He boarded himself in the house of one *Mitchel*, and took a young boy of his to be his bed-fellow, who to his dying day, retained both a respect to *Mr. Welsh*, and his ministry, from the impressions *Mr. Welsh's* behaviour made upon his apprehension, though but a child. His custom, was when he went to bed at night, to lay a scotch plaid above his bedclothes, and when he went to his night prayers, to sit up and cover himself negligently therewith; and so to continue, for from the beginning of his ministry to his death, he reckoned the day ill spent if he stayed not seven or eight hours in prayer; and this

the boy could never forget even to hoary hairs. I had once the curiosity, travelling through the town, to call upon an old man who remembered *Mr. Welsh*, he told me that his custom was to preach publicly once every day, and to spend his whole time in spiritual exercises, that some in that place waited well upon his ministry with great tenderness, but that he was constrained to leave that place, because of the malice of the wicked. Afterwards he accepted a call to the ministry at Kirkudbright, where he stayed not long, but yet he reaped a harvest of converts there, which subsisted long after his departure, and were part of *Mr. Samuel Rutherford's* flock; while he was minister at Anwoth: yet when a call to Air came to him, the people of the parish of Kirkudbright never offered to detain him, so his transportation to Air was the more easy. He was transported to Air in the year 1590, and there he continued till he was banished. He had a very hard beginning, but a very sweet end; when he came first as a minister to Air, the country was so wicked, and the hatred of godliness so great, that there could not one in all the town be found who would set him a house to dwell in, so he was constrained to accomodate himself the best he might, in a part of a gentleman's house for a time. The gentleman's name was John Stewart, merchant, and

sometimes provost of Air, an eminent christian, and great assistant of *Mr. Welsh*.

And when he had first taken up his residence in that town, the place was divided into factions, and filled with bloody conflicts; a man could hardly walk the streets with safety; wherefore *Mr. Welsh* made it his first undertaking to remove the bloody quarrellings, but he found it very difficult work: yet, such was his earnestness to pursue his design, that many times he would rush between two parties of men fighting, even in the midst of blood and wounds. He used to cover his head with a head piece, before he went to separate these bloody enemies, but never used a sword, that they might see he came for peace and not for war, and so by little and little, he made the town a peaceable habitation. His manner was, after he had ended a skirmish, amongst his neighbours, and reconciled these bitter enemies, to cause cover a table upon the street, and there brought the enemies together, and beginning with prayer, he persuaded them to profess themselves friends, and then to eat and drink together; then last of all he ended the work with singing a psalm. For after the rude people began to observe his example, and listen to his heavenly doctrine, he came quickly to that respect amongst them, that he became not only a

necessary councellor, without whose counsel they would do nothing, but an example to imitate, so he buried the bloody quarrels. He gave himself wholly to ministerial exercises; he preached once every day, he prayed the third of his time, and was unwearied in his studies, for he was not only a man of great diligence, but also of a strong and robust natural constitution.

Extracted from Doctor Gillie's Church History.

REFLECTIONS.

Here is a rich example of grace and mercy, but the night was extremely dark before the day. What a mercy that the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolution; while multitudes of these slaves of their strong and unbridled passions, perish in the present and in the future world.

If this offending young man durst not adventure into the presence of an offended father *without one to interpose as a reconciler*, how awfully deluded are those sinners, who attempt to appear, without the intervention of a mediator, before a God of infinite majesty and unbounded purity; and who bears that necessary, that infinite, and that unchangeable hatred of

sin, which cannot but, by inevitable consequence, determine him to punish for it. He who sets at nought the mediation of Jesus, as founded on his infinitely dignified person and sacrifice, most assuredly abandons the grand fundamental doctrine of christianity. It was the joy of this young man's heart, that *he found a reconciler in his friend*. And, O what ground of gratitude, confidence, and joy, that there is one mediator between God and men,—the man Christ Jesus, through whom the contrite believer can here find access to God; and hereafter be admitted to share the joys of the blessed. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!

There was a *repulsive spirit in Mr. Welsh towards his weeping son*, that neither became him as a father, nor as a christian. Let obdurate and unforgiving parents advert to the repeated admonitions to forgive the offending, and to their own prayers, and then let them, if they can, indignantly spurn from them the repenting offender, intreating pardon. Suffer a man of years, and a father, to add, how well it becomes parents to be particularly careful, not to exasperate the angry passions of their offending children, by an overbearing and tyrannical behaviour, lest they excite in them a secret indignation; and drive them into desperate measures, and thus

bring upon themselves a share in the guilt of their disobedience and their ruin. Those high spirited passions, and that keen sense of injuries, which will listen to no intreaties—no expressions of contrition, are as contrary to God, and the nature of all true religion, as are the polar snows to the rays of a summer sun.

How visible the freedom and sovereignty of God in bestowing his favours. He not only quickens to a life of evangelical religion the most infamous characters, but also, occasionally *puts them into the ministry*, and crowns their labours with signal success, as was the case with *Mr. Welsh*. He was a man of *study*; he was eminently a *holy* man, and he was eminently a man of *prayer*, and communion with God. These are the things which produce the holy unction—which give the sacred glow to a man's ministry.

Seven or eight hours, out of the twenty-four, were daily spent by Mr. Welsh in prayer, and communion with God. Well, though we sink so far, so very far below this standard, yet, as Christians, and particularly, if we are called to the important work of the ministry, let us not only be on our guard against restraining prayer before God; but let us give ourselves unto prayer, aiming

to enjoy God in the sacred exercise. This should ever be with us, a consideration of prime importance.

Eminent as *Mr. Welsh* was for a devotional spirit, and ministerial excellence, yet the people of *Kirkudbright* did not duly estimate his worth. They knew not their mercy, and therefore, *never offered to detain him.* Let not ministers, who are conscious of the integrity of their motives, be over anxiously concerned, though their labours are undervalued by a perverse, unwise, or ungrateful people; for all these things are in the hands of him, who sits at the helm, and steers the vessel which contains the world and the church.

Mr. Welsh's ministry appears to have *met with much opposition from the malice of the wicked.* What an awful futurity awaits such who reject and oppose the gospel! Our Saviour declares it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah; and yet Sodom and Gomorrah are represented as suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. This consideration may well appall the most stout-hearted, who regard not the day of their visitation. God grant we may not be of that unhappy number.

Good Mr. Welsh had a very hard beginning but a sweet end at Air. Let

the Lord's ministers, whose minds are sinking under discouraging appearances, take courage, for an affectionate and steady perseverance, has frequently been honored with signal triumph over the most savage prejudices; yea, even where there has been a long and inveterate struggle against the truth; "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."

One cannot read the account of the *prudent, active, determined, benevolent, and successful measures* adopted by this minister of peace and truth, towards such sons of violence and blood, without admiration, and a hearty desire to number among those peace-makers, whom the Prince of Peace has pronounced blessed! Alas, there are too many contrary characters! May we not only abhor such a temper, but bewail it. And, O may the Lord extinguish those walking firebrands in the world, and the church, who seem only to live for the lamentable and destructive purpose of lighting up the angry passions of others; and whose personal happiness and usefulness, if not their own souls, are consumed in their own blaze.

" *Mr. Welsh*, the subject of the preceding memoir, married *Elizabeth Knox*, daughter of the famous *Mr. John Knox*, minister at Edinburgh; and she lived with him from his youth till his death. By her, I have heard that he had three sons. The first was a Doctor of medicine, who was unhappily killed upon an innocent mistake in the Low Countries, and of him I never heard more. Another son he had most lamentably lost at sea, for the ship in which he was, being sunk, he swam to a rock in the sea, but was starved there for want of necessary food and refreshment, and when, sometime afterward, his body was found upon the rock, they found him dead in a praying posture, upon his bended knees, with his hands stretched out: and this was all the satisfaction his friends had upon his lamentable death. Another son he had, who was heir to his father's graces and blessings; and this was *Mr. Josias Welsh*, minister of Temple Patrick, in the north of Ireland. He was one of that blessed society of ministers, who were the instruments of that extraordinay work in the North of Ireland, about the year 1629; but was himself, a man most sadly exercised with doubts about his own salva-

tion all his time, and would ordinarily say, "that a minister was much to be pitied, who was called to comfort weak saints and had no comfort himself."

Mr. Welsh continued to exercise his ministry in *Air*, till he, with several others of his brethren, were imprisoned by king James VI., because they would not comply with his measures in ecclesiastical affairs. Afterward Mr. Welsh left Scotland, November 1606, and went over into France, where in a little time, by the Lord's blessing on his diligence, he was able to preach in the French language, and was speedily called to the ministry, first in one village, and then in another; and afterwards was settled in Jean d'Angely, where he continued the rest of the time he sojourned in France, which was about sixteen years. There were many times persons of great quality in his auditory, before whom he was just as bold as ever he had been in a Scotch village, which moved Mr. Boyd of Troch-Rig once to ask him (after he had preached before the university of Saumur, with such boldness and authority, as if he had been before the meanest congregation) how he could be so confident amongst strangers and persons of such quality? to whom he answered, "that he was so filled with the dread of God, he had no apprehension from man at all:" and this answer (said Mr. Boyd)

did not remove my admiration, but rather increased it. While *Mr. Welsh* was minister in one of these French villages; upon an evening, a certain popish friar travelling through the country, because he could not find lodging in the whole village, addressed himself to *Mr. Welsh* his house for one night; the servants acquainted their master, and he was content to receive this guest. The family had supped before he came, and so the servants conveyed the friar to his chamber; and after they had made his supper, they left him to his rest. There was but a timber partition between him and Mr. Welsh: after the friar had slept his first sleep, he was surprized at hearing of a silent, but constant whispering noise, at which he wondered very much, and was not a little troubled with it. The next morning he walked in the fields, where he chanced to meet with a countryman, who saluting him because of his habit, asked him "where he had lodged that night?" the friar answered "he had lodged with the Hugonot minister:" then the countryman asked him, "what entertainment he had?" the friar answered, "very bad, for" said he, "I always held there were devils haunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me this night, for I heard a continual whisper all the night over, which I believe was no other thing than the minister and

the devil conversing together." The countryman told him he was much mistaken, and that it was nothing else but the minister at his night prayers. O! said the friar does the minister pray any? yes more than any man in France (answered the countryman) and if you please to stay another night with him, you may be satisfied. The friar got him home to *Mr. Welsh's* house, and pretending indisposition, entreated another night's lodging, which was granted him. Before dinner *Mr. Welsh* came from his chamber, and made his family exercise, according to his custom; first he sung a psalm, then read a portion of the scripture, and discoursed upon it, thereafter he prayed with great fervour (as his custom was) to all which the friar was an astonished witness. After the exercise they went to dinner, where the friar was very civilly entertained, *Mr. Welsh* forbearing all question and dispute for that time. When the evening came, *Mr. Welsh* made his exercise as he had done in the morning, which occasioned yet more wondering in the friar, and after supper to bed they all went; but the friar longed much to know what the night whisper was, and in that he was soon satisfied, for after *Mr. Welsh's* first sleep, the noise began, and then the friar resolved to be sure what it was, so he crept silently to *Mr. Welsh's* chamber door, and

there heard, not only the sound, but the words exactly, and communications betwixt God and man, such as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this, the next morning, as soon as *Mr. Welsh* was ready, the friar went to him, and told him that he had been in ignorance, and lived in darkness all his time; but now he was resolved to adventure his soul with *Mr. Welsh*, and thereupon declared himself protestant. *Mr. Welsh* welcomed him, and encouraged him, and he continued a protestant to his dying day. After *Mr. Welsh's* flock was scattered in France, he obtained liberty to come to England, and his friends made hard suit that he might be permitted to return to Scotland, because the physicians declared there was no other way to preserve his life, but by the freedom he might have in his native air; but to this king James would never yeild: so he languished in London a considerable time, physicians said he had been poisoned. A langour he had, together with a great weakness in his knees, caused with his continual kneeling at prayer, by which it came to pass, that though he was able to move his knees, and to walk, yet he was wholly insensible in them, and the flesh became hard like a sort of horn. But when in the time of his weakness, he was desired to remit somewhat of his excessive painfulness, his answer was, "He had his

life of God, and therefore it should be spent for him. His friends importuned king James very much, that if he might not return to Scotland, at least, might have liberty to preach at London, which king James would not grant, till *Mr. Welsh* was now grown weak: yet, as soon as ever he heard he might preach, he greedily embraced this liberty, and having access to a lecturer's pulpit, he went and preached both long and fervently, which was the last performance of his life, for after he had ended the sermon, he returned to his chamber, and within two hours, quietly and without pain, resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands, and was buried near Mr. Deering, after he had lived little more than fifty-two years."

From Doctor Gillie's collections of Church History.

REFLECTIONS.

Though the loss of two sons, in this untimely manner, was a bitter cup to good *Mr. Welsh*, yet David's family cup was more bitter. His beauteous virgin daughter was forcibly defiled; not by a stranger, nor by a friend; but by *Amnon*, his eldest son. *Mr. Welsh's* first son was killed by an innocent mistake; but David's eldest, was murdered in his drunkenness, by the

contrivance of his brother *Absalom*. The second son of *Mr. Welsh was found on a rock in the sea, dead, for want of food, yet in a praying posture, upon his bended knees, with his hands stretched out.* But David's beloved *Absalom*, one of the most comely men that ever breathed, was thrust through the heart by his general, and fell, proud, undutiful, incestuous, and rebellious. *Adonijah* was a very goodly man, whom *David*, his father, had not displeased at any time, in saying, "Why hast thou done so?" He humoured him in every thing, letting him have his own way, and will, granting him what he desired, and never correcting him for his faults. Though his father had promised, and God, also, had solemnly declared, that Solomon should sit on the throne, yet, during his father's life, he usurped the dignity; and was afterwards slain at the altar, for his treacherous designs. Afflicted parents will do well to weigh these tales of woe, and take comfort where suffering David did, "Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow."

We are not without directions in the holy scriptures, respecting *the use of*

things indifferent: "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." For these, *Mr. Welsh* was a sufferer. But had king James properly observed, how the apostle recommends mutual candour, especially between those christians, who did, and those who did not, think themselves obliged in conscience to observe the ceremonies enjoined by Moses, he would never have imposed by law, by fines, and by imprisonment, on holy men of God, those ceremonies which are merely of human origin.

Though the third son of this most excellent minister, numbered among the worthies, for piety and usefulness, yet, *he was most sadly exercised with doubts about his own salvation;* and his remark is peculiarly affecting, "*that ministers are much to be pitied, who are called to comfort weak saints, and have no comfort themselves.* Thus, we see, that an assurance of personal interest in Christ, however desirable, and earnestly, and conscientiously to be sought after; is neither essential to deep personal religion, nor ministerial usefulness. Assurance is the gift of God, and there is not only a gracious, but also a sovereign freedom, in that divine agency, by which it is imparted to one, rather than to another. And, "Who art thou, O man, that replies

against God?" If we have this assurance, let us, with all humility, and thankfulness, enjoy it; and prove that we possess it, by our tender and solicitous concern, to mourn with them that mourn, to comfort the feeble minded, and to lift up the hands which hang down; remembering the apostolic injunction, "We then that are strong, ought to bear with the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

How very different the source from which *Mr. Welsh* derived his courage in preaching before those of high quality, and the principles of some acrimonious, surly, high doctrinal preachers. "*He was so filled with the dread of God, that he had no apprehension from man at all:*" while they, stimulated by pride, peevishness, and passion, treat their superiors with a saucy contempt, which they would impose on mankind for eminent faithfulness. In them, it is the insolence of priestcraft; and it shows, in those who admire it, that even protestants may be priest-ridden, if you do but fit the saddle to their backs. Well, if the people will have it so, why should not the priest enjoy his ride?

The interesting relation of the deeply, and ridiculously prejudiced popish friar, deserves to be read again and again. "*I*

always held," he says, "*that there were devils haunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me this night; for I heard a continual whisper all the night, which I believe was no other thing than the minister and the devil, conversing together.*" We smile at the friar's credulity. But the force of strong prejudices, leading men to suspect the worst of others, who do not believe and worship with them, and the influence of prejudice in hardening the mind against the most convincing evidence, is not confined to any one class of persons. Prejudice is a cloud, in some cases, more dense, and in others, more thin; but a cloud, which envelops all, obscures all. The popish friar, like most of those who are prejudiced against the gospel, and against those who are resolutely determined to live godly in Christ Jesus, had his judgment formed without any, or without due examination. O how necessary it is to be on our guard, lest we be borne away by the tide of a vain popular prejudice, like straws floating on the surface.

The *hospitality* of *Mr. Welsh* towards this popish friar, deserves to be noticed. Though he knew him to be a popish friar, yet he used hospitality towards him without grudging. Behold the table spread—see the friar comfortably

seated, and blush ye, of all denominations, who withold from the necessitous the exercise of benevolence, because they belong not to your communion.

Mr. Welsh's prudence is much to be admired in his studying the friar's prejudices, and tenderly regarding them.—"*He forbore* (we are informed) *all question and dispute for that time*," and confined himself to his prayers, and usual discourse on the scriptures. Had the friar's prejudices been disturbed, as by a tempest, he would have wrapped his cloak more closely about him; but the rising sun of kindness, example, and truth, caused him gladly to lay it aside. What an interesting lesson is here for many a blustering professor; and what a lovely example to correct the occasional pertness, the ill-timed zeal, and the want of due respect shown by some young professors, towards those who had a right to expect very different treatment at their hands. Yet, for the youth, some excuse may be made from his inexperience and natural ardour; but in a professor of riper years, it is inexcusable; and in a man of years, it is loathsomeness and intolerance.

The closing scene of *Mr. Welsh's* life, as a christian and a minister, was as the sun when he sets in brightness. His

course being finished, he sunk below the horizon of this world, and rose to shine in the kingdom of his heavenly Father. O my soul! O my reader! how stands it with thee for another world?

THE CHILDREN'S BLOOD AVENGED.

Stroud, Jan. 24, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

"The following anecdote was given me the other day by a very respectable pious quaker. It is quite original; having never been published before, and well authenticated. If you shall think it proper to give it a place in your useful miscellany, I hope it will tend to impress still more deeply on the minds of your readers, that, although sentence against men's evil works is not always speedily executed, "doubtless, there is a God that judgeth in the earth," who sooner or later will bring their works into judgment.

SAMUEL WOOLMER."

"*To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.*"

During the persecution of the Protestants by the Roman Catholics in the seventeenth century, some children were playing on the banks of the Suir, near Golden, in the county of Tipperary, when a man came up to them, knowing them to be born of protestant parents, and with a pike threw most of them into the river, where they were instantly drowned. One of the children however, a girl, about eleven years of age, ran off and escaped to Clonmell, thirteen miles distant.

At Waterford a ship lay bound to America, taking in servants and passengers: an agent of the captain's was at Clonmell, who finding the child unprovided for, took her as an indented servant, with many others in equal indigence. The captain sold her time to a planter, a single young man. The rectitude of her conduct, her amiable disposition, and comeliness of person, so attracted her master's affections, that after her time was expired, he proposed to marry her; which proposal she at length acceded to, and they lived together in much happiness for several years, during which she brought him six children. She then declined in health and spirits; a deep melancholy overspread her mind, so as greatly to distress her husband. He observed her, particularly when she thought him asleep, to sigh

deeply, as if something very weighty lay upon her spirits. After much entreaty and affectionate attention, she related to him what she saw, when she was a girl, in Ireland, and said that scarce a day or night had passed, for the last twelve months, but she had felt a pressure on her mind, and had, as it were, heard distinctly a voice, saying, "Thou must go to Ireland, and bring the murderer of the children to justice." This at times, she believed to be a divine intimation, yet on reasoning about it, she thought the effecting of it by her to be impossible, and consequently, that the apprehension of its being required by God, must be a delusion. Thus she was tossed to and fro in her mind, uncertain how to determine, and her agitation was such, that it was apprehended her dissolution was near at hand Her husband strongly encouraged her to fulfil, what he had no doubt was a divine injunction, and as the Governor's brother was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought it a suitable season then. He waited upon the Governor; who obliged him with letters of recommendation to his brother, and such gentlemen as would enable her to bring this man to justice; whose name she did not know, but whose person was indelibly stamped on her memory. Her kind husband prepared every accommodation for the voyage, encouraging her by

his sympathizing tenderness, so that in a few weeks she recovered her former health and spirits, and embarked with suitable attendants on board a vessel for Dublin.

On her arrival, she waited upon the Viceroy at the castle, and delivered her letters. He entered warmly into the matter, as worthy of public concern, yet he thought great secrecy and prudence requisite to effect the desired purpose. The Viceroy, as a wise man, sent for the judges, just then appointed for the Munster circuit, and shewed them the letters she had brought from his brother, and requested they would interest themselves in this business. The judges treated her with great respect, and assured her of their vigorous assistance to bring the murderer to justice; but as she did not know the man's name, nor where he now dwelt, if living, they saw much difficulty in the matter. However, she was desired not to communicate with any one but the Viceroy and themselves; and as the assizes for the county of Tipperary were very numerously attended, they would take care she should be placed in such a convenient part of the court-house, every day, at Clonmell, that, if he should be there, she could not but have an opportunity of seeing him. The day after her arrival there, and during the first of their sitting, she was placed, by the direction of the

judges to the sheriff, in a commodious place for her purpose. With anxious solicitude, she watched for the person. At length, a jury was returned to try a cause. On their names being called over to be sworn, she saw a man come forward, whom she instantly knew to be the person she came to prosecute, and then heard his name called. At a suitable time she informed the judges that the man was in court, and gave them his name. The judges instantly adjourned the court, and sent the sheriff to the juryman, to meet them immediately at their lodgings, where they soon arrived. On sitting down, one of the judges said "Madam, be pleased to relate to this gentleman what you related to us, and the Lord Lieutenant, last week, in Dublin castle."

The lady, looking the juryman full in the face, said, "My Lords, when I was a girl, I saw that man, now before you, throw seven little children into the river Suir;" and proceeded with the particulars. Whilst she was speaking, he grew pale, and trembled exceedingly; but, when she came to that part of her relation, respecting feeling a pressure of mind for more than a year, which she believed to be from God's requiring her to come to Ireland, and endeavour to bring him to justice for these murders, he was quite overcome,

and confessed his guilt, and the truth of all which she asserted. On this, the grand jury was sent for, and bills of indictment were found against him. Next day he was tried, found guilty, and executed in Clonmell.

She speedily returned to her husband and children, lived many years after in great happiness with them, fully restored to her health; in peace and serenity of mind.

This man had read his recantation from the church of Rome, had professed himself a protestant, and thus became qualified to be a juryman."

REFLECTIONS.

It is observed by an excellent author that, "some persons have just religion enough to incline them to hate, but not enough to make them to love one another." Such would do well to remember that, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." He is such in his heart, which God principally regards; and were it not for the restraint of human laws, such an one would be another Cain. Nor should it be forgotten, that Cain slew his brother Abel, not from his hatred of him, as a man; but from his hatred of that system of Divine faith and worship, to which pious Abel

was devoted. Hear this fact, and tremble, ye who are training up your children to the fell spirit of persecution; or, who are striving to excite men to hate their fellow men, because they belong not to your communion. Deluded bigot, swollen with gall and pride, why dost thou aim to change into savage beasts, men who were born to live like brothers? Thou deservest to be abandoned of all good men, just as we abandon members that are mortified to the amputation of the surgeon. May he who converted persecuting Saul, display the riches of his grace, by converting thee into a christian—a christain, whose prominent feature is love.

See here the effects of a blind and cruel zeal. These poor protestant children were sacrificed to that dæmon principle, "He that kills a heretic does God service." A principle this, which has produced the drunkenness of brutal frenzy, beunmbed all the sensibilities of humanity, and slain its myriads. A principle this, which modern Rome blushes to own, and which all tongues should unite together to hoot out of the universe.

The eye of God beheld this bloody scene. He entered it in his book of remembrance, and reserved an instrument to punish, in due time, the miscreant;

"*One of the children about eleven years of age ran off, and escaped to Clonmell, thirteen miles distant.*

It was an over ruling providence, which, like a straight line, drawn from the point of the divine plan, provided the vessel, and her destination; directed the captain's agent to Clonmell; and induced him to notice the case of this indigent girl, and by him provided her a passage to the New World, where dwelt the man whom Jehovah had appointed for her future partner in life. The barbarian's rage was over ruled by God, to accomplish his allwise purpose. Let us firmly believe the wisdom of the divine counsels, and humbly adore the depths of them; and quietly wait, and patiently endure, the dispensations of him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will.

Let us observe with pleasure, that though this young woman was both meanly born and bred, yet she did not, as is the case with too many female servants, undervalue and degrade herself by becoming capricious and wanton—mercenary, rapacious and designing. On the contrary, she showed the soundness of her judgment, and the excellence of her disposition, by properly estimating the worth of character; and by nobly aspiring to a

good name, and determinately pursuing after it. Her comeliness of person, made her rectitude of conduct appear more interesting; and her rectitude of conduct made her comeliness appear more comely. She was worthy of her master, whose heart she had won; and his choice did honour to his principles and discernment. This worthy young woman should be viewed by females, in an inferior station in life, as holding forth an impressive and encouraging example, that such may emerge out of obscurity. Though they rise not to her elevation, yet treading in her steps, they cannot but be valued and respected. Let them not despond, but cherish the hope of obtaining a good name. This will beget caution. It will stimulate exertion, and induce them to set a proper value on themselves, without which they will be considered as being the *refuse* of their kind; and the mere sweepings of society.

As the God of Israel stirred up the spirit of Pul, king of Assyria, and the spirit of Tilgath-pilneser, king of Assyria, and the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia (1 Chron. v. 26. and Ezra i. 1.) *so he stirred up the spirit of this worthy woman*, to hunt out, pursue, overtake, and bring this murderer of children to condign punishment. How true are the words of

Job, " He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death."

Innumerable and weighty objections might have been urged against the measure which she proposed; and she felt them *preying upon her spirit in full force.* But by the eternal predetermination of God, this was the work she had to do; no other could do her work; nor could she leave it undone. And it is very observable, that having undertaken the work, the pillar of providence moved before her, directing and preparing her way. Nothing can accelerate, nothing can retard, nothing can overthrow the counsel of God. His plan appoints the instruments to execute it; and before them, the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

What a disclosure was here. It began like flashes of lightning in a dark night; and ended like the sun bursting from behind the thick cloud. We see here, that when God maketh inquisition for blood, it cannot but be found. The earth then, must disclose the blood of the slain; and the sea, give up her dead. The means of discovery, and the instruments of conviction and punishment, are perfectly at his disposal; " thou, God, seest

me." But, why he who sheddeth man's blood, is permitted by God to shed it; and why he suffers the murderer, whom he has determined to bring to justice here, to remain so long undiscovered, are subjects which have an impenetrable veil thrown over them; and which it well becomes us not to attempt to lift up. It is enough for us to know, that "True and righteous are his judgments." Jesus ordered mercy to be published to *his* own *murderers;* nor will he spurn from his presence, the Murderer of others, who casts himself, as a repenting suppliant, at his feet; "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

THE QUAKERS GUIDED AND PROTECTED.

"DEAR SIR,

The same respectable, and pious Quaker, who furnished me with the remarkable anecdote concerning the murder of the Protestant children in Ireland, which appeared in your last number, has likewise communicated to me the following. He says, that this, also, is well authenticated: that, although the dates

when the particulars happened, were not attended to, they are ascertained to be true, and occurred about the beginning of the last century: that they were communicated by the parties concerned, to a friend, who died in 1791; "according," says he, "to the testimony recorded of her, as a minister among us, in a collection printed by the meeting, and published under the title of *Piety promoted.*" He adds, moreover, "many people among us have manuscripts of *these* anecdotes, the truth of which has not been questioned.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your's, respectfully,

SAMUEL WOOLMER."

"*Addressed to the Editor of the Methodist Magazine*, 1805."

On the borders of Scotland, *James Dickinson* and *Jane Fearon* were travelling on a religious service, with a person who attended as a guide to a town, which they proposed to reach that night. But the weather being very inclement, and *Jane* much fatigued, they were desirous of accomomdation, short of the distance which they had at first intended to travel that day. Their guide assured them no

such inn would present itself: but being weary, and coming to a decent looking house, *James* rode up to it, and enquired if they could be accommodated? They were told they could. This determined them to alight, contrary to the wish of their guide, who, with a heavy heart, took leave of them, saying, he could not be of further service to them. He had remonstrated strongly against their calling there at all, before they went up to the house; but did not choose to speak in the hearing of the family. They were introduced into a small room, with a fire in it, which opened into the common room where the family dwelt. There was every appearance of tolerable accommodation; the horses were taken care of, and their wet things put to dry. A posset was made, and a cold meat pie set for their supper: but on their first sitting down they became very uneasy, which however, each of them not knowing how the other felt, they kept to themselves: until at last, *Jane* said her apprehensions were so great, and her opinion of the family so bad, that she verily believed the pie to be made of human flesh, which, however, *James Dickinson* did not think was the case, as he had eaten of the pie, and thought it good. As they sat, *Jane* observed three ill looking fellows come in, and in a low voice, tell the landlady "they had good horses:" she

answered, "Ay, and good bags too." *James's* uneasiness increasing, his mind became closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for Divine counsel how to act. Under this exercise, he was induced to believe, that if they kept close to the Divine intimation, they should be preserved, and a way would be made for their escape. On this, he enquired about their lodgings, saying, "they had to write, and should want candles," and proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber, on the side of the yard, with two beds in it, but without any bolt to the door. Observing a form, they tried it, by setting one end to the door; it would just wedge in between it, and the foot of one of the beds. Being thus secured, *Jane* sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress; wringing her hands, and saying, "she believed they should, in that house, lose their lives." *James* sat down by her, and desired her to be still; told her, "he had been under similar apprehensions, after they had entered the house, but, that after deep exercise, and seeking for Divine direction, his mind had been favoured with *that* which had never deceived him, and believed, if they carefully minded its *pointings*, they should be directed how to escape. On this, they sat in perfect silence, some considerable time, attentively waiting for light how to act.

At length, *James* told her, the time for them to fly for their lives was now come;" and having observed a door opposite to that they came in at, which led to a pair of stone stairs on the outside of the house, next the road, they believed that was the way for them to escape. They pulled off their shoes, and softly opened the door, when they perceived by a light through a chink, between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife. They went softly down the steps, and forward on the road, until they were out of hearing. They thus walked away as fast as possible. When they were distant about half a mile from the house, under very heavy rain, they discovered a hovel, where they tried to rest themselves, but found, by the painful impressions renewed on their minds, that this was not safe. Then, notwithstanding excessive weariness, *Jane* being ready to sink also, through discouragement, *James* urged the necessity of exertion, under the firm hope that they should be preserved. They proceeded until they came by the side of a stream, the course of which they followed to a bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but were restrained when upon it. *James* said, "that was not their way." So they returned, and went down the course of the water, which, as they proceeded, widened greatly. *James* stopped at about the dis-

tance of half a mile from the bridge, and told his companion, they must cross at that place, which exceedingly alarmed her, having given way to so much discouragement, that she could scarcely lay hold of any hope that they should not totally sink under their present situation. She told *James*, "she apprehended, if they went into the water, they should be drowned:" but he endeavoured to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had been blessed with, that they should be preserved, if they kept their faith, having their eye on the Divine direction: which he believed had led them thus far, and that their way was through the water at that place, and they should also get safe. Whereupon, with the hold of his arm, she ventured, and they got safe to the other side. Walking on, they came to a sand bank, and here, sitting down, *James* said, "I am not easy, we must go further:" Upon which *Jane Fearon* said, "Well, I must go by thy faith, I now know not what to do." Then proceeding a little way further, they found another sand bank, wherein was a cavity. Here they sat down. After they had continued some time, *James* said, "I am now easy, and believe we are perfectly safe, feeling in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise!" *Jane* replied, "I am so far from that, I cannot say, "The Lord have mercy upon me." When they had been

there about half an hour, they heard a noise of some people on the opposite side of the river. Upon which, *J. Dickinson* finding *Jane* alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said to her, "Our lives depend on our silence." Attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say, "Seek them, Keeper," and believed they were the men they had seen in the house, accompanied with a dog. That the dog refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet along the river side, to the place where they had crossed, where stopping, the people repeatedly cried, "Seek them, Keeper." This they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say, "There they crossed the river;" and the reply of another, "That's impossible, unless the Devil took them over, for the river is brimfull." After wearying themselves a considerable time in their search, they went away, and were seen no more. When day-light appeared, they saw a man on a hill at some distance, looking about him in every direction. They continued quiet in their retreat until some time after sun-rise, when, taking a view of their situation, they discovered that, under the first sand-bank, they might have been seen from the other side of the river, whereas, the place they remained in was shaded from view;

an advantage they had been ignorant of, as they could not make the observation the night before. How to recover their horses, saddle bags, &c. excited some consideration. *James Dickinson* proposed that they should return for them; which was done; after he had kindly replied to his Companion's suggestions of fear, that he believed horses and bags would be ready for them; and that no questions would be asked, nor should they see an individual of the people they had seen the preceding evening. Still *Jane* was afraid, till encouraged by *J. D.* who told her she might safely venture, being convinced by that which never deceived him. They returned to the house, found their horses standing in the stable, saddled, their bags upon them, their clothes dried, and laid ready to put on, and they saw no person but an old woman sitting in a corner, by the fire side, whom they did not remember to have seen the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey. Some time after, *James Dickinson* travelling the same way on religious service, passed by the place where the house had stood, found it pulled down, and totally destroyed. On enquiring what was the cause of the house being thus in ruins: he was told that a short time after he and *Jane* were there, some travellers, who were ob-

served to go there to lodge, were missing, and the house having been long under a bad name, the people being strongly suspected of murdering many that went there, the neighbourhood rose with a general consent, and beset the house. They took up the people, and on searching the premises, found the bodies of the above who were missing, with many others in different states of decay, who had been evidently murdered, with some parts of their bodies wanting; much clothes were also found, supposed to belong to the murdered. The people were tried, five were executed, and the house razed to the ground.

REFLECTIONS.

The excellent *Mr. Flavel* in some of his remarks on the conduct of the divine providence, observed, "that he who the most attentively *marks* providences, will have the most providences to mark." His own experience had convinced him of this truth; and there are few (are there any) true followers of Christ who cannot, on looking back on the way in which the Lord has led them, set up their, Ebenezer, "stone of Help," in different places of their pilgrimage. God's creatures are his constant care; and their minds are greatly perverted, who, while they admit his attri-

butes of Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Benevolence, deny a particular providence. In general, indeed, he works unseen; and natural, secondary causes, are his agents; but on worthy occasions, when a nation has been in danger, an humble disciple in distress, or a soul at stake, he has more manifestly interfered, controlled the most probable events, and not unfrequently changed the ordinary course of nature. At these junctures, the ignorance of infidels has filled them with wonder, at what they could not account for, though their prejudices have restrained them from expressing their unwilling admiration; but the devout believer has gratefully proclaimed, "This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes." When the church has been under persecution, such instances seem to have been most frequent.

I would premise, however, that I do not think we ought to conclude these tokens of Divine favour to be so many seals set to the *propriety* of Quakerism or nonconformity, or even to the truth of every doctrine which they might deliver. I believe that had the friends of Episcopacy, and of the Liturgy, suffered the same persecution, with the same piety, resignation, fortitude, and conscientious adherence to principle, they would have received similar supports. The Lord would have

equally manifested his approbation of their conduct; and they also would have been enrolled among those of whom it has been declared, that, "the world is not worthy." Modes of worship and forms of church-government, and uniformity in these, are not indeed, matters of pure indifference: but nevertheless, he that *conscientiously* observes a particular mode, observes it to the Lord; and he that as conscientiously rejects, rejects it to the Lord; and the Lord is the judge and avenger of both; and though men curse, he will bless.

In rejecting the non-conformists, the church of England tore away the brightest jewels from her crown. These great men were not inferior, as a body, to the conformist clergy, in general erudition; and in spiritual knowledge, the effect of study and experience combined, which is the peculiar qualification of the Christian minister. They were so eminent, that it may be questioned if any age of the church has yet exhibited so numerous, and so bright an assemblage. Their piety and their sufferings have sanctified their cause.

Many of these blessed men (and the Quakers, Laymen, and Preachers, among the rest) were brought into the greatest difficulties: but often, very often, had they to record the Lord's interference for them,

sometimes they were preserved (as in the case before us) in imminent dangers; sometimes God withered the outstretched arm of the persecutor, and made him a monument of the divine anger, inscribed with, "Do my prophets no harm;" and sometimes their table was spread by an invisible hand, and their soul was saved alive in famine.

THE PERSECUTING JUSTICE.

Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near *Mr. Rogers*, to whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted above all things, to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place, some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity to accomplish his base design; and in order thereto, hired two men to go as spies, and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses, against both them and *Mr. Rogers*. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons

who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with *Mr. Rogers*, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl about six or seven years of age, who was *Sir Richard's* grand daughter, happened to come into the hall; she looked at *Mr. Rogers*, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee, and carressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him, at length, *Sir Richard* sent a servant to inform him and the rest, that one of the witnesses being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that therefore, they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed, and being convicted, the Justice ordered their mittimus to be written, to send them all to prison. *Mr. Rogers* expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him, she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child being a particular favorite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendency over him, that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent

spirit that she could bear no contradiction; so that she was indulged in every thing that she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she run a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit in the present instance was over-ruled for good. While she was sitting on *Mr. Rogers'* knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for Sir?" He answered "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail (said she) why what have you done?" "Why I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me." "He shall not send you to jail," replied she. "Aye, but my dear he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this she ran up to the chamber where *Sir Richard* was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," (said he) get you about your business. "But I won't (says she) he tells me you are going to send him and his friends to jail, and if you send them, I will drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand,

he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men, "I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve, but at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship. But *Mr. Rogers* going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God, whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity." He and his friends then went away.

REFLECTIONS.

In the instance now before us, we see the natural, but detestable effects of a proud, bigotted, overbearing temper. Neither the hand of truth, of holiness, or of candour, could have stroked this official tiger into any thing like good humour, when nonconformity appeared before him: "As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear; so is a wicked ruler over the poor people." What an awful prostitution of power was here, and, what a perversion of magistracy itself! Neither the higher powers, nor those which are subordinate, which Divine Providence has established, while they are, in the general, to be revered,

can demand of us, as Christians and as Britons, *unlimited, passive obedience.* There are natural rights which man cannot surrender without treachery, and injustice, to his kind; and there are religious rights, which to invade, or barter away, for the sake of preferment or filthy lucre, is high treason against the prerogative of God. Liberty of conscience, though a subject of high interest, and the birthright of all men, is comparatively, but little understood by thousands, who, while they boast of civil freedom, would, by their principles, paralize the exercise of, and, by their practises, annihilate *religious* liberty. Hence, things, allowedly indifferent, and respecting which, wise, learned, and holy men have differed, are, by weak and narrow-minded men, and by contracted bigots, magnified into an undue importance, and have been, and *would now be imposed with a rigorous severity*, did not the enlarged views, and strong arm of the higher powers, prove to us a shelter and a shade. We are grateful for an enlarged toleration, and look forward, with joyful anticipation, to the period, when all the Governors of all established churches, shall, for ever, disclaim the unauthorized right of prohibiting, or even of *allowing* reasonable beings, to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Though we grasp not at the power,

—though we seek not the emoluments of the Establishment, yet why should not the political advantages of the country be held forth to us as a prize, to stimulate, and reward our exertions, as well as the exertions of those of the established communion? Are they men? So are we. Do they support the state? Do not we contribute our equal quota? Have they shed their blood in battle? We have fought under the same banners. Are they Englishmen? We, also, are Britannia's children, and with them, have deserved well at her hands. Are they friends of the House of Hanover? Such are we, long, and well tried, bowing before their legitimate and paternal authority, like the waving corn when it bends before the breeze.

While we condemn the unenlightened, and ill-directed zeal, of this persecuting justice, we cannot approve of the imprudence and infatuation he discovered in his love to his grand-child; *he could deny her nothing—she was indulged in every thing*, and, therefore, having been *contradicted, she run a pen-knife into her arm, to the great danger of her life.* Parents may here see a most dangerous rock, which their own comfort, and the happiness of their much loved offspring, should teach them carefully to avoid. It is said of the ape, that she hugs her young ones

to death, which is the case with too many fond parents. Many a child will have to curse its parents in the future world, that correction was not timely, wisely, and moderately administered. Then, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Angry, and vicious passions, should have a restraint laid on them, upon their first appearance; or, they will soon grow up into confirmed habits, and occasion the parent many anxious, restless, and heart-rending cares. You may bend the sapling, though not the oak: "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." Eli would not correct his children, nor David cross his beloved Absalom, and the issue in both cases was fearful. It is the glory of Scotland that she has conscientiously attended to the Divine injunction, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; hence they have produced a commonalty which is the glory of their country; but we, unhappily, have neglected the sacred command; hence, our lower orders are more disgraced by crimes, and more suffer by the hand of the executioner, than in any other in Christendom.

We are reminded by the kind attention, which this venerable minister paid to the child, of the interesting example of the

good Shepherd, towards the tender lambs of the external fold, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God; and he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." This is endearing conduct. Here is an encouraging aspect towards our infant offspring, may we therefore redouble our attention in training them up for God and Heaven.

How wisely God over rules the existing and lamentable evils of our apostate nature, to accomplish his wise, just, and gracious designs. The ungovernable rage of this child's temper, and the idolatrous fondness of her Grandfather, were the means which God employed to provide a way of escape, for his persecuted servants. Yet his hands, though always moulding natural and moral evil, to subserve his all-wise purpose, remain pure as the falling snow, and unsullied as the ethereal light. But this over ruling providence does not destroy the nature or the quality of dispositions, or actions, for the Justice was a ridiculous dotard, and she a little fury.

THE PLEASING DISCOVERY.

The *preceding* remarkable story was told by *Mr. Timothy Rogers*, the son of that very ejected minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated *Mr. Thomas Bradbury* once heard it from him, when he was dining at the house of *Mrs. Tooley*, an eminent christian lady, in London, who was distinguished for her religion, and for her love to Christ and his people, whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them. What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good *Mr. Rogers'* prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her, who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God.—*Mrs. Tooley* had listened with uncommon attention to *Mr. Rogers'* story, and when he had ended it she asked him, "And are you that *Mr. Rogers'* son?" He told her he was; upon which she said "Well, as long as I have been accquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something which you do not know: I am the very girl your dear father blessed in

the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me, which I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, *Mr. Rogers* and *Mrs. Tooley* found an additional tie of mutual love and affection; and then he and *Mr. Bradbury* expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in such an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both—Upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:

After her grandfather's death, she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she run into all the fashionable diversions of the age, without any restraint. But she confessed, that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she not did know how to get rid of any other way, than by running the same round over and over again, but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither she was providentially led to consult an apothecary, who was a very worthy and religious man. When he enquired what ailed her, she answered "Why

truly Doctor, I dont know much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind, that I cannot get rid of." "Truly Miss (said he) I was so too, till I met with a certain book; and that cured me." "Books! (said she) I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be Miss, (said he,) and I don't wonder at it. But as to this book, I speak of, I never tire in reading it, but can begin to read it again, as if I never had read it before; and I always see something new in it." Pray Doctor (says she) what book is that?— Nay Miss (answered he) that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could I not get a sight of that book?" (says she)— "Yes (replied he) if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it." Pray then get it me Doctor, and I will give you any thing you please;" Yes (said he) if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you: and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading. She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket and gave it to her. This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said with a flirt, "Poh! I could get that at any time."

"Why Miss (said he) so you might, but remember, I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully." "Well, (says she) though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly, she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it, wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind now became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon, but when she awoke, she could remember nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression on her mind; and the idea she had of the place, and of the minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning she told her dream to her companion; and said, "that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what

she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again, in search of this place of worship. Being in the Poultry, about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where *Mr. Shower*, was then minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been long there before she saw *Mr. Shower* go up into the pulpit, and looking at him, with greater surprise, she said, this is the very man I saw in my dream, and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Psalm xcvi. and 7th verse, *Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.* When he rose up to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage, which she had mentioned, for his text; and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it, the mean of her saving conversion. And thus, she at last found, what she had so long sought for elsewhere in vain, rest to her soul. And now she obtained that

blessing, through God, the fountain of felicity, which pious Mr. Rogers, so many years before, had solemnly and fervently implored on her behalf.

REFLECTIONS.

This young lady, in the bloom of youth, uncontrolled, and with an ample fortune at her command, sought happiness in all the fashionable diversions of the age; but the search was fruitless, "*The round*, we are informed, *was run over and over again, but all was in vain.*" And well it might, for the objects were empty—shadowy—unreal.

If the enquiry be, Where shall a soul, destined for endless existence—where shall a soul, worth more than a world, find happiness worthy of it? The depth of sensual gratification says, it is not in me; and the most elevated height of distinction says, it is not in me. It is a blissfulness, which cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. Whence then cometh this suitable and substantial happiness? *From the New Testament*—the book recommended by this pious Apothecary. And Oh, may the glorious Gospel, in all its important sentiments, govern our hearts and lives; we shall then experience the hope, which

maketh not ashamed; feel the peace, which passeth all understanding; and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Respecting this extraordinary dream, the late valuable *Mr. Newton* remarks to a correspondent, "I have known more instances than one, of dreams resembling *Mrs. Tooley's*, and they are worth recording, when verified by the event; but this is not always the case. Dreams are to me, a sufficient proof, first, that we are surrounded by invisible agents, and liable to impressions from them, when our senses are asleep, and, perhaps, when they are indisposed by nervous disorders; but not when we are in perfect health, or distinctly awake. N. B. It is a great mercy that some of these agents are under a restraint, or we should be scared by dreams, and terrified by visions every night! Second, I infer from dreams, that there is a power belonging to the mind, adapted to the unseen state, which, though dormant when we are awake, is active in sleep. Then, we seem to perceive, by *intuition*. We are engaged in scenes we had no consciousness of before, and yet we know all that is going forward, take a part in the business, and are engaged and interested as if we were quite at home. This appears very wonderful to me. I think we know

very little of our own powers at present. Third, though some dreams are important, perhaps monitory, perhaps prophetical, as I believe that mentioned in my narrative was, yet there is so much uncertainty in their general character, that we should be cautious of laying much stress upon them, at the time. I had once a young lady a month at my house, who had the singular faculty of dreaming that she heard a sermon every night; and she usually told us the text, the heads, and much of the discourse, at breakfast. The preacher was sometimes one whom she knew, and sometimes an utter stranger. But when she married, she lost her gift, and poor thing, she has since met with many things, which she never dreamed of."

THE SHIP IN THE AIR.

A fourth colony of New English Christians, in a manner stolen into the world, and a colony, indeed, constellated with many stars of the first magnitude. The colony was under the conduct of as holy, and as prudent, and as genteel persons as most that ever visited these nooks of America; and yet these, too, were tried with very humbling circumstances.

Being Londoners, or merchants, and men of traffic and business, their design was, in a manner, wholly to apply themselves to trade; but their design failing, they found their great estates to sink so fast, that they must quickly do something. Whereupon in the year 1646, gathering together almost all the strength which was left them, they built one ship more, which they freighted for England, with the best part of their tradeable estates; and sundry of their eminent persons, embarked themselves in her, for the voyage. But, alas, the ship was never heard of! She foundered in the sea; and in her were lost, not only the hopes of their future trade, but, also, the lives of several excellent persons, as well as divers manuscripts of some great men in the country, sent over for the service of the church, which were now buried in the ocean. The fuller story of that grievous matter, let the reader, with a just astonishment, accept from the pen of the Reverend person, who is now the pastor of Newhaven. I wrote unto him for it, and was thus answered:—

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"In compliance with your desires, I now give you the relation of that *Apparition of a Ship in the Air*, which I have

received from the most credible, judicious, and curious surviving observers of it.

In the year 1647, besides much other lading, a far more rich treasure of passengers (five or six of which were persons of chief note or worth in Newhaven) put themselves on board a new ship, built at Rhode Island, of about 150 tons, but so walty, that the master, *(Lamberton)* often said she would prove their grave. In the month of January, cutting their way through much ice, on which they were accompanied with the reverend *Mr. Davenport*, besides many other friends, with many fears, as well as prayers and tears, they set sail. *Mr. Davenport* in prayer, with an observable emphasis, used these words, *Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine; save them!* The spring following no tidings of these friends arrived with the ships from England: Newhaven's heart began to fail her. This put the godly people on much prayer, both public and private, *That the Lord would (if it was his pleasure) let them hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to his holy will.* In June next ensuing, a great *Thunder storm* arose out of the *North West;* after which, (the hemisphere being serene) about an hour

before sun-set, a SHIP of like dimensions with the afore-said, with her canvas and colours abroad (though the wind Northernly) appeared in the air, coming up from our harbour's mouth, which lies Southward from the town, seemingly with her *sails* filled, under a fresh gale, holding her course North, and continuing under observation, sailing against the wind, for the space of half an hour. *Many* were drawn to behold this great work of God; yea, the very children cried out, "*There's a brave ship!*" At length, crouding up as far as there is usually *water*, sufficient for such a vessel, and so near some of the spectators, as that they imagined a man might hurl a stone on board her, her *main-top* seemed to be blown off, but left hanging in the shrouds; then her *mizzen-top;* then all her *masting* seemed blown away by the board. Quickly after, the *hulk* brought unto a careen, she overset, and so vanished into a smoaky cloud, which in some time dissipated, leaving, as every where else, a clear air. The admiring spectators could distinguish the several colours of each part, the principal rigging, and such proportions, as caused not only the generality of persons to say, "This was the mould of their ship, and thus was her tragic end:" but *Mr. Davenport* also in public declared to this effect, that God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted

spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those, for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually.

Thus I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JAMES PIERPOINT.

Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were *eye-witnesses* of this *wonderful* thing, I venture to publish it, for a thing as *undoubted* as it is wonderful. Such were the views of the Reverend and learned Cotton Mather, M. A. and Pastor of the North Church, in *Boston, New England.*

See his Ecclesiastical History of New England, Book i. page 25, folio Edition.

REFLECTIONS.

These worthies, who had made such valuable sacrifices for the sake of *conscience*, and sought to enjoy their *religious rights* in the wilderness of America, seem, to the eye of mere reason, only to have exchanged one cross for another. But their gain was the testimony of a good conscience; "The Topaz of Ethiopia shall not

equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold."

Yet, though afflictions followed these sufferers, as the shadow does the man, this neither proved, that God was angry with them, nor that they were out of the path of duty; for, though the disciples were *constrained* by Jesus to get into a ship, and go before him to the other side of the sea, yet the wind became *contrary*, and the ship was tossed with the waves; or, as the word signifies, "*grievously agitated*;" nor did Jesus appear for their deliverance 'till the fourth watch of the night.

Though these sons of Zion were unsuccessful as merchants, in their former efforts, yet they renew their lawful endeavours, and leave the event with God. It equally belongs to us to be diligent in business, and to depend on God for success. In all our undertakings of hazard, it becomes us to pray, and, if convenient, to engage others to pray with and for us.

The *prayer* of the *Rev. Mr. Davenport*, and the *emphasis* were peculiar; "*Lord, if be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine, save them.*" Happy the man, in whatever extremities of danger, who

stands related to the God of heaven, as his God and father. Though many a pious seaman has been swallowed in the mighty waters, yet his soul ascended to God, as readily, and as certainly, as it would have done, had he expired at home in the arms of the wife of his bosom: and the corpse rests as secure at the bottom of the ocean, till the resurection of the just, as it would have done in the family grave.

"*No tidings arrive of the dear friends, and Newhaven's heart began to fail her.*" And well it might, for as the wise man observes, "Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick." Preyed upon by the lingering and painful disease of anxious suspense, respecting those who lay so near their hearts, they cry to God in public and in private, and they are heard. Who can read this so well attested, and deeply interesting story, without the mingled emotion of sympathy and admiration. What a melancholy catastrophe is here depicted! The precious sons of Zion *are swallowed up in the mighty deep.*— And, what shall we reply to the questions of unbelief? Surely, that as it respects outward events and calamities, "All things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and the wicked." Yet there is in men, a strong propensity to judge of themselves, and others, by out-

ward events. But let not the pious sufferer be hastily and harshly censured, nor let the wicked be emboldened by, nor envied for their abused prosperity; for alas, many of the fat bulls of Basan, who are now gamesome in rich pastures on earth, will be found victims for slaughter in the land of darkness: and multitudes of the beloved flock, who now crop the barren heath, shall, hereafter, graze in the meadows of Immanuel.

Behold in *this appearance of the ship* in the air, a signal display of God in relieving the just and deep anxieties of his praying people. And, observe what honor he puts on fervent and united prayers; and also, how he deigns, occasionally, to answer them in a very extraordinary manner. Yet, though he sometimes goes out of his usual way, he does nothing unnecessarily. Here, it was to confirm the faithful, and replenish the sorrowful soul.

He who covereth the heaven with clouds, has not only occasionally painted on them fearful portents, but he also sets his bow in the cloud, as the emblem of covenant kindness to men. Who will venture to say, it is not possible, that ærial scenes may, by Divine, or angelic power, be now, as easily formed, as were those fearful sights, and great signs from heaven,

predicted by our Saviour, and enumerated by Josephus in his preface to the Jewish war. The historian, among other prodigies, informs us of a comet like a flaming sword, waving for a whole year over Jerusalem; and of the appearance of contending armies in the air; and of intrenchments thrown up against a city there represented.

How unreasonable would be the prejudices of those Sceptics, who should disbelieve and scoff at this relation, supported as it is by such unquestionble evidence! Rather let them dwell on the important deductions to be drawn from it. Admitting it to be true, does it not evince the existence, the knowledge, the power, the superintendence, and the condescending kindness of God: and that is not a vain thing to serve him, and pray unto him? Rejecting this case, so well supported, and yet, admitting that credible historical evidence, is a proper ground for belief, how will they exculpate themselves from the charges of apparent inconsistency, and squeamish scepticism.—These are questions which should be duly weighed. Yet, after all, it is no great marvel, if this representation be rejected, for even the testimony of the holy prophets and apostles of Jesus Christ, and of God himself, has been, not only disbelieved, but also contemned.

LIFE IN JEOPARDY.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person was arraigned before *Sir James Dyer*, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment, for the murder of a man, who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness against him, deposed: That on a certain day, mentioned by the witness, in the morning, as he was going through a close, which he particularly described, at some distance from the path, he saw a person, lying in a condition, that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the party, and found him actually dead, two wounds appearing in his breast, and his shirt and clothes much stained with blood; that the wounds appeared to the witness, to have been given by the puncture of a fork, or some such instrument; and, looking about, he discovered a fork lying near the corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initials of the prisoner's name, the witness, at the same time, produced the fork in Court, which the prisoner owned to be his, and waved asking the witness any questions.

A second witness deposed, "That on the morning of the day on which the de-

ceased was killed, the witness had risen early, with an intention of going to a neighbouring market town, which he named—that as he was standing in the entry of his own dwelling-house, the street door being open, he saw the prisoner come by, dressed in a suit of clothes, the colour and fashion of which, the witness described—that he (the witness) was prevented from going to market, and, that afterwards, the first witness brought notice to the town, of the death, and wounds of the deceased, and of the prisoner's fork being found near the corpse; that, upon this report, the prisoner was apprehended, and carried before a Justice of Peace, whom he named and pointed at, he being then present in Court; that he (the witness) followed the prisoner to the Justice's house, and attended his examination, during which, he observed the change of raiment which the prisoner had made, since the time when the witness had first seen him in the morning; that at the time of such examination, the prisoner was dressed in the same clothes which he had on at the time of the trial, and, that on the witness's charging him with having changed his clothes, he gave several shuffling answers, and would have denied it; that, upon the witness's mentioning this circumstance of the change of dress, the Justice granted a warrant to

search the prisoner's house for the clothes described by the witness, as having been put off since the morning; that the witness attended, and assisted at the search, and, that after a nice enquiry for two hours and upwards, the very clothes which the witness had described, were discovered concealed in a straw bed. He then produced the bloody clothes in Court, which the prisoner owned to be his clothes, and to have been thrust into the straw bed, with an intention to conceal them, on account of their being bloody.

The prisoner also waved asking this second witness any questions.

A third witness deposed to his having heard the prisoner deliver certain menaces against the deceased, from whence the prosecutor intended to infer a proof of *malice prepense*. In answer to which, the prisoner proposed certain questions to the Court, leading to a discovery of the occasion of the menacing expressions deposed to, and from the witness's answer to those questions, it appeared, that the deceased had first menaced the prisoner.

The prisoner being called upon to make his defence, addressed the following narration to the Court, as containing all he knew concerning the manner and cir-

cumstances of the death of the deceased, viz. "That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased, and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it; that the only way to his own close was through that of the deceased, and, that on the day the murder in the indictment was laid to be committed, he rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand, and passing through the deceased's ground, he observed a man at some distance from the path, lying down, as if dead, or drunk: that he thought himself bound to see what condition the person was in, and, upon getting up to him, he found him at the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued; that, in order to relieve him, he raised him up, and, with great difficulty, set him in his lap; that he told the deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhappy fate, and the more so, as there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend he had been murdered; that he entreated the deceased to discover, if possible, the occasion of his misfortune, assuring him that he would use his utmost endeavours to do justice to his sufferings; that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and, in the midst of his agonies, attempted, as he thought, to speak to him, but being seized with a rutling in

his throat, after a hard struggle, he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) clothes, he expired in his arms; that the shock he felt, on account of this accident, was not to be expressed, and the rather, as it was well known, that there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account, he might possibly be suspected of the murder; that he, therefore, thought it adviseable to leave the deceased in the condition he was, and to take no farther notice of the matter; that, in the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the deceased's fork, and left his own in the room of it, by the side of the corpse; that, being obliged to go to his work, he thought it best to shift his clothes, and, that they might not be seen, he confessed he had hid them in the place where they were found; that it was true he had denied before the Justice that he had changed his clothes, being conscious that this was an ugly circumstance that might be urged against him, and, being unwilling to be brought into trouble if he could help it; and, concluded his story with a solemn declaration, that he had related nothing but the truth, without adding, or diminishing one tittle, as he should answer it to God Almighty."

Being then called upon to produce his witnesses, the prisoner answered, with a steady, composed countenance and resolution of voice, "*He had no witness but God, and his own conscience.*

The judge then proceeded to deliver his charge, in which he pathetically enlarged on the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of the evidence, which, although, circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive proof; that the prisoner had, indeed, cooked up a very plausible story, but if such, or the like allegations, were to be admitted, in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds being generally perpetrated in the dark, and with the greatest secresy; that the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possible doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding the prisoner guilty.

The foreman begged of his Lordship, as this was a case of life and death, that the jury might be at liberty to withdraw, and, upon this motion, an officer was sworn to keep the jury.

This trial came on the first in the morning, and the Judge having sat till

nine at night, expecting the return of the jury, at last sent an officer to enquire if they were agreed in their verdict, and to signify to them, that his Lordship would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for answer, that eleven of their body had been of the same mind from the first, but that it was their misfortune to have a foreman that proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy, who, having taken up a different opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The messenger was no sooner returned, but the complaining members, alarmed at the thoughts of being kept under confinement all the night, and despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their own way of thinking, agreed to accede to his opinion, and having acquainted him with their resolution, they sent an officer to detain his Lordship a few minutes, and then went into Court, and, by their foreman, brought in the prisoner, *Not Guilty*. His Lordship could not help expressing the greatest surprise and indignation, at this unexpected verdict, and, after giving the jury a severe admonition, he refused to record their verdict, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night, without fire or candle. The whole blame was publickly laid on the foreman, by the rest of the members, and they spent the night in loading him

with reflections, and bewailing their unhappy fate, in being associated with so hardened a wretch: but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring "he would suffer death rather than change his opinion.

As soon as his Lordship came into Court the next morning, he sent again to the jury, on which, all the eleven members joined in requesting their foreman to go again into Court, assuring him they would adhere to their former verdict, whatever was the consequence, and, on being reproached with their former inconstancy, they promised never to desert, or recriminate upon their foreman any more. Upon these assurances, they proceeded into Court, and again brought in the prisoner *Not Guilty*. The Judge unable to conceal his rage at their verdict, which appeared to him in the most iniquitous light, reproached them with the severest censures, and dismissed them with this cutting reflection, "*That the blood of the deceased lay at their door.*"

The prisoner, on his part, fell on his knees, and with uplifted eyes and hands, thanked *God* for his deliverance, and addressing himself to the judge, cried out, "*You see, my Lord, that God, and a good conscience, are the best of witnesses.*"

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the Judge, and, as soon as he was retired from Court he entered into discourse with the High Sheriff, upon what had passed, and particularly examined him, as to his knowledge of this leader of the jury. The answer this gentleman gave his Lordship, was, that he had been acquainted with him many years; that he had an estate of his own of above £50. per annum, and that he rented a very considerable farm besides; that he never knew him charged with an ill action, and that he was universally esteemed in his neighbourhood.

For further information, his Lordship likewise sent for the minister of the parish, who gave the same favourable account of his parishioner, with this addition, that he was a constant church-man, and a devout communicant.

These accounts rather increased his Lordship's perplexity, from which he could think of no expedient to deliver himself, but by having a conference, in private, with the only person who could give him satisfaction. This he desired the sheriff to procure, who readily offered his service; and, without delay, brought about the desired interview.

Upon the juryman's being introduced to the judge, his Lordship and he retired into a closet, where his Lordship opened his reasons for desiring that visit, making no scruple of acknowledging the uneasiness he was under, and conjuring his visitor frankly to discover his reasons for acquitting the prisoner. The juryman returned for answer that he had sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them, but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own breast, and was under no compulsion to disclose them, he expected his Lordship would engage upon his honour to keep what he was about to unfold, as secret as he himself had done; which his Lordship having promised to do, the juryman then proceeded to give his Lordship the following account; "That the deceased being titheman of the parish, where he (the juryman) lived, he had, the morning of his decease, been in his (the juryman's) grounds, amongst his corn, and had done him great injustice, by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner. That when he complained of this treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous language, but, that the deceased had likewise struck at him several times with his fork, and had actually wounded him in two places, the scars of

which wounds he then shewed his Lordship; that the deceased seeming bent on mischief, and he (the juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life, but by closing in with the deceased, and wrenching the fork out of his hands, which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle, received the two wounds, which had occasioned his death; that he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and, especially, when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder, that the former assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the matter, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by his lying in a goal so long—that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for that he had consulted the ablest lawyers upon the case, who had all agreed, that as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be guilty of man-slaughter at the most—that it was true he had suffered greatly in his own mind on the prisoner's account, but being well assured that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course—that in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given him every kind of assistance, and had wholy supported his family ever

since—that in order to get him cleared of the charge laid against him, he could think of no other expedient than that of procuring himself to be summoned on the jury, and set at the head of them, which with great labour and expence he had accomplished, having all along determined in his own breast, rather to die himself than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner.

His Lordship expressed great satisfaction at this account, and after thanking him for it, and making this further stipulation, that in case his Lordship should happen to survive him, he might then be at liberty to relate this story, that it might be delivered down to posterity, the conference broke up.

The juryman lived fifteen years afterwards; the judge inquired after him every year, and happening to survive him, delivered the above relation.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1768; and republished in the very valuable selections from that interesting Miscellany.

REFLECTIONS.

This case shows, but too clearly, a most distressing truth, even that the guiltless may be charged with crimes of the deepest dye; and placed on account of it, in circumstances of the most imminent danger. Here is an innocent man *arraigned on an indictment formurder*. There was but a step between him and death. This consideration may well check the rashness and severity of our decisions; support us under a load of calumny; and excite our gratitude to God, that no such mishap has befallen us. This is not lightly to be passed over.

Little did this poor man expect, when *he left home, in order to go to work in his close*, that before night, he should, though innocent, be torn from the bosom of his family, and immured in a prison; mournful, and gloomy, without one favorable ray to pierce through the thick mist of suspicious circumstances. Yet, let us remember, that when God, as the law giver, and judge of men, declares there is none righteous, no, not one; and that the whole world is guilty before him, the charge, however fearful in its consequences,

and universal in its extent, is, nevertheless, *true*, as God is true. We should lay *it* to heart; and, instead of extenuating, confess our sin to God; and seek to be justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Rom. iii. 24.

What reader does not perceive, from this singular narrative, that men, though falsely accused, may be placed in such untoward circumstances, as to be utterly unable to break the strong chain of circumstantial evidence, by which they are bound. Thus it was with the prisoner; *he had, indeed*, the judge remarked, *cooked up a very plausible story, but they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding him guilty*. Yet he was neither the perpetrator, nor an accomplice. Consider virtuous Joseph. Though pure of the crime imputed to him, as an angel of light, yet, viewed through the medium of circumstantial evidence, he appeared as one of the foulest children of darkness. But that eye, which is infinite, sees all things, and under all circumstances. Is it so? Servants of the Most High God, sing, then, for joy of heart. Servants of sin, O take heed, lest this infinite understanding, cause you, ultimately, to cry for sorrow of heart, and howl for vexation of spirit. "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? And the scorners delight in

their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" Prov. i. 23.

This relation is an additional proof, that men may be acting according to duty and humanity, and yet, owing to our ignorance of some important circumstances, they may appear inhuman, and unjust. The prisoner's clothes covered with blood, when produced in Court, spread a deep horror over the mind. Every bosom felt the sudden rushing forth of indignation against the *Accused*. The feeling was universal. Who could have restrained his detestation? Even the wife of his bosom must have stood in fearful suspense. Yet those bloody garments became so, from his performing an act of compassion, honorable to his character. In order to relieve the deceased, with whom he was at variance, *and who had menaced him, he raised him up from the blood, in which he lay, set him in his lap, made the requisite inquiry, he endeavoured to reply, but expired in his arms. This*, was he, the object of general execration. Innocent, yet without a friend to pity, or offer one word in his behalf. How needful to guard against the sudden impulse, and the fervid glow of our feelings, otherwise our judgment may be borne away by them, as by a resistless torrent. And, I will add, let us shun the folly and injustice of those,

who condemn on hearing only one side of a question! Who then would be uncondemned? How needful to hear both sides of a question! How many then would be crimeless. And, how necessary to obtain all possible information; this would frequently produce the break of day, where all is night.

Surely the situation of the prisoner, may well impress our hearts, with the propriety of an immediate and unequivocal declaration of the truth; though it should expose us to suspicion, and the apprehension of danger. This interests God and men on our behalf. It is the only safe ground on which those, who are unjustly accused, can rest. He who has recourse to secreting, to artful equivocation, or mental reservation, does but build his house on the sand, and spread toils to entrap his own feet. The prisoner *thrust his bloody clothes into the straw bed to conceal them—he gave several shuffling answers, and would have denied what was undeniable.* Thus he closed the ear of all to the facts which he uttered in his own defence; and sharpened every tongue against himself—He wrought falshood against his own life.

In vain the innocent prisoner is *called upon to produce his witnesses.* Alas, he

has no witness—no friend in court. *He answered with a steady composed countenance and resolution of voice*, HE HAD NO WITNESS BUT GOD AND HIS OWN CONSCIENCE. God and our consciences are indeed witnesses to our actions. *Here*, this truth is pointed out, as with the beams of a rising sun; *hereafter*, it shall be seen in the light of unclouded day. Happy is that *unjustly* ACCUSED, who, labouring under deep suspicions and heavy charges, has God and his own conscience on his side. He has ground for firmness, nor is hope to be altogether abandoned. And, O how peculiarly happy, if God and he are at peace, through faith in the blood of Jesus; and if a sense of that peace is enjoyed in his own conscience. Happiness without these, is as irreconcilable to fact, as the contending powers of light and darkness.

In what a perilous situation the prisoner stood. Not a shadow of hope. Yet deliverance is at hand. How determined the firmness of the foreman in opposing the conviction of the judge, *that the case was exempted from all possibility of doubt*, and the *unanimous conviction of the jurors*, of the prisoner's guilt. He was considered as inveterately obstinate, and a hardened wretch. Yet that for which they condemned him, and

with so much apparent justice, was in him most noble. It was the conquest of himself, and the triumph of humanity, of justice and of truth. Had he been less firm, the man had died; but thus firm, the prisoner lived. How delightful, that with God, in whose hands are all our concerns, there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning! Here is solid ground. God be praised for the revelation of himself.

Surely this mode of *locking up a jury, until they are agreed in their verdict* is defective. It may exhaust their patience, produce mutual irritation, and terminate, as in the case before us, in a verdict arising, not from impartial decision, but weariness and want—restraint and the love of ease. But the unanimity, and the decisions of the eternal world, will be placed infinitely beyond the reach of suspicion or charge.

If deliverance from temporal death, caused the ACQUITTED *to lift up his hands, his eyes, and his heart to God.* O, how should Believers in Christ feel, who are delivered from the second death; and entitled to that eternal life, which, in the prospect, exceeds their most enlarged conceptions; and, which, in the enjoyment,

will exceed their highest praise. What hath God wrought!

Here was, indeed, an *astonishing disclosure. His Lordship expressed great satisfaction at the account, and thanked the Foreman for it.* When God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, what instructive and amazing—what heart-rending, and what heart-rejoicing disclosures will be made. *Then* shall gather paleness, the smiling countenance of the smooth-tongue sycophant, who was in the family, and among friends, like a continual dropping in a rainy day. *Then* will the mask fall off from multitudes, who *acted* their parts in the church, the state, and the world; and then their faces will be seen, looking horrid-horribly. But then, then shall the sincere Believer be seen, amid the joyful acclamation of countless myriads, emerging out of all his sufferings, to shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ASSERTED.

There are some circumstances in the life of *Mr. Oliver Heywood*, well known by his excellent treatise on closet prayer, and other works, which afford us pleasing ideas of the providential care of God towards his people. The following anecdote, says his biographer, is authentic.—His little stock of money was quite exhausted, the family provisions were quite consumed, and *Martha*, a maid servant, who had lived in his family several years, and who often assisted them, could now lend no more assistance from the little savings of former days. *Mr. Heywood* still trusted, that God would provide, although he had nothing but the Divine promise to rely on.

When the children began to be impatient for want of food, *Mr. Heywood* called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call upon *Mr. N*———, the shopkeeper, in Northgate, and tell him, I desire him to lend me five shillings, if he will be kind enough to do it, buy us some cheese, some bread, and such other little things as you

know we most want; be as expeditious as you can in returning, for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat. Put on your hat and cloak, and the Lord give you good speed. In the mean time, we will offer up our requests to him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him." *Martha* observed her master's directions; but, when she came near the house, where she was ordered to beg for the loan of five shillings, through timidity and bashfulness, her heart failed her. She passed by the door again and again, without having courage to go in and tell her errand. At length, *Mr. N*———, standing at his shop-door, and seeing *Martha* in the street, called her to him, and said, "Are you not *Mr. Heywood's* servant?" When she had, with an anxious heart answered in the affirmative, he added, "I am glad I have this opportunity of seeing you. Some friends at M——, have remitted to me five guineas, for your master, and I was just thinking how I could contrive to send it." *Martha* burst into tears, and for some time, could not utter a syllable. The necessities of the family, their trust in Providence, the seasonableness of the supply, and a variety of other ideas breaking in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length, she told *Mr.*

N——— upon what errand she came, but that she had not courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. The tradesman could not but be affected with the story, and told *Martha* to come to him when the like necessity should press upon them at any future time. She made haste to procure the necessary provisions, and, with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent, the hungry family had often looked wishfully out at the window for her arrival. When she came to her master's door, it was presently opened, and the joy to see her was so great as when a fleet of ships arrive laden with provisions, for the relief of a starving town, closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket of eatables; the patient mother wiped her eyes, the father smiled, and said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning, the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." *Martha* related every circumstance of her little adventure, as soon as tears of joy would permit her, and all then partook of the homely fare, with a sweeter relish than the fastidious Roman nobles ever knew,

when thousands of pounds were expended to furnish one repast. Had you been present while this pious family were eating their bread and cheese, and drinking pure water from the spring, you might perhaps have heard the good man thus addressing the wife of his bosom, "Did I not tell you my dear, that God would surely provide for us?" "Why were you so fearful, O you of little faith?" Our heavenly father knoweth that we have need of these things. Jesus said to his disciples, when I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked ye any thing? and they said, nothing, Lord.

The spirit of persecution raged so hotly against him, that this worthy man was under the necessity of taking leave of his dear family, and of going he knew not whither. But the question was, How should he be equipped for his journey? he had a horse, but the little money that remained, must be left for the support of the family, for whom *Mr. Heywood* was much more concerned than for himself. One winter's morning, when it was yet dark, the horse was saddled, and this good man, after bidding adieu to his affectionate wife, and saluting his children in their beds, set out, like Abraham, when he left his father's house, not knowing whither he went. He moved silently along in bye-ways, for some time, for fear of be-

ing seen, till he got out of the neighbourhood. Having not one farthing in his pocket, to bear his travelling expenses, he committed himself to the protection of Providence. He determined at length to leave his horse at full liberty to go what way it would, and thus travelled on for a considerable part of the day, till both man and beast stood in great need of refreshment. Towards evening, the horse bent its course to a farm house, a little out of the road. *Mr. Heywood* called at the door, and a clean, decent woman, came out to enquire what he wanted. "I have reason (said he) to make an apology for the liberty I have taken, being an entire stranger in these parts. My horse stands in need, as well as myself, of refreshment for the night: if you could, any way, make it convenient to furnish my horse with a little hay, and a stand under cover, and myself with a seat by your fire-side, I ask no more." The good woman a little surprized at his request, told him she would consult her husband; after a few minutes, they both came to the door, and *Mr. Heywood* repeated his solicitation; but told them that he had no money to satisfy them for any trouble they might have on his account, yet he hoped God would reward them, they immediately desired him to alight; the master led the horse into the stable, and the mistress

took the stranger into the house, invited him to sit down, stirred up the fire, and began to prepare him something to eat. *Mr. Heywood* told her, that "he was concerned to see her give herself so much trouble, that being unable to make her any recompense, he did not request either a supper or a bed, but only that he might sit by the fire-side till morning." The mistress assured him, "that for an act of hospitality she did not expect any reward, and that though the accomodations, which her house would afford, were but indifferent, he should be welcome to them, and, therefore, she hoped he would make himself easy." After supper, they all sat down before the fire, and the master of the house desired to know of the stranger "What countryman he was?" "I was born (said he) in Lancashire, but I have a wife and family in the neighbourhood of Halifax." "That is a town (said the Farmer) where I have been, and some years ago, I had a little acquaintance with several persons there, pray do you know *Mr. S*——, and *Mr. D*——? and is old *Mr. F*—— yet alive?" The stranger gave suitable answers to these, and many other enquiries. At length the kind hostess asked him, "If he knew any thing of one *Mr. Oliver Heywood*, who was formerly a minister at some chapel, not far from Halifax, but was now, on some account or other, forbidden to

preach." The stranger replied "There is a great deal of noise and talk about that man, some speak well, and some very ill of him, for my own part, I can say little in his favour." "I believe (said the farmer) he is of that sect which is every where spoken against; but pray do you personally know him? and what is it that inclines you to form such an indifferent opinion of his character?" "I do know something of him (said the stranger) but as I do not choose to propagate an ill report of any one, if you please we will talk on some other subject." After keeping the farmer and his wife in suspense for some time, who were a little uneasy at what he had said, he told them, "That he was the poor outcast of whom they had made so many kind enquiries." All was then surprize, and joy, and thankfulness; that a merciful Providence had brought him under their roof. The master of the house said, "*Mr. Heywood*, I am glad to see you, having long had a sincere regard for you, from the favourable reports I have always heard of you. The night is not far spent, I have a few neighbours who love the gospel, if you will give us a word of exhortation, I will run and acquaint them. This is an obscure place, and, as your coming here is not known, I hope we shall have no interruption." *Mr. Heywood* consented, a small con-

gregation was gathered, and he preached to them with that fervour, affection, and enlargement, which attending circumstances served to inspire. On this joyful occasion, a small collection was voluntarily made by the hearers, to help the poor traveller on his way.

REFLECTIONS.

One cannot read the *distressing circumstances into which this pious clergyman was plunged*, for maintaining as it respects himself, a good conscience, without praising God, and affectionately, and gratefully revering the government under which we live, for our preservation from such unchristian, and anti-christian oppression.

God saw the *necessitous circumstances of this pious family*. The cries of his beloved poor ever enter into his ears, and interest his heart. His all-wise, and unchangeable goodness, claims our confidence; and should excite our hope, under the most calamitous circumstances. Good *Mr. Heywood* hoped, and prayed, and was relieved. With God, all things are possible. Nothing is difficult to him. With him all things are infinitely easy.

O, to be enabled to believe these interesting and unchangeable facts for ourselves!

The servant returns, and the family are relieved. What an interesting scene is here! It is worthy the pencil of an artist. What a flow of feeling. Ministering spirits participate their joy. O, the pleasure which active benevolence communicates and receives. It is doubly blest, and doubly honored. Its rays emanate on the sufferer, and are reverberated on the donor. O yes, to do good, is to get good. The exercise of Christian benevolence, on Christian principles, cannot go unrewarded; "For God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward His Name, in that ye have ministered to the Saints, and do minister." Heb. vi. 10.

Those who serve in Christian families, will do well to imitate *the praise-worthy example of Mr. Heywood's servant.* She, doubtless, felt the authority of God; and she acted under an *influential belief* of his wisdom and goodness, in those particular instructions, given to persons in subordinate situations. Their obedience must be, the obedience of faith; and, as is the degree of their faith, such will be their obedience. I would, most affectionately, intreat them to turn to the instruc-

tions which are given to them. They are in Ephesians the sixth, from the fifth to the eighth verse; and, also, in the first Epistle of Peter, the second chapter, and the eighteenth and nineteenth verses. They are the words of our divine Master, who is in Heaven; and, they should be frequently and deeply considered, by all those to whom they are addressed. A steady and conscientious regard to them, cannot fail of obtaining, for all Christian domestics, a name, and a praise in the churches; and, also, a highly encouraging sense of the Divine approbation. Christian servants, God commands, and the Churches expect you to do your duty; "Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

The parting scene, endured for conscience sake, must speak to the bosom of every Christian; and may well humanize, if not christianize the intolerant. Ah, what disciple of the meek, and lowly Jesus, imbibing his spirit, can see the heart-rending sorrow of that family, without lifting up his voice on high, that rites, and ceremonies, in matters of religion, (the cause of all this distress) may be left in that natural state of indifference, in which, almost all sensible and candid men confess, it is best they should be left. But

alas, the picture of Non-conformity, has been distorted with frightful deformities, to which it has no resemblance; and, conformity, charged with principles, which it entirely disavows. The hot-headed, and the hard-hearted—the superstitious, and the high-minded, have been the pest of the Church of Christ in all ages. May God cool, and soften, evangelize, and humble them. Amen is resounded from every heart throughout the universe, which bears the impress of the Lamb.

Stern, and unrelenting men, again drive the good man from his home. Like the Father of the Faithful, *Mr. Heywood* went out, not knowing whither he went. But that God, who never loses sight of any one of his family, conducted the wanderer to the house of a friend. Ah, his eye is, at every instant, on us for good. We may safely confide all to his care; and go on our way, without murmuring or disputing, leaving him to mark out our journey, and our abode.

But the *Horse*. Yes, the horse and his rider, both moved onward, under the directing eye of God. And, why should it seem a thing incredible, that the horse as well as the man, came within the range of that Providence, which not only weighs the mountains in scales, but also regards

the dust of the balance. As Christians, the object of our faith is, not a mere *general* superintending Providence, which extends to all things; but a *particular* Providence, which fits and directs all things to their determined end; causing them all to co-operate for our present and eternal good. And, while the judgments of God are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out, *here*, is the anchor of our confidence; and here, alone, is our haven and our rest.

THE PRAYING SHEPHERD.

The *Rev. Oliver Heywood*, the subject of the preceding article, being once brought into the greatest want of the necessaries of life, told his wife, one day, that he would leave with her and the children, three shillings, which was all the money he had in the world; and would try to get some work as a day labourer. After commending them to God, and praying for divine direction, he called at a number of houses the first day, but could not meet with any employment. He spent the first night in a barn; and was engaged in prayer the greatest part of it. In the morning he again set out with an empty

belly; and soon arrived at Lord ———'s, where he enquired of the servants if a labourer was wanted. They answered "no." As he was returning, however, from the hall, one of the servant girls said, the shepherd had just before left his place, and if he understood how to take care of the sheep, thought he might meet with employment. *Mr. Heywood* immediately engaged in the service; and was informed he was to sleep in a little cot, erected for the shepherds at some distance from the house; but that he was to come once a day, for what he wanted, to the hall. A few mornings after, two of the servant girls apparently by accident, rose two hours before the usual time, and as there was no one at hand, to fetch up the cows, they went into the field for them. But when they drew near to the shepherd's hut, they were struck with the sound of a man's voice, and, to their no small astonishment, found it was that of the shepherd, engaged in prayer to God. At this they were much affected, and, for several weeks, unknown to *Mr. Heywood*, they used to rise at four o' clock to go to the cot, to hear the shepherd pray, which exercise he was wont to be engaged in every morning till five o'clock. After *Mr. Heywood* had been in this situation a few weeks, the Lady of the family was taken ill, and was expected to die.

A clergyman was sent for, but was that moment mounting his horse, with a view to spend the day in hunting. However, he sent his compliments, and said that he would wait on her Ladyship that evening. Lord——— seemed much distressed, and expressed an earnest desire to get some one to pray with his Lady. Then one of the servants, who had listened to *Mr. Heywood's* prayers, said, "I wish your Lordship would consent to let your shepherd be fetched to pray with her Ladyship," adding, for I do not believe that there is a man in the world who can pray like him." "The shepherd pray? What! can the shepherd pray?" "Yes, my Lord, and I wish you would condescend to let him be sent for; and then you will hear him yourself." *Mr. Heywood* was immediately called, and his Lordship asked him if he could pray? to which he replied, "that man who cannot pray, is not fit to live!—Well, says his Lordship, "follow me and pray for my Lady, who is at the point of death." After a few words spoken to her Ladyship, *Mr. Heywood* poured out his soul to that God whose he was, and whom he served,—and immediately his prayer was answered. For with astonishment she cried out: "Is this a man or an angel? for I am quite well!" When prayer was concluded, Lord———asked him whether he was not one of the ejected

ministers? and *Mr. Heywood* acknowledged that he was. His Lordship then declared, that from that moment, instead of being employed as the shepherd of his sheep, he should be the shepherd of his soul, and of the souls of his household.

The above anecdote was related to *Mr. R. Miller* of Yarmouth, about sixteen years ago, by the *Rev. Mr. Chapman* of Staplehurst, in Kent, one of the holiest and best of men. He said the truth of it might be depended on.

Methodist Magazine, 1805.

REFLECTIONS.

On Non-conformity, which was the source of all this good man's suffering, it may be thought requisite that something should be said. The learned, pious, and amiable Dr. Doddrige has a just view of this subject; and I cannot express my own in more suitable terms. "The divisions of the Church, he observes, are not to be healed by imposing our own sentiments, phrases, and forms, and censuring and harrassing those that will not acquiesce in them. Such a temper, will only engender strife; and mutual provocations, will produce mutual increasing resentment. Let

us, then, receive our weaker brethren with tenderness, and respect; not despising those, who scruple what we practise; not judging those, who practise what we scruple. God may receive one and the other: yea, the *different practices* of both, may proceed from the *same general principles*, a desire to please him, and to approve ourselves in his sight." These are sentiments worthy to be known, and read of all men; and highly calculated to produce that spirit of moderation and goodness, *in lesser matters*, which is so highly creditable to our common Christianity.

Again, and again, was *Mr. Heywood* reduced to the greatest straits, and forced by his persecutors, to separate himself from those he so dearly loved. Heavy, and manifold, and of long continuance, are the trials of some Saints. That any tread an easier path, must be solved, not into their foreseen superior sanctity, for such is not the fact; but, into the gracious and adorable sovereignty of him, whose sole province and prerogative it is to apportion our lot. Even he, who provideth for the raven his food; without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground; and by whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered. As the chain of events accord with the Divine arrangements, and, as there is no

suffering, from which some good does not proceed, let me, then, an ignorant, frail mortal, cease to dispute, and believingly, humbly, and gratefully adore.

How interesting was the *spirit* of good *Mr. Heywood*. To his persecutors, he shewed a conscience, having the inflexibity of iron—to his family, a heart melting like wax before the fire. Here, let the churlish look, feel abashed and melt into kindness; and here let the unstable look, and blush for their inconstancy, and aim to rise into decision.

He, whose name was thus cast out as evil, and who had only *three shillings* to leave with his suffering wife and children, had a name imperishable in heaven—and in heaven, he had treasure incorruptible. What a sight is here! A holy, and useful minister of Christ, is forced to seek for work as a day labourer, yet he is an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Pennyless, yet possessing all things. Forced to sleep in a barn, yet the care of guardian angels. Disappointed in his applications for employment, yet fulfilling his destiny. Sent out to tend the sheep of an earthly master, yet designated to feed the flock of God. Here is a man mighty in prayer, yet, seemingly, he prays in vain. *There*, is a clergyman enjoying the emolu-

ments of office, and—but we will not lift up the veil; HERE, is a minister of Christ, enduring the severest privations, yet, whose glory is best seen, as his character is unveiled. While praying in his shepherd's cot, God is ordering circumstances, that he may be brought to minister, with high respect, at the family altar of a nobleman. And, what, in the conclusion of the matter, shall we say of these things, and of God as connected with them? "He is the rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgement: a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he." Duet. 32. 4.

INTERCOURSE WITH HEAVEN.

The excellent *Mr. Flavel* was educated in University College in Oxon, was formerly minister in the establishment at Dartmouth, and distinguished as a writer by many valuable works. He being alone in a journey, and willing to make the best improvement he could of that day's solitude, set himself to a close examination of the state of his soul, and then of the life to come, and the manner of its being and living in heaven, in the views of all those

things which are now pure objects of faith and hope. After a while he perceived his thoughts begin to fix, and to come closer to these great and astonishing things than was usual; and, as his mind settled upon them, his affections began to rise with answerable liveliness and vigour; he therefore, whilst he was yet master of his own thoughts, lifted up his heart to God, in a short ejaculation, that God would so order it in his providence, that he might meet with no interruption from company, or any other accident in that journey; which was granted him; for, in all that day's journey, he neither met, overtook, or was overtaken by any. Thus going on his way, his thoughts began to swell, and rise higher and higher, like the waters in Ezekiel's vision, till at last they became an overflowing flood. Such was the intention of his mind, such the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such the full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world, and all the concerns thereof: and for some hours knew no more where he was, than if he had been in a deep sleep upon his bed: at last, he began to perceive himself very faint, and almost choaked with blood, which running in abundance from his nose, had discoloured his clothes, and his horse, from the shoulder to the hoof. He found himself almost spent, and nature to faint

under the pressure of joy unspeakable and unsupportable. And at last perceiving a spring of water in his way, he with some difficulty alighted to cleanse, and cool his face and hands, which were drenched in blood, tears, and sweat. By that spring he sat down, and washed, earnestly desiring, if it were the pleasure of God, that it might be his parting place from this world. He said, death had the most amiable face in his eye, that he ever beheld, except the face of Jesus Christ, which made it so: and that he could not remember, though he believed he should die there, that he had one thought of his dear wife or children, or any other earthly concernment. But having drunk of that spring, his spirit revived, the blood staunched, and he mounted his horse again; and on he went in the same frame of spirit, till he had finished a journey of near thirty miles, and came at night to his inn; where being come, he greatly admired how he came thither, that his horse without his direction had brought him thither, and that he fell not all that day, which past not without several trances of considerable continuance. Being alighted, the innkeeper came to him, with some astonishment, being acquainted with him formerly, O sir, said he, what's the matter with you? you look like a dead man. "Friend, (replied he) I was neve better in my life." Shew me my chamber.

cause my cloak to be cleansed; burn me a little wine, and that is all I desire of you at present. Accordingly it was done, and a supper sent up, which he could not touch; but requested of the people, they would not trouble or disturb him for that night. All this night passed without one wink of sleep, though he had never a sweeter night's rest in all his life. Still, still, the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he seemed to be an inhabitant of the other world. The next morning being come, he was early on horse-back, fearing the divertisements in the inn, might bereave him of his joy; for he said, it was now with him, as with a man that carries a rich treasure about him, who suspects every passenger to be a thief. But within a few hours he was sensible of the ebbing of the tide; and before night, though there was a heavenly serenity, and sweet peace upon his spirit, which continued long with him, yet the transports of joy were over. He many years after called that day one of the days of heaven; and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the books he ever read, or discourses he ever entertained about it.

Doctor Gillie's, Historical Collections, Vol. i. page 255.

REFLECTIONS.

"I am aware that some will object to the strain of devout ecstasy, which characterizes this extraordinary instance of delight in God, but I am persuaded they will meet with nothing, however ecstatic, and elevated, but what corresponds to the dictates of scripture, and the analogy of faith. He, who recollects that the scriptures speak of a *peace which passeth all understanding*, and *of a joy unspeakable, and full of glory*, will not be offended at the state of exalted joy contained in this narrative; he will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own religious feeling, than to suspect the propriety of sentiments, the most rational and scriptural, merely, because they rise to a pitch he has never reached. The sacred oracles afford no countenance to the supposition, that devotional feelings are to be condemned as visionary, and enthusiastic, merely on account of their intenseness and elevation: provided they be of a right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to suspect they can be carried too far. David *danced before the Lord with all his might*, and when he was reproached for degrading himself in the eyes of his

people, by indulging these transports, he replied, " If this be to be vile, *I will make myself more vile.*" That the objects which interest the heart in religion, are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed ; and why should it be deemed irrational, to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value ? Why should it be deemed strange, and irrational, for a distinguished minister and Christian, whose life was devoted to the happiness of man, and the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy in the prospect of being crowned with life everlasting ? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost opprest with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer ; we see, in him, of what attainments the soul is capable, and how far it may be purified, and elevated, by the exercise of a strong faith, on invisible, and eternal realities. While the scriptures retain their rank, as the only rule of faith, and practice ; while there are those who feel the power of true religion, such high enjoyments as those experienced by *Mr. Flavel*, will be contemplated with veneration and delight. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated sages

of Pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing equal, nor similar, nothing of that singular combination of humility and elevation, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature appears annihilated, and God all in all. I am much mistaken if the serious reader will not find, in such instances of high communion with God, and in the closing scenes of many Christians' lives, the most perfect form of Christianity: he will find it, not as it is too often, clouded with doubts, and oppressed with sorrows; he will behold it ascend the mount transfigured, glorified, and encircled with the beams of celestial majesty.

In reading such accounts, many sincere, though humble, timid Christians, will draw conclusions unfavourable to themselves. Because they are so far below such elevated instances, they will conclude that the "root of the matter" is not in them. To prevent such an unhappy effect, let me be permitted to observe, that such rich experience, while it developes the native tendency of Christianity, is not to be considered as a standard to ordinary Christians. It affords a great example of what is attainable in religion, and not of what is indispensibly necessary to salvation. Thousands die in the Lord, who are not indulged with the

privilege of dying in triumph. The extraordinary diligence of *Mr. Flavel*, in the whole of his Christian career, his tenderness of conscience, his constant vigilance, his ardent hunger and thirst after righteousness, together with his daily life of faith, on the infinitely valuable, and eternally efficacious sacrifice of Christ, met with the extraordinary impression of the divine approbation. "*He which soweth sparingly, shall reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.*"

VILLIERS, DUKE OF, BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and a very distinguished person in the reign of Charles II. was born at Wallingford-house, in the year 1627. He possessed great abilities, which were much improved by education: but they were shamefully misapplied. "He was (says the Earl of Clarendon, a man of noble presence; he had great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning things se-

rious into ridicule. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolic, and extravagant diversion, were all that he regarded. He had no steadiness nor conduct; and could never fix his thought, nor govern his estate, though it was, at one time, the greatest in England. He was bred about the King; and, for many years, had a great ascendancy over him; but, at length, he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself; and ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation. The madness of vice appeared in him, in very eminent instances; and, at last, he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in all respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided, as ever it had been courted."

It appears to have been in this deserted and degraded state, mournfully looking over a life spent in vice and folly, that he wrote the following letter, to a particular friend, *Dr. Barrow*, a short time before his decease.

"Dear Doctor,

"I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to have a sound understanding: for, however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dic-

tates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands; for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, time! I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress! In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being in his afflictions, whom, in the time of prosperity, he never remembered with reverence? Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of grace, or to implore that divine mercy in the next world, which I have scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to the King be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of Kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

"The companions of my fomer libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes,

were you to show them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity: but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion, than resentment. A future state may well enough strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of God. The apprehensions of death, will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of his understanding. To what a situation am I now reduced! Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a christian?—From my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and I fear, forsaken by my God."

"There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life

made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence, to procure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt. Your men of wit generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings. It is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of christianity; and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good. What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment. Or that any person should pass for a gentleman in this world, but he that appears solicitous about his happiness in the next!"

"I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty; but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly cast off by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. Writing

to you, gives me some ease, especially on a subject I could talk of for ever. I am of opinion, this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you: my distemper is powerful. Come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

"BUCKINGHAM."

Lindley Murray's Power of Religion on the mind. Page 141.

REFLECTIONS.

They who possess *great abilities*, are frequently not aware of their value and importance; and, that they must give an account to God, and an awful account many will have to give, for their neglect, or abuse of the talents entrusted to their care. When such rare and valuable endowments, as BUCKINGHAM possessed, are *so shamefully misapplied*, and connected with such wallowing in the mire, what do we see; "a jewel of gold in a swine's snout."

What a proof is here, that a libertine, possessing talents of the higher order, may make a laugh at the thunder-bolts of God, and yet dread, lest he should be struck; shake his head at the Gospel of Christ, while he venerates it in his heart; ridicule the ministers and people of God, though impressed with the excellence

of their example; and be sportive about scripture facts and miracles, while his face belies the feelings of his heart. These appearances are only flowers, that cover the deep bog of irreligion, which the gay trifler often feels, with alarm, trembling beneath his feet; and into which, he, who finally sinks, dies for ever: "He that believeth not, shall be damned."

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the *Duke of Buckingham had a peculiar faculty of turning serious things into ridicule.* The remarks of *Dr. Johnson* on this subject, are weighty and instructive. He observes, that, "The assertion of Shaftesbury, *that ridicule is the test of truth*, is foolish. If ridicule, he observes, be applied to any position, as the test of truth, it will then become a question, whether such ridicule be just? and this can only be decided by the application of truth, *as the test of ridicule.* Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be, for awhile, equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous, who is to be pitied, and who to be despised." Before these remarks of *Johnson*, the gay edifice of

ridicule, as the test of truth, melts away, like a palace of snow before the Sun; and *Shaftesbury*, and his laughing compeers, are but as so many Tom Thumbs, looking out of the giant's pocket.

When *Buckingham* shews himself, it seems as if the prodigal in the gospel were raised from the dead. When he makes the woeful dislosure, we see a complete verification of the important moral lessons, which that parable was intended to inculcate. And, when we attend to the pangs of penitential remorse, which harrowed up his soul, our hearts bound within us, in the hope, that even *Buckingham*, returning to his Father's house, though at the eleventh hour, met with that all-gracious reception, which the beautiful parable so touchingly describes.

See here, what has been so often and justly remarked, the mighty influence of heart-felt religion. Behold the power which it possesses of investing objects, which were once unheeded, scandalised, and despised, with a character of dignity, of solemnity, and value, which is supreme and inexpressible.

The sons of extravagance, and irreligion, will do well to weigh in time, the frank acknowledgments of *Buckingham*.

His painful experience may be not only a bridge to convey them over the gulph of endless ruin; but an instructer, to introduce them into that house of mourning, through which we pass into the mansions of eternal blessedness: "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

Let the scorner look yonder and tremble. Let him look, and he may see in the case of the Jews, a standing, though awful monument of the truth of prophetic denunciation. Yet, let him not despair, for the Jerusalem sinner may be saved. There is good news in the gospel for the vilest of men. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. He is able to save to the uttermost, all that come to God by him." Sin never entices, but with an intention first to deceive, and then to destroy; and, God never invites a sinner to the arms of his mercy, but, with an intention to receive him graciously, rescue him from ruin, and entitle him to eternal life. But, despisers, like those of old, continue to reject the counsel of God, against themselves.

My fellow christians, to you I turn. Let the scoffing infidel laughingly ask, "Where is the sign of his coming?" Let him triumph over our weakness, in waiting

for the accomplishment of predictions, big with terror; and of promises, pregnant with joy; we will yet wait, confident that we cannot wait in vain. O no, these are realities, which nothing can ever, ever, ever shake. They are realities which language is too poor to describe; and the intellect, too mean to conceive. Here is a depth of woe, vast as immensity; and here, a height of bliss, immensurable as eternity. Yes, our assured confidence, in the accomplishment of the promises, shall travel over those mountains of difficulties, which on earth, or in heaven, we shall behold levelled by Omnipotence.

THE BIGOTS IN THE DUST.

THE CALVINIST BIGOT.

Lewis du Moulin, Doctor in physic, distinguished by his learning and acuteness as a controversial writer, being in his last sickness visited by ***Doctor Burnet***, and admonished of the ***foul language*** used in his books against ***Doctor Stillingfleet***, Dean of Paul's, ***Doctor Durell***, Dean of Windsor, ***Doctor Patrick***, Dean of Peters-

borough, &c.* desired *Doctor Burnet* to *ask them pardon in his name;* and when he spake of the Dean of St. Paul's, he expressed much sorrow, and shed some tears; and upon their motion; signed this recantation, following.

"As for my books, in which I mixed many *personal reflections*, I am now sensible I vented too much of *my own passion and bitterness*; and therefore I disclaim all that is personal in them, and am heartily sorry for every thing I have written to the *defaming of any person.*

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* The controversy of the *reasonableness of Toleration*, was now, in the reign of Charles II. (in 1668) warmly debated without doors; many ill-natured books were written to expose the Calvinistic Doctrines of the Presbyterians, as leading to Antinomianism, and licentiousness of manners. Others exposed their character and manner preaching. Among these must be reckoned, "*The friendly debate*," which, though written by a good man, had an ill effect in sharpening peoples' spirits too much against the Dissenters. The author was the learned *Dr. Patrick*, afterwards Bishop of Ely. But I must do this prelate so much justice as to say, that in his advanced age, he expressed his dissatisfaction with this part of his conduct; and, in a debate in the House of Lords, about the occasional bill, declared, that although he had been known to write against the Dissenters, with some warmth, in his younger years, *he had lived long enough to see reason to alter his opinion of that people, and that way of writing.* A rare instance of ingenuity and candour."

Neal's History of Puritans, vol. ii. p. 546.

I humbly beg God, and all those I have so wronged, pardon for Jesus Christ's sake; and am resolved if God shall spare my life, never to meddle more with *such personal things*, and do earnestly exhort all people, as a dying man, that they will study *more love and mutual forbearance* in their differences; and will avoid *all bitter and uncharitable reflections* on one anothers persons. And, as I pray those worthy men of the *Church of England* to have *charity and tenderness* for the dissenters from them; so I beg of the *Dissenters* that they would have a *due regard and respect* to those of the church of England; of many of whom I say now, let my soul be with theirs; and that all true protestants among us may heartily unite and concur in the defence and preservation of the holy reformed religion, now by the mercy of God, settled among us. And that men of all sides, may according to St. Paul's rule, Cease to bite and devour one another, lest we be destroyed one of another; and that whereunto we have already attained, we may walk by the same rule; hoping that if any man is otherwise minded, *in some lesser things*, God shall either reveal that to him, or mercifully forgive it, through Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commend my spirit, and desire to appear before God, in and through him, who gave himself for me; and, therefore, do now study to learn

of him to be meek and lowly in heart, and to love all the brethren as he loved me.

This, in sincerity of heart, I,

(SIGNED)

LEWIS DU MOULIN.

Oct. 5, 1680.

THE ARMINIAN BIGOT.

Mr. John Child, having written a book, called, *The second argument for a more firm union amongst Protestants*; where he *fell foul upon the Nonconformists*, was thereupon, smitten with remorse; and to one *Mr. C. H.* coming to visit him, (taking up the book in his hand) began to read, where he saith, "*The greatest Number of Dissenters, do hold principles dangerously heretical, and most abominably abusing the most Holy God*, &c." But, before he could end that paragraph, being under extreme agony of mind, and weeping bitterly, put the book from him, and spake to this effect, viz.; "I have represented *those Calvin's principles*, beyond whatever they conceived; strained their opinions, beyond their intentions: and drawing such consequences, as never were in their minds. And, strik-

ing his breast, with much anguish, said, "These words lie close; I shall never get over this; I write in prejudice against them, calling them *a villainous body of people*, which was unjust*. Professing he could not repent; (and, with a very firm countenance, said) "I shall go to hell; I am broken in judgment; when I think to pray, either I have a flushing in my face, as if I were in a flame, or I am dumb, and cannot speak, or else, I fall asleep upon my knees; all the signs of one whom God hath left forsaken, and hardened. An-

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*"All sober men were of opinion, that it was ungenerous and cruel, to treat a number of peaceable men, whom the laws had put almost out of their protection, in so ludicrous a manner, as was done by *Parker*, afterwards Bishop of Oxford; who, *Bishop Burnet* says, was rather *impious* than otherwise. Religion itself suffered by it. "I remember, (says Lord Chief Justice Hales) that when Ben Johnson, in his play of the Alchymist, introduced Amartus, in derision of the Puritans, with many of their phrases, taken out of scripture, in order to render that people ridiculous, the play was detested, and abhorred, because it seemed to reproach Religion itself; but *now*, when the Presbyterians were brought upon the stage (in the reign of Charles II.) in their peculiar habits, and with their distinguishing phrases of scripture, exposed to the laughter of spectators, it met with approbation and applause." Nor was this to be wondered at, for the torrent of vice, rolling down from off the hill of royalty, deposited its filth in its descent—corrupted, and corrupting.

Neale's History of the Puritans. Vol. ii. p. 547.

other time, to *Mrs. N.* "How deplorable a thing is this, that I, who have preached so much of the glory of another world, should now be deprived of it all? You will as surely see me damned, as you now see me stand here. And, again, being much pressed to publish his repentance for his book, that had caused him so much trouble; he answered, "*I have thought sometimes so to do;* But I am so confused and confounded in my mind, that I know not what to do: I can do nothing to purpose. Again (with a deep sigh) said, "The black tokens of reprobation are upon me; *I cannot stoop to the sovereignty of God, I would be above him.* In short, he drew three papers of recantation, written with his own hand. The first of which, begins thus:—

"That it is a dishonour to the church and clergy of England, to have such an one, that hath no wit, so little justice, reason, and conscience to plead for them; that the *author of this libel* is worthily so represented, appears by divers base, false, devilish, and most scandalous passages, therein contained."

"THEY (the Calvinist Dissenters) are represented as a people, *weak*, and *fantastical*, and not rendering *a tolerable reason* for their differing from others,

which is a devilish stroke, made by a black blow. To assert the *Nonconformists* have no kind of *order* in sending forth their ministers; that preachers *run on their own heads*, upon a fanciful supposition that they are able to preach, or, at the most, have but the consent and connivance of *a few weak persons*, is a devilish lie, as thousands can witness. To say this is a true statement, or the case is truly thus, as we are able to make it good, is a lie, if possible, more than damnable, &c." After which, he miserably destroyed himself, Oct. 13, 1684.

History of remarkable Providences, by the Rev. W. Turner, M. A. page 20.

REFLECTIONS.

It appears necessary, before we raise a hue and cry against the *Bigot*, that we properly describe him; otherwise, we shall be liable to seize the innocent, and suffer the guilty to escape. *Dr. Watts*, who long had his eye on him; has pointed him out as being, "*a man devoted, unreasonably, to a certain party, or to certain opinions.*" The accurate *Dr. Johnson*, has given precisely the same description of him. To say the least, he is an unlovely character; I hope, reader, thou art not the man.

I fear that *Bigotry*, of which we have such lamentable proof in the *narrative*, is an epidemical sickness, from which, even the soundest minds are not always exempt. Bigotry has been found in all places, and among all persuasions. In the Dissenters pulpit, bigotry has been seen haughty and repulsive; and on the bishop's throne, with a dark scowl on his countenance; and in his hand, a rod dipt in blood. At Rome he has been seen sitting in the temple, as a God; and in the infidel club, has been beheld, grinning like an ape, at truths which should have made him serious as death; and heard, gnashing his teeth like a beast of prey at that cause, which is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation.

No one is more universally decried than this Bigotry; and yet, at the same time, no one is more imitated. Not a man owns him for an inmate; all disown him as a favourite; yet alas, how many cherish him as an only son! But, how is this? We know what human nature is; and we know, what is the power of prejudice and self-will. And, who sees not, that it is owing to these, that the vulture is treated with tenderness, and the dove torn in pieces.

The highly culpable spirit of *Doctor du Moulin* sprang not from the *calvinism*

which he defended, but from his predominant, overpowering, naughty temper. He who degrades Calvinism, because of the spirit of its advocate, must also, to be consistent, condemn *Arminianism*, for its defender displayed the same acrimonious disposition. Alas, this spirit of bigotry and intolerance, was the woeful effect, not so much of their differing systems, as of their common apostate, and unsubdued nature. Principles have, most undoubtedly, their influence in controversy, but not to the extent which is often assigned them. There have been holy, meek, and heavenly men—Men eminently owned of God, among Churchmen and Dissenters, Calvinists, Baxterians, and Arminians. This fact is incontrovertible; and it should breathe tolerance, into our spirits; and impartiality, into our censures.

What a contradictory being is man! What more absurd—what more contradictory, than an Arminian maintaining the doctrine of sinless perfection and universal love, with reproachful words, biting sarcasms, and unkind invectives? And, what more inconsistent, than a Calvinist thus acting, towards those, who see not with him; and who yet, professes to believe, that men can only see, as God gives them to see. The love of God, expe-

rimentally enjoyed, is the only alkali, that can neutralize these acid spirits.

The case of the learned and acute *Doctor du Moulin* and *Mr. Child*, may well serve as a beacon and an index, both to Calvinists and Arminians. Here are things to be avoided; to be execrated; and to be imitated. They deserve a deep and frequent attention, from those theological champions, who would turn the tents of Salem into a camp of warriors. Let us, my reader, beware that we do not catch the contagion.

The *deeply humbled and penetential spirit of Dr. du Moulin*, on account of the unworthy manner, in which he defended the principles of *Calvin*, well became him. The important advice which he gave, was worthy of his head, and of his heart. Happy would it be for the Christian church, were it more reduced to practice. And, why should we not reduce it to practice?

The *frank, and affecting acknowledgment* of *Mr. Child*, the Arminian writer, respecting his foul misrepresentations of the *Calvinistic Dissenters*, is most impressive. It is a glass, in which many furious modern declaimers against Calvinism and Dissent, would do well, frequently to look, and deeply to blush.

I make no unchristian reflections on the death of *Mr. Child*, the Arminian advocate. Far be it from me, to suggest any thing invidious, much less to triumph. It is enough to say, his sun set in thick and awful darkness. May God preserve us from such a sad night. But, O, those almost last words of his, "*I cannot stoop to the* SOVEREIGNTY *of God, I would be above him.*" This declaration, is a clue to the *rise of*, and it is a volume of *argument* in the controversy. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

What a distressing mixture of weakness and arbitrary passion is seen, not only in this story of former years, but among recent controversialists, from whom we expected more honey and less gall. What rash censoriousness, instead of the charity which hopeth all things! What bitter resentments, instead of the charity, which is not easily provoked! and, what acrimonious, personal reflections, instead of the charity which thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity! Such writers and such preachers, suffer loss in their own character. They injure the cause, which they espouse; and, if good men, deeply wrong their own souls: for nothing is so destructive to the peace of the soul, as these angry disputes about religion.

From the narrative before us, and recent scenes, it really appears, as though a great part of the profession of some men consisted in condemning others: and all under the vile pretence of defending a religion, of which love to God, is the center; and its circumference, is good will toward men. For wolves to worry Sheep, is natural; but, what more unnatural, than for sheep to worry each other! All this unreasonable stiffness, about forms, indifferent; and doctrines, non-essential—all this eagerness to seize and magnify every little advantage into a triumph; and all this bitterness of reproach against our adversaries, are not from ABOVE, but from *beneath*. They are the very excrescence of our christian profession; and the overflowing bile of our apostate nature. Well, if after all, nothing will do but this sparring, let it be in gloves; and if our dexterity *must* be shown, let it be, not with the rapier, but with the foil. O my differing brethren, permit me to say, in the words of *Voltaire*, "We have only a day to live upon earth, let us spend it agreeably, without quarreling about difficulties, that will be cleared up in the life of immortality, which will begin to-morrow."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE POOR.

Poor *Joseph*, was a half witted man, whose employment was to go on errands, and carry parcels; passing through London streets one day, heard psalm-singing in a large place of worship; he went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders: it was *Dr. Calamy's* meeting-house, St. Mary's Aldermanbury. A very well-dressed audience, surrounded the Doctor. He read the text in 1 Tim. i. 15. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." From this he preached, in the clearest and simplest manner, the ancient and apostolic gospel, the contents of this faithful saying, viz. that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinners, solely through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the God who made all things. Not many rich, not many noble, are called by this doctrine, (saith the apostle) but God hath chosen the weak things of this world, to confound the things that are mighty." While the elegant assembly listlessly heard this doctrine, and, if they were struck with any thing at all, it was only some brilliant expression, or well turned period that dropped from the Doctor: Joseph, in

rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher; but drank in with eagerness, all he said, and trudging homeward, he was heard thus muttering to himself; "Joseph never heard this before; Jesus Christ, the God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, like Joseph; and this is true; and it is a faithful saying." Not long after this, *Joseph* was seized with a fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "*Joseph* is the chief of sinners; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and *Joseph* loves him for this." His neighbours, who came to see him, wondered, on hearing him always dwell on this, and only this. Some of the self-righteous sort addressed him in the following manner. "But what say you of your own heart, *Joseph?* Is there no token for good about it! No saving change there? Have you closed with Christ, by acting faith upon him?" "Ah, no, (says he) *Joseph* can act nothing, *Joseph* has nothing to say for himself, but just as he is, the chief of sinners, yet seeing that is a faithful saying, that Jesus, he who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not *Joseph*, after all, be saved?" One man, finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt so uniformly, and with such delight, went and asked *Dr.*

Calamy to come and visit him. He came; but *Joseph* was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the Doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but, when the Doctor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, he instantly sprang upon his elbows, and seizing him by the hands, exclaimed, as loud as he could, with his now feeble, and trembling voice, "O, Sir, you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of him, and whom I love for what you said of him. *Joseph* is the chief of sinners: but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and, why not *Joseph?* O, pray to that Jesus for me, pray that he may save me: tell him, that *Joseph* thinks that he loves him for coming into the world to save such sinners as *Joseph.*" The Doctor prayed: when he concluded, *Joseph* thanked him most kindly; he then put his hand under his pillow, and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the Doctor's hand, (which he had kept all this while closed in his) he thus addressed him: "*Joseph* in his folly, had laid up this to keep him in his old age, take it, and divide it amongst the poor friends of the Lord Jesus; and tell them, that *Joseph* gave it them for his sake, who came into the world to save sin-

ners, of whom, he is chief." His exertions in talking, had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

Dr. Calamy left this scene, but not without shedding tears over *Joseph*; and used to tell this story with much feeling, and as one of the most affecting occurrences he ever met with.

Published in the Gospel Magazine, and in various other works.

REFLECTIONS.

We may observe with pleasure, from the character of *poor Joseph, as a half witted man*, how admirably adapted is the gospel of Jesus Christ to men of weak capacities, as well as to the most exalted geniusses. In the waters of the sanctuary, the lambs may safely wade, and the elephant swim at large.

Joseph in rags hears the glad and faithful tidings—*he gazes with astonishment on the preacher*, believes the truth, as it is in Jesus; talks over to himself, what he had heard, with admiration and gratitude; opens his eyes on a new world; and is happy. This is a touching tale. We cannot but devoutly thank God, that

while the worldly wise and prudent are left to their own wilful and perverse ignorance, and are ruined by the high conceit they have of their own knowledge, the truths which respect salvation are revealed unto babes: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Alas, how many profound philosophers, eminent scholars, refined politicians, and how many persons of genteel education, polite manners, and respectable connections do, through their own pride and folly, like the pharisees, and lawyers, in the days of our Lord, reject the counsel of God against themselves. Yet while they reject, multitudes, in every age, of the lowest and plainest of mankind, ignorant peasants and low mechanics, who in comparison of the former, are but babes, these submit to be instructed, and saved in God's own way, and thus become wise unto salvation. THEY enjoy the wonderous light, life, and liberty which the gospel communicates to them that believe; while those who neglect and despise, live without the knowledge of Christ, and must, hereafter, be silent in darkness. O, for an humble, teachable, and obediential frame of mind towards the revelation which God has given, of his established method of saving ruined sinners, by his beloved, and ever to be adored Son. This is a spirit most ardently to be desired, most earnestly to be implored, and most highly to be

prized; for, "the meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way."

The concluding scene in this relation, must surely speak to the understanding, and to the heart of the reader. The feelings of poor *Joseph* towards Christ, his minister, and his people, are in perfect accordance with those of the most distinguished Christians. Truth, is uniform in its effects on all believers, and in every age. It is a sun, which shining on this, or that hemisphere, cannot but illumine, fructify, and invigorate, in either half of the globe.

Poor *Joseph* having spoken most sweetly, and simply, reclines his head, and sleeps in Jesus. The *tears*, which the learned, and pious *Dr. Calamy* shed over *Joseph*, were brilliants; and, the *feeling*, with which he used to tell this little story, was the grateful odour of the love of truth, of souls, and of Christ, which glowed in his heart. Oh, for more of this feeling!

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

" In 1673, there came into Dartmouth port, a ship of Pool, in her return from Virginia; the chirurgeon of this ship, a lusty young man of 23 years of age, fell into a deep melancholy, which the devil improved, to make him murder himself. This he attempted on the Lord's day, early in the morning, when he was in bed with his brother; he first cut his own throat with a knife he had prepared on purpose, and leaping out of the bed, thrust it likewise into his stomach, and so lay wallowing in his own blood, till his brother awaked, and cried for help. A physician and chirurgeon were brought, who concluded the wound in his throat mortal: they stitched it up however, and applied a plaister, but without hopes of cure, because he already breathed through the wound, and his voice was become inarticulate. *Mr. Flavel* came to visit him in this condition, and apprehending him to be within a few minutes of eternity, laboured to prepare him for it; he asked him his own apprehensions of his condition, and the young man answered, " that he hoped in God for eternal life." *Mr. Fla-*

vel replied, "that he feared his hopes were ill grounded, the scripture tells us, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him; self-murder was the grossest of all murder, &c. *Mr Flavel* insisted so much upon the aggravation of the crime, that the young man's conscience began to fail, his heart began to melt, and then he broke out into tears, bewailing his sin and misery, and asked *Mr. Flavel* "if there might yet be any hope for him?" He told him there might: and finding him altogether unacquainted with the nature of faith and repentance, he opened them to him. The poor man drank in this doctrine greedily, prayed with great vehemence to God, that he would work them on his soul, and intreated *Mr. Flavel* to pray with him, and for him, that he might be, though late, a sincere gospel penitent, and sound believer: *Mr. Flavel* prayed with him accordingly, and it pleased God exceedingly to melt the young man's heart, during the performance of that duty. He was very loath to part with *Mr Flavel*, but the duty of the day obliging him to begone, in a few words he summed up those counsels that he thought most necessary, and so took his farewell of him, never expecting to see him any more in this world. But it pleased God to order it otherwise; the young man continued alive contrary to all expectation, panted earnest-

ly after the Lord Jesus, and no discourse was pleasing to him, but that of Christ and faith. In this frame *Mr. Flavel* found him in the evening; he rejoiced greatly when he saw him come again, intreated him to continue his discourse on these subjects, and, told him, Sir, the Lord hath given me repentance for this and for all my other sins. I see the evil of them now, so as I never saw them before! O, I loathe myself! I do also believe; Lord, help my unbelief. I am heartily willing to take Christ on his terms; but one thing troubles me, I doubt this bloody sin will not be pardoned. Will Jesus Christ, (said he,) apply his blood to me, that have shed my own blood? *Mr. Flavel* told him, that the Lord Jesus shed his blood for them that with wicked hands had shed his own blood, which was a greater sin than the shedding of his; to which the wounded man replied, I will cast myself upon Christ, let him do what he will. In this condition *Mr. Flavel* left him that night. Next morning his wounds were to be opened, and the chirurgeon's opinion was, that he would immediately expire. *Mr. Flavel* was again requested to give him a visit, which he did, found him in a very serious frame, and prayed with him. The wound in his stomach was afterwards opened, when the ventricle was so much swollen, that it came out at the orifice of the wound, and lay like

a livid discoloured tripe upon his body, and was also cut through; every one thought it was impossible for him to live; however the chirurgeon enlarged the orifice of the wound, fomented it, and wrought the ventricle again into his body, and stitching up the wound, left his patient to the disposal of providence. It pleased God that he was cured of these dangerous wounds in his body, and, upon solid grounds of a rational charity, there was reason to believe that he was also cured of that more dangerous wound, which sin had made in his soul. *Mr. Flavel* spent many hours with him during his sickness, and when the chirurgeon returned to Pool, after his recovery, *Mr. Samuel Hardy*, that worthy minister there, thanked *Mr. Flavel*, in a letter, for the great pains he had taken with that young man, and congratulated his success, assuring him, that if ever a great and thorough work was wrought, it was upon that man.

Dr. Gillie's Collections, Vol. i. 256.

REFLECTIONS.

It is a possible case, that he, whose eye is looking over this paper, may be strongly tempted to the horrid crime of destroying himself. Deluded man, thou canst

not bring thyself into a state of non-existence; all that thou canst do, is to change the *manner* of thine existence? Do thyself no harm, for self-murder is contrary to the duty we owe to God, to ourselves, and our fellow-creatures. Hast thou no care for the feelings of tender connections? Wilt thou plunge them into distress the most grievous? Art thou become a man of stone—a monster? Dastard, while others endure the calamities of life with resignation and firmness, thou shewest thyself a mere poltron, where courage is most required, and most dignified. Dost mean to be avenged on the world? Fool, it is thyself thou murderest, and not the world. It will live, and can do well without thee. Hear the voice of God, "Thou shalt do no murder." No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hell yawns to receive thee; and, wilt thou leap into the infernal pit. Wilt thou bar the gates of glory against thyself? Why wilt thou die? There is a Saviour, and that a mighty One. Live. He can over-rule, and save from the most dreadful calamities. Be on thy guard, for Satan is ever ready to take occasion, to tempt to acts of desperation, those, who like this young man, are labouring under a peculiar degree of depression, from the influence of bodily indisposition. May the Lord put all such, peculiarly on their guard against his infernal designs.

We see in *Mr. Flavel*, visiting this unhappy young man, the true characteristic of a minister of Jesus Christ, *an affectionate concern for the souls of men.* If this be wanting, neither family, literature, nor talents, can compensate for the deficiency. Men, without this disposition, are mere professional ministers, doing, not the Lord's work, but their own.

How awfully ignorant, and deceived, are men, respecting those things, which it is their most necessary, and highest interest to know. Here is a self-murderer, without repentance, and without faith, yet *hoping in God for eternal life.*

O, the necessity of dealing faithfully, at all times with men, but, particularly so, when they are, apparently, in dying circumstances. Let us, in particular, who sustain the ministerial character, copy the fidelity of this valuable servant of Christ. Let us beware of a false delicacy, and of a destructive tenderness, in our intercourse with the dying, from which, they may sustain irreparable loss; and, for which, we shall not meet the approbation of our final judge.

We have before us, for our encouragement in the faithful discharge of our office, a happy instance of the advantages

which may result from our faithful, yet affectionate endeavours to awaken the stupid conscience, under the most unfavourable circumstances. Let us aim to show the evil nature, and the awful consequences of THE *sin*, which constitutes the character of the sinner. Thus Paul dealt with Felix. He brought his reasoning to bear upon injustice and lewdness, because these were crimes for which the Roman Governor was notorious, and infamous. This young man's horrible crime, was not hastily glanced at, but was fully amplified by *Mr. Flavel*, as one deeply concerned for the poor sinner.

How necessary it is that those, who visit the ignorant in their affliction, and dangerous circumstances, should themselves, understand the nature of repentance, and faith in theory, that they may explain these most interesting topics. But those, who urge repentance and faith on others, should be deeply concerned to see, that they are themselves, experimentally, acquainted with these things: lest, after all, the fearful doom, which they point out to others, should light on themselves. He, who would judge himself on this subject, let him seriously review, again and again, the inwrought feelings of this genuine penitent. They are to be found in every re-

pentant, *alike* in their nature; though *different* in circumstances and degree.

The gospel, as a free proclamation of mercy to all penitent believers in the blood of Christ, was to this poor, broken hearted, self-loathing, and self-condemned sinner, when believed in, for himself, as life from the dead. It was to him, what an unexpected grove, and fountain are, to the exhausted traveller, toiling over a sandy desert, and sinking from exhaustion, beneath a cloudless sky, and a burning sun. It was his, and, it is also, our encouragement, that Jesus is able and willing to save to the uttermost. Illustrious example of grace! Bright gem in the Redeemer's crown! though dead, thou yet speakest. Thy spirit seems to say, with unutterable delight, to the most infamous characters, but now repentant, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, as well as me, who am a brand plucked from the burning."

How amiable to see one minister rejoicing in the success of another, as *Mr. Hardy* did in that of *Mr. Flavel's*. But how lamentable, how disgusting, and how injurious to the character, and spread of our common christianity, to see men pining with envy, if the good which is done, is not done by their favourite minister; or,

in their own particular communion. Was it thus with holy Paul? Did he stand at a distance, did he languish with ill will, did he throw out suspicious hints, or rise into rage malevolent? Hear his enlarged, his disinterested spirit, his noble superiority to all party considerations; "Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Churchmen, and Dissenters—Men of God, of various denominations, go ye, and do likewise.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF DAUPHINE.

You may, perhaps, think it very strange, my brethren, that being accustomed to entertain you with all such extraordinary matters as relate to religion, we have not yet acquainted you with what hath happened in Dauphiné, where God, for so many months past, hath made use of the ministry of a simple shepherdess, that can neither write, nor read, (a child of about fifteen, or sixteen years of age, to declare his marvels, and to publish his

truth. The occasion of our so long silence, hath been the time and care we have taken, to be fully informed of the reality of the fact, that so we might not build our reflections upon false grounds. After all the assurances imaginable, we have found the matter of fact, in short, to be thus:—

She is but a young girl, of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, her name is *Isabella Vincent*, a countryman's daughter, near Saou, within two leagues of Cret, in Dauphine, by profession a shepherdess, dwelling with her uncle, her father, who (several years before the revocation of the edict of Nantes) had left his religion, in consideration of money. She fell into an ecstasy upon this 1st. day of this present February. Her ecstasy did not seem at first, to be any thing else but a sort of apoplexy or natural lethargy, into which she fell without any appearance of a violent motion. She returned out of it again, after having been in it some hours, her health not being in the least impaired by it. In this first fit, she neither said, nor did any thing extraordinary. Upon the following night, which was that of the second or third of February, she fell again into those fits, that have held her ever since that time. They did not seem to be any thing but a kind of profound sleep, out of which it was not

possible to fetch her. They pulled her, they thrust her, they called her, they pricked her, till the blood came, they pinched her, they burnt her, yet nothing would awake her: so that she was in an entire and absolute privation of all sense, which is the true character of an ecstasy. In this condition she spoke and uttered many excellent and divine matters. She can neither write nor read: she never had learnt any other prayer in her life, but Pater Noster and Credo; she could speak in no other language, but the vulgar one of her own country, which hath nothing of French in it. The first five week she spoke (during the time of her ecstasies) no other language but that of her own country, because she had no other auditors but the country people of her own village: for by all the relations that we have seen, it is apparent that she speaks according to her hearers. After these first five weeks, the noise of this miracle being spread abroad, there came people that could speak and understand French: then she fell a speaking of French, and that in as exact and correct a dialect, as if she had been brought up at Paris, and that in one of the families where they speak french best.

The subject of her discourse is always about religion, and therein she uses to follow very near the order and manner of

ordered gestures. Her voice is clear and intelligible, but without any affectation: she moves her lips but it is slowly, and without any appearance of a convulsion. There have been some physicians to view and examine her in this condition, but they could observe nothing in her that favored of any sickness, or bodily infirmity. Among the many menaces, which she makes against the wicked, she mixes also promises to the faithful, and to such as shall repent. And her promises are not only general and undeterminate ones, but it is very certain, that she hath made some very particular predictions, I shall say nothing of neither. Thus much is most certain, that she hath promised the church a very sudden deliverance. When she is come out of her ecstasies she remembers nothing at all of what hath passed, nor of what herself hath said. She affirms, that she hath slept very well, and seems not at all tired, after having talked sometimes three, four, and five hours together, for her fits are of no less continuance. True it is, that she speaks but by fits all this time, and her discourses are not always connected. And although the motions and actions, which the Holy Spirit of God causes in her, make not any impression on her imagination and memory, (since she remembers nothing of them) yet it is, notwithstanding certain, that her natural

sense becomes thereby more clear and refined. For in the beginning, she was observed, after her waking, to return to her natural simplicity, and to the ignorance of a poor shepherdess, and of a country girl without any education, and whose instruction hath been wholly neglected. But it is now apparent by several relations, that her sentiment is become solid; nay, that she hath something in her that even sparkles: which hath been more especially noted since her falling into the hands of our enemies. She was apprehended upon the beginning of the month of June, and carried to Cret, and examined three several times, both at Cret and Grenoble. It is very easy to imagine, that there hath been nothing omitted to induce her to discover her pretended accomplices. But she hath still answered all these interrogatives with so much justness and discretion, and with so many marks of sincerity, that the most able advocate in the kingdom could not form a better reply, after fifteen days study upon the interrogatives. These are the very words of our relations, and of the officers of justice that have examined her. She answered to every thing they asked her with very good sense, and notwithout quickness of wit; she renders a reason for her faith, and easily confounds all such as come to pose her with questions. She hath been removed from place to place,

first to Cret, then to the hospital at Grenoble: in all which places she continues to fall into her trances, and to discourse in her fits. They have shaved her head and taken away all the clothes and linen she had, pretending she might have some charm hid some where about her; nay, some priests came and exorcised her with holy water, as though she had been possessed with some evil spirit. But to no purpose at all, she is still the same. Sometimes they have given way to some of the new converts to approach her in the day time, while she was in prison, or in the hospital at Grenoble: but they would never give leave to any of them to pass the night in her company, nor to be witness of what she said when she fell into her ecstasy. The last letters say, that the rage of the false devotees was so great against her, that she could not be thought secure of her life, but for certain persons of the first note in that country, who gave orders about her. All that I have here said, is the naked truth; but it is not all the truth: for we give you no particulars of what she hath either said or done, but what hath been faithfully communicated to us.

There are some discreet, able, and unprejudiced persons of that country, who labour to make an exact collection that of all is certain and well proved about her. And

we have most assured hopes, that the time is now coming, in which it will be both safe and free to see it."

The miracle that happened in the person of a *Shepherdess of* DAUPHINE, by the *Rev. Mons. Jurieu*, in his pastoral Letter, October 1, 1688.

REFLECTIONS.

This most extraordinary narrative deserves our attention, from the many confirming circumstances with which it is connected. *Mons. Jerieu*, by whom it was written, was a French protestant minister, eminently distinguished for his deep personal religion, and extensive, and learned researches into critical history and scripture prophesy. The communication was not a private one to a friend, but a printed pastoral letter to the churches within the province; or presbytery to which he belonged. As his character was unquestionable, so his prudent caution, and patient examination into this affair, before he published the account, are highly creditable to his judgment, and add great weight to the relation.

It is observable, in respect of those extatic fits, that the subject of them was, not a woman well practised, artful, and

designing, but a young simple shepherdess, that could neither write nor read—a child of about fifteen or sixteen years of age.—They occurred, not merely twice or thrice, but were very numerous, so that there were abundant opportunities for judging of their reality or imposition. These things were done, not in a corner, but openly, without any thick veil of secresy thrown over them, which might justly excite suspicion, or possibly elude detection. *They* happened, not merely in the presence of two or three intimates, but before many spectators, who were strangers, and those very different in their quality. These ecstasies were, not for so short a period that persons had no time for due examination, but they were continued, with intervals of rest, for many months. Nor were the extraordinary effects mentioned in this narrative, confined to one situation, in order to favour collusion, but took place in several indifferent, and in distant places, so that they were a matter, not of bare rumour, but of public notoriety. It is to be noticed also, that she sought neither ease, sensual gratification, riches, nor rule; but the exercises were directed only to the religious instruction, reproof, and comfort of others: added to which, as a circumstance of great importance, these most wonderful things occurred, not only among her protestant connections, but also when she

was solely in the hands of her persecuting papistical enemies, who embraced every mean to prove her an imposter: but which uniformly terminated in their own confusion, and in the confirmation of her christian friends. Surely this evidence is as strong and convincing, as any thing of this nature can possibly be.

When we dispassionately consider the circumstances, which have been adduced in support of this case; though it is so different from the common course of nature, yet we cannot but admit its authenticity. And when we reflect on the miraculous things which are related, we feel constrained to acknowledge our great, our very great, our profound ignorance of ourselves. Alas, the most striking things that are said about the laws of our animal existence, the nature of the soul, its residence, its manner of operation, and its union with the body; are but the polish of lead, or the glitter of tinsel. We ourselves are, comparatively, a world unknown to others; and, to ourselves—unknown. While such marvellous facts, as these before us, show the astonishing capabilities of the soul, they make manifest the folly, the absurdity, and the mischievous tendency of that false, and self-inflated philosophy, which determines to believe only, what is comprehensible; which is, in effect, to

disbelieve their own existence; for, to themselves, they are incomprehensible.

In attentively looking at this relation, we seem to see falling, some of the last drops of that miraculous cloud, which dropped celestial gifts upon the Apostles, on the day of Pentecost. In either instance, ridiculous Opposition, cast his leering eye, and pointed his envenomed tongue against the truth. In the former case, his distempered eye, saw nothing but Bacchus, instead of the God of Israel; and, in the latter, Satan, instead of the inworking spirit of God. The popish priests, are shaving her head, when they should be taking a lesson from it; and exorcising her with holy water, in place of cleansing themselves from superstition. Enraged by her testimony, they aim to cast out the supposed Devil, forgetting, that when Truth is bruising the Serpent's head, then it is, that evil, and malignant Spirits hiss. And it is observable, how in this instance, the Lord employs a very weak instrument, a simple, young, untutored shepherdess to do, what even Gabriel would delight to execute—to confirm the wavering, animate the faithful, console the distressed, and alarm the apostates. It is a privilege, an honour, and a grace, that the great head of the church will suffer such insignificant creatures as we are, to,

try to do any thing for him. And, what though our talents be inferior, and our sphere of usefulness contracted? The glow-worm, glimmering beneath the hedge, may lead to God, as well as the moon, when seen arrayed in her brightness, and walking in the circuit of heaven.

While we would carefully shun the rock of credulity, we should, also, carefully shun the whirlpool of incredulity. Extremes, in either case, are dangerous, and disgraceful. On *that* rock, many suffer loss, yet escape; but, into THIS vortex, many are first plunged, and then ingulphed for ever. While in the case under review, we admit, with the learned and pious *Mons. Jerieu*, the operation of the Holy Spirit of God, in this shepherdess, which we believe to have been, either personally, and directly, or by a secondary cause, human, or angelic spirits; yet we would in this, and in every case, ascertain the cause, by bringing the effects to the test of revelation; "We have, also, (beside the voice from Heaven) a more sure word of prophesy; whereunto ye do well, that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place." 2 Pet. i. 19. These instances, in which God departs out of his usual method, are like radiant gleams in a dark night; or, like flashes from an electric cloud, vivid, and impressive, but of short

duration—interesting to reflect on, but not desirable to travel by; while revelation is a noon-tide sun, pouring forth perpetual light and glory, irradiating the pilgrim's path, and revealing an unbounded prospect in the regions of a blessed immortality.

THE FEARFUL PREDICTION.

At Amsterdam, in Holland, occurred the following remarkable event, in the 17th century. As *Mr. Fleming*, a pious, and godly minister, was preaching on a Lord's day to his congregation, there were observed, amidst the multitude, three young gentlemen, whose behaviour, during divine service, was so very indecorous and infamous, that it not only attracted the notice of the people, but, also, excited the attention of the minister; who, after a little time, reproved them in public, desiring, at least, that they would behave decently, while under the sacred roof. This gentle admonition, seemed rather to increase, than check their misbehaviour, and they most daringly offered still greater

contempt to the preaching of the word, which they signified by peeling oranges, cracking nuts, and making wry mouths at the minister. The serious preacher was moved a second time to admonish them, at which they appeared still more enraged than before, persisting in their shameful and profane practices. He was then so impressed, and shocked at their hardened behaviour, that in the midst of the discourse, he made a solemn pause, turned, and looked them full in the face, for some time, apparently with much agitation in his countenance, and then spoke to the three yonng men, in the following awful, and solemn manner: "My young friends, I am sorry to be the author of such a dreadful, alarming message to you, and I have begged of the Lord to excuse me from it, but he will not, therefore, I must not shrink from the painful duty of declaring the awful, and confirmed impression on my mind. I now tell you, *that you have not a week longer to live in this world.*" This direful sentence, proceeding from the mouth of a man, somewhat excited the doubtful apprehensions of the congregation, who thought it proceeded from precipitancy and rashness, and, some of his intimate friends were of opinion, that religion would suffer reproach for it, especially, if it should not prove true. The minister said, "*Let the event prove the truth of it*, for I am per-

suaded I was moved by the spirit of God to say what I did, as prophetic of their awful end."

Monday passed, and nothing occurred, but, on the Tuesday, one of the young men went on board a vessel, to prosecute an intended voyage (as had been fixed previous to the affair) but, in consequence of a violent storm that arose, the ship was driven on shore, whereby, this poor, unhappy wretch was launched into an awful eternity. On Wednesday, another of the young men was concerned in a quarrel with some person, the issue of which, was fighting a duel with swords, wherein this unhappy victim fell. On Thursday, the only surviving one was taken suddenly ill, at which he began to be terrified, as two of his sinful companions were already cut off. He then sent for the same minister whom he had ridiculed the preceding sabbath. When *Mr. Fleming* arrived at the house, he asked the young man what he wanted him for? The young man begged he would pray with him; when the minister requested to know what he would have him petition for, the other told him for his life." "*That is not in my power to do*, (said he) *for I am sure you will die.*" Then, said he, "beg or pray for the life of my soul, if you please." The minister so far consented as to kneel down by his bedside,

in which posture he remained a considerable time, and then arose without speaking a word. He then said to the young man, that he found his lips so sealed, that he could not utter a single syllable on his behalf, and so took his leave of him, when, soon after, the young man died in horror and despair; which closes the sad, and awful catastrophe.

Methodist Magazine, 1811.

REFLECTIONS.

"*Three young gentlemen behaving infamously bad in a place of worship.*" How can this be, seeing it is the reverse of that courteous behaviour by which true gentlemen are known? Such conduct is beneath their character; for, in principle and practice, it associates them with those certain lewd fellows, of the baser sort, who, on account of Paul's preaching, made a mob, and set all the city on an uproar. In these cases, gentlemen, formerly, often took the lead, moving out of their proper sphere, and sinking themselves below the level of their dignity. But now, properly estimating their own character and rank in life, they leave these things to the vulgar herd, whose ignorance, narrow mindedness, want of proper feeling, and want of

good manners, admirably qualifies them for such outrages on the rules of propriety, the rights of conscience, the law of their country, and the benevolent spirit of christianity; "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." Rom. xiv. 4.

It has been frequently found, that when sinners have become *refractory*, inflexible, and obstinately reject pious admonitions, they are near to a destruction, sudden, final, and irretrievable. Such was the case of these young gentlemen: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Blessed Jesus, may we listen to thy voice, and live for ever!

What a dreadful message, and how painful to the feelings of *Mr. Fleming*. Mercy, not vengeance, is the element of a christian minister; "*I now tell you*, (said he) *that you have not a week longer to live in this world.*" The doom so fearful, and so circumstantial, which he pronounced on these young gentlemen, was neither the conjecture of fancy, the ebulition of passion, nor the calculation of reason. It was inspiration—it was inspiration full, immediate, and irresistible—it was the inspiration of the Almighty: and is a demonstration not only of his existence, but

also of his justice; his all-discerning; and his all-superintending providence.

In how just and awful a manner, did God verify the extraordinary prediction of his faithful, though despised and insulted servant, in smiting with speedy destruction, those young men, who had manifested such haughty and daring opposition to his glorious gospel. 'Tis mine to sound the alarm. Young men, beware: old men, take heed—let all daring offenders tremble, for the quiver of God is not yet emptied.

It was in vain that *Mr. Fleming* was sent for on this sad occasion. No, he could not pray. His mouth was shut. His heart was sealed up of God, for God had determined to punish this grievous offender, together with his incorrigible companions, as a warning to those, who thus daringly insult his cause. *Mr. Fleming*, though a man of prayer, could not pray in the spirit for this offender; for how could the Spirit, who knoweth all things, yea, the deep things of God, lead him to pray for the life of *his* soul, whom he knew God had determined to punish.—My differing brother, cease to object. Spare thy breath, for God will not ask thy leave nor mine to delay, or to execute his righteous vengeance. He is not to account to

thee, nor to *me*, for his determination to punish those, who justly deserve punishment, at what time, and in what manner he pleases. Let us remember the apostolic question, and put our mouths in the dust, "What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long suffering, the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction." Rom. ix. 22, 23. God himself prepared the vessels of mercy unto glory; while the vessels of wrath fitted themselves to destruction. Here are conspicuous facts, blazing with a sun-like splendour; and here are facts portentous, —dismal as the midnight gloom. Fellow christian—Vessel of mercy, let us rejoice, but let us rejoice together with trembling. "Who maketh thee to differ?" "What hast thou that thou hast not received?"

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come!

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd me in;
Else I had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in my sin!"

THE DESOLATED FAMILY.

In the year 1738, the *Rev. John Wesley* received a letter from a friend in Lincolnshire, intreating him to serve the Church of a *Mr. Hume*, sometime before deceased, during its vacancy. *Mr. Wesley*, reading the letter, enquired of one of his Lincolnshire friends, whether *Mr. Hume* was dead? "Have you not been informed of the calamities of that family?" (replied his friend) "I have not said *Mr. Wesley*; I will then (said he) relate them to you."

Mr. Hume had four sons and one daughter. Three of the sons were educated at Oxford, and entered into holy orders; the other, went into the Guinea trade, and settled on the coast of Africa.

About nine months ago, *Mr. Hume* was riding out, and watering his horse at a large pond, the unruly beast plunged out of his depth, by which *Mr. Hume* was so wetted, that he caught a violent cold, which was followed by a fever that caused his death. Lord ——— the patron of *Mr. Hume's* living, was determined it should remain in the family, as long as possible, and therefore gave the eldest son a presentation to it. *Mr. Hume*, the father, had

just rebuilt the parsonage house, before he died; the son took possession before it was dry, and the dampness of it occasioned his speedy death. The second son was then presented to the living, and he died also in a few weeks after his introduction. The third son, his brother, set off from Oxford to receive the presentation. In his way, he lay at the house of an old acquaintance of his father's. The gentleman of the house, had a beautiful daughter, with whom young *Mr. Hume* immediately fell in love; he therefore, before he departed, begged permission to return and make proposals, to which the father consented. *Mr. Hume*, after his introduction to his living, returned according to his engagement; and in a few days, the marriage was completed; but in six weeks after the nuptials, the lady was brought to bed and died, and *Mr. Hume* soon afterwards died with grief.

The conclusion of this mournful episode should not be omitted. *Mrs. Hume*, soon after the death of her third son, received a letter from the only remaining one, informing her, he was just going to sail from Africa to England, with a fortune sufficient to make the whole family comfortable: and in a few days after, she received a letter from the captain of a swift sailing vessel, who had been hailed by the

ship in which her son sailed, by whom she was informed, that her son had died on his passage, of a disorder which then raged in the ship. *Mrs. Hume*, sinking under the weight of such a complication of misfortunes, soon died of a broken heart. *Miss Hume*, about a month after the death of her mother, was in company with a physician, who looked stedfastly at her, and observed, "Madam, you take opium, I know it by your eyes, and I am afraid you have put it out of my power to recover you." She confessed that the misfortunes of her family, had so entirely deprived her of rest, that she had taken laudanum to obtain a little repose. The physician prescribed, in a fortnight she recovered her appetite, her colour, and in a good measure, her health. The physician then advised her to take a table spoonful of julap, he had prescribed for her, whenever she found herself inclined to be sick; a few days after this, she desired the servant to bring her a spoonful of the julap. She mistaking the bottle of laudanum for the julap, brought her a spoonful of the laudanum, which she drank, and soon afterwards fell asleep, and awoke no more.

REFLECTIONS.

When *Mr. Wesley* received information of the death of the last of the family,

he recollected a remarkable observation made by his mother many years before. He had been commending to her, in very strong terms, *Mr. Hume*, and his amiable family. "*John;* (replied *Mrs. Wesley*) depend upon it, that family will come to an untimely end." *Mrs. Wesley* was a woman so far from being given to censure, that *Mr. Wesley* asked, with some surprise, "Madam, why do you speak so severely of so lovely a family." "*John*, (said she) I will tell you why. I have observed, in various instances, in the course of my life, that where persons have grossly violated the 5th commandment, and afterwards, have been brought to the fear of God, the Lord has reversed the promise, and punished them, for their transgressions, with *temporal death*. *Mr. Hume*, and his family, lie under this censure. I remember the time, when his mother lived under his roof, he used her *cruelly*, he *grudged* every bit of meat she put into her mouth, and the whole family partook of his spirit, and, depend upon it, God will remember them for this."

Arminian Magazine, 1807.

REFLECTIONS.

Here we have a remarkable instance of the fatal consequence of filial disobedience. It presents an awful lesson to the

rising generation, warning them against pursuing a similar conduct, lest it should be followed by similar effects.

THE CRY OF DISTRESS UNHEEDED.

Reader, permit me to relate an anecdote, which I have heard from that most eminent man of God, the ***Reverend John Wesley***; it may put thee in mind to entertain strangers;—"At Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where (says he) I was born, a poor woman came to a house in the market-place, and begged a morsel of bread, saying, ***I am very hungry.*** The master of the house called her a lazy jade, and bade her ***begone.*** She went forward, called at another house, and asked for a little small-beer, saying, ***I am very thirsty.*** Here she was refused, and told to go ***to the work-house.*** She struggled on to a third door, and begged a little water, saying, ***I am faint.*** The owner drove her

away, *he would encourage no common beggars.* It was winter, and the snow lay upon the ground. The boys seeing a poor ragged creature driven away from door to door, began to throw snow balls at her, she went to a little distance, sat down on the ground, lifted up her eyes to heaven, reclined on the earth, and expired!"

REFLECTIONS.

Here was a stranger: had the first, to whom she applied, relieved her with a morsel of bread, he would have saved her life, and not been guilty of blood. As the case stood, the woman was murdered; and, those three householders will stand arraigned at the bar of God, for her death.

Reader, fear to send any person empty away. If you know him to be an *impostor*, why, then, give him nothing. But, if you only *suspect* it, let not your suspicion be the rule of your conduct: give something, however little; because that little may be sufficient to preserve him, if in real want, from present death. If you know him not to be a knave, to you, he may be an *angel.* God may have *sent* him to exercise your charity, and try your faith. It can never be a matter of regret to you, that you gave an alms for God's sake,

though you should afterwards find that the person to whom you gave it, was both an hypocrite and impostor. Better to be imposed on by ninety-nine hypocrites out of an hundred applicants, than send *one*, like the poor *Epworth woman*, empty away.

The whole from the Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, by *A. Clarke*, L. L. D.

AN EVENT OF A PUBLIC AND UNCOMMON NATURE.

In this extraordinary affair, the pious, and learned *Dr. Doddridge*, was particularly concerned, and it deserves to be related as an evidence of his great benevolence, and for the sake of the useful reflections he makes upon it.

"*April* 5, 1741.

"At our assizes, last month, one *Bryan Connell*, an Irish papist, was convicted of

the murder of *Richard Brymley*, of Weedon, about two years ago. The evidence against him, at his trial, seemed full and strong; but it chiefly depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who owned she had lived with him in adultery some years. There were some remarkable circumstances, in the course of the trial, in which I thought the Providence of God wonderfully appeared. The prisoner told a long story of himself, *but it* was so ill supported, that I imagine, no one person in court believed it. I visited him after his conviction, with a compassionate view to his eternal concerns; but instead of being able, by any remonstrances, to persuade him to confess the fact, I found him fixed in a most resolute denial of it. He continued to deny it the next day, with such solemn, calm, but earnest appeals to heaven, and fervent cries that God would inspire some with the belief of his innocence, that I was much impressed. As he desired to leave with me, at the time of his execution, a paper, in which he would give an account of the places where, and the persons with whom he was, when the murder was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the under-sheriff, to make an enquiry into the truth of what he had told me. Having sent a wise and faithful friend to Whitchurch and Chester, to examine the evi-

dence he appealed to, I found every circumstance which the convict had asserted, proved; and the concurrent testimony of five credible persons, attested, that he was in Cheshire, when the murder was committed. These testimonies I laid before the judge by whom he was condemned, for the deliverance of what, in my conscience I believed, and do still believe, to be innocent blood. But the judge did not think himself warranted to reprieve him; as the evidence given against him by the wicked woman, was materially confirmed by two other witnesses; and because he thought the most dangerous consequences might attend such an examination of the affair, as I proposed. The convict was accordingly executed. I had laboured with unwearied pains and zeal, both for the deliverance of his life, and the salvation of his soul. What made the case more affecting to me, was, that nothing could be more tender than his expressions of gratitude, and nothing more cheerful than his hope of deliverance had been. Among other things, I remember he said, "Every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have had compassion on every drop of it." He wished he might, before he died, have leave to kneel at the threshold of my door, to pray for me and mine; which, indeed, he did, on his knees, in the most earnest manner, as he was taken out to be exe-

cuted. "You (saith he) are my redeemer, in one sense (a poor, impotent redeemer) and you have a right to me. If I live, I am your property, and I will be a faithful subject." The manner in which he spoke of what he *promised* himself, from my friendship, if he had been spared, was exceeding natural and teaching. Upon the whole, I never passed through a more striking scene. I desire it may teach me the following lessons.

From the Life of the *Rev. P. Doddridge*, D. D. by the *Rev. Job Orton*.

REFLECTIONS.

1. To adore the awful justice of God, in causing this unhappy creature, thus infamously to fall by her, with whom he had so scandalously sinned, to the ruin of a very virtuous and loving wife. Thus God made his own law effectual, that "the adulterer should die."

2. To acknowledge the depth of the divine counsels; which, in this affair, when I think of all the circumstances of it, are, to me impenetrable.

3. To continue resolute in well-doing, though I should be, as in this instance, I

have been, reproached and reviled for it. Some have said, that I am an Irish papist; others have used very contemptuous language, and thrown out base censures for my interposing in this affair; though I am in my conscience persuaded, that to have neglected that interposition, in the view I then had of things, would have been the most criminal part of my whole life.

4. May I not learn from it, gratitude to him who hath redeemed and delivered me? In which, alas! how far short do I fall of this poor creature! How eagerly did he receive the news of a reprieve for a few days! How tenderly did he express his gratitude; that he should be mine; that I might do what I pleased with him; that I had bought him; spoke of the delight with which he should see and serve me; that he would come once a year from one end of the kingdom to the other to see and thank me, and should be glad never to go out of my sight. O, why do not our hearts overflow with such sentiments on an occasion infinitely greater! We were all dead men. Execution would soon have been done upon us: but "Christ has redeemed us to God by his blood." We are not merely reprieved, but pardoned; not merely pardoned, but adopted; made heirs of eternal glory and near the borders of it. In consequence of all this, we are

not our own, but "bought with a price." May we "glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his!"

Such are the just and interesting reflections of the learned and pious *Doddridge.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

The town of Rotherham, and its environs, had, for a considerable time, been ranked by serious people, among those parts of Yorkshire, which were least inclined to favour the spread of evangelical religion; and when *Messrs. Whitefield, Wesley*, and others, attempted to disseminate divine knowledge in that neighbourhood, their persons and message were treated in general, with the greatest contempt. The propogation of malicious falshoods was encouraged, with design to counteract the good effects of their ministry. *Mr. Thorpe* ranged under the standard of their most virulent opposers; and not content with personal insult, added private ridicule to public interruption. Ale-houses became theatres, were the fate of religious opinions was to be determined.

It was at one of these convivial resorts, that *Mr. Thorpe* and three of his associates, to enliven the company, undertook to mimic the methodist preachers. The proposition was highly gratifying to all the parties present, and a wager agreed upon, to inspire each individual with a desire of excelling in this impious attempt. That their jovial auditors might adjudge the prize to the most adroit performer, it was concluded that each should open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that should present itself to his eye. Accordingly three in their turn, mounted the table, and entertained their wicked companions, at the expence of every thing sacred. When they had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, it devolved on *Mr. Thorpe* to close this very irreverent scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all."

When the Bible was handed to him, he had not the slightest preconception, what part of the scripture he should make the subject of his banter. However, by the guidance of providence, it opened at that remarkable passage, Luke, xiii. 3. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No sooner had he uttered the words, than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner. The sharpest

pangs of conviction now seized him, and conscience denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment, he had a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine, who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture, than like one who never so much as thought on religious topics, except for the purpose of ridicule! He found no deficiency of matter, nor want of utterance, and he has often declared, "If ever I preached in my life, by the assistance of the spirit of God, it was at that time." The impression that the subject made upon his own mind, had such an effect upon his manner, that the most ignorant and profane, could not but perceive that what he had spoken was with the greatest sincerity.

The unexpected solemnity, and pertinency of his address, instead of entertaining the company, first spread a visible depression, and afterwards a sullen gloom, upon every countenance. This sudden change in the complexion of his associates, did not a little conduce to increase the convictions of his own bosom. No individual appeared to interrupt him, but, on the contrary, their attention was deeply engaged by the pointedness of his remarks; yea, many of his sentences, made, to his apprehension, his own hair to stand erect!

When he left the table, not a syllable was uttered respecting the wager; but a profound silence pervaded the company. *Mr. Thorpe* immediately withdrew, without taking the least notice of any one present; and returned home with very painful reflections, and in the deepest distress. Happily for him, this was his last bacchanalian revel: his impressions were manifestly genuine; and, from that period, the connexion between him, and his former companions, was entirely dissolved. Thus, "by divine grace, the prey was taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered."

Hell mourns sincere, as for an only son?
A captive lost—and Heaven the prize has won!

The people whom he had before so frequently reviled, became now the objects of his delight. He sought their company with avidity; and soon after, was joined to *Mr. Wesley's* society. He continued more than two years in a disconsolate, and desponding state; but that God, who comforteth those that are cast down, was pleased, after he had showed him great, and sore troubles, to take off his sackcloth, and gird him with gladness. His habitual seriousness, and uniform morality, soon endeared him to his new connexions, and he was appointed by *Mr. Wesley*, to

preach the faith which he once attempted to destroy. His abilities were generally considered to be above mediocrity; and in his itinerant labours, he was both acceptable and successful wherever he went.

When *Mr. Thorpe* had preached about two years, he was uncommonly harrassed with temptations to atheism. These continued, a few intervals excepted, many months. His distress sometimes, upon this account, was so great, as to embarrass his mind beyond description. At length, however, he was happily delivered, by the following occurrence. Passing through a wood, with a design to preach in a neighbouring village, while he was swinging his hand, a leaf accidentally stuck between his fingers. He instantly felt a powerful impression on his mind, to examine the texture of the leaf. Holding it between his eye and the sun, and reflecting upon its exquisitely curious and wonderful formation, he was led into an extensive contemplation on the works of creation. Tracing these back to their first cause, he had, in a moment, such a conviction of the existence, and ineffable perfections of God, which then appeared in every spire of grass, that his distress was immediately removed, and he prosecuted his journey, rejoicing in God, and admiring him in every object that presented itself to his view.

When *Mr. Thorpe* quitted the itinerant line, he settled at Masborough, being chosen pastor of the Independent church at that place. He died in 1776. The church consisted at his death of 45 members. His successor gives this testimony concerning him, that "he was a very holy man; much respected during the whole course of his life; made a glorious end; and that his memory will long continue dear to the people of his charge."

Arminian Magazine, 1798.

REFLECTIONS.

Rotheram, and its environs, appear in this relation, remarkable for great malignity of heart, against the gospel. While all are fallen sinners, in some, the furrows of the old man are seen, more deep and hideous than in others. So, in the days of Christ and the Apostles, there were towns, which were distinguished by their bigotry and intolerance; and others, by a higher, and more generous disposition. "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

The means to which these deluded people at R——, resorted in their opposition, did no credit to their understandings, nor to their hearts; but show, as in a glass, to what foolish, and degrading extravagancies, prejudice will hurry the mind; and, that it will harden the heart against the most convincing evidence. Even the sun itself, may be obscured by the fog; and the straitest stick that ever grew, placed aslant in the water, will appear crooked.

God was in *Mr. Thorpe* of a truth. It was God who directed his eye to the passage, filled his mind with just conceptions of the deep interest he had in the subject; and, from the overflowing feelings of his heart, he spoke with freedom and energy. It is high Christian feeling that produces, in ministerial exercises, the true pathos, and elevates the preacher into the sublime. O, for a deeply interested heart, while discoursing, hearing, and reading of eternal realities!

What a change was here! *Mr. Thorpe* ascended the table, a violent persecutor, elate with self-importance, and flushed with the prospect of triumph—he descended, contrite and self-abased. He came to the convivial resort to laugh and jeer—he returned home to lament and

weep. Conscience hitherto had slept; but now it pursued him into his most secret retirements, and tortured his breast with unceasing agonies. See, in this case, how the one is taken, and the other left. He was made to differ by the gracious and invincible energy of God; but they remained in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity.

"*The connexion now between Mr. Thorpe, and his former companions, was entirely dissolved;* and those whom he once reviled, *became now the objects of his delight.* These are effects, as inseparable from genuine conversion, as the light and heat streaming forth from the sun; "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren:" that is, not as united by mere similarity of designs, or opinions, in opposition to others; but as those, who believe in, who obey, and, who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth.

Mr. Thorpe continued more than two years in a disconsolate, and desponding state, and endured great and sore troubles." Yet, in due time, this blessed mourner was comforted. *Penitent*, worn with sorrow, harrassed with the sense of guilt, and the fear of punishment, take encouragement from this example. Thou,

also, shalt put off thy sack-cloth, and shine in the garments of salvation.

It is by passing through great sorrows and sore temptations, that the Lord fits his ministers for eminent usefulness. *Thus he dealt with Mr. Thorpe.* Christians should deeply sympathize with, and most earnestly pray for their ministers, for, indeed, they need their prayers, and most affectionate sympathy.

"*When Mr. Thorpe had preached about two years, he was uncommonly harrassed with temptations to atheism.*" But, under the divine blessing, by reasoning correctly *on a leaf*, he was delivered. Yes, a blade of grass, a grain of sand, an insect, may well confound an Atheist, and confirm a Christian. See to what, even, a genuine minister of Christ is liable; and observe how effects are to be traced to a first cause. Reason and philosophy, thus employed, are like the morning spread upon the mountains, showing the handy works of God.

Mr. Thorpe was, for some years, *a holy, aeceptable, and successful preacher in Mr. Wesley's connexion*; but at length became a Calvinist independent minister; and appeared, not as gold become dim by the change; but as a highly polished mir-

ror, reflecting, with peculiar brightness, the glory of divine grace; and gilding the countenances of the valuable church on whom the rays of his instruction fell. His successor gives this testimony concerning him, "that he was a very holy man; much respected during the whole course of his life; made a glorious end; and that his memory will long continue dear to the people of his charge."

THE QUAKER AN INTERPRETER.

Collumpton, Jan. 1806.

Dear Sir,

The following anecdote is taken from the journal of *Thomas Chalkley*, published at London, in the year 1751. The author was an eminent quaker minister, who laboured sometime in these kingdoms, being a native of London, but spent the greatest part of his time and labours in America. This anecdote contains an aw-

ful warning to those persons who are fond of strong drink, and spirits; and those who may have imbibed, either more or less, the principles of infidelity. I transcribe it *verbatim*, and present it for insertion in your improving magazine.

L. PARNELL.

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

"About this time (the good man was now on his passage from America to this country) our Doctor (says he) dreamed a dream, which was to this effect, himself relating it to me; he thought he went on shore at a great and spacious town, the buildings whereof were high, and the streets broad; and as he went up the street, he saw a large sign, on which was written in great golden letters, SHAME. At the door of the house to which the sign belonged, stood a woman with a can in her hand, who said unto him, "Doctor, will you drink?" he replied "with all my heart; I have not drank any thing but water a great while;" (our wine and cyder were all spent; as we had had a long passage,) and he drank a hearty draught, which he said made him merry: so he went reeling up the street to and fro, when

a grim fellow coming behind him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, that he arrested him in the name of the governor of the place. He asked him for what? (and said) what have I done? (he answered, for stealing the woman's can;) the can he had indeed, and so he was taken before the governor, which was a mighty black dog, the biggest and grimmest that he had ever seen in his life; and evidence was brought against him by an old companion of his, and he was found guilty; and his sentence was to go to prison, and there to lie for ever. He told me this dream so punctually, and with such an emphasis, that it affected me with serious sadness, and caused my heart to move within me; for to me the dream seemed true, and the interpretation sure. I then told him that he was an ingenious man, and might clearly see the interpretation of that dream, which exactly answered to his state and condition; and I thus interpreted it to him. This great and spacious place, whereof the buildings were high, and the streets broad, is thy great and high profession, the sign on which was written, Shame, and the woman at the door, with the can in her hand, truly represent that great, crying, and shameful sin of drunkenness, which thou knowest to be thy great weakness: the grim fellow which arrested thee, in the Devil's territories, is Death, who

will assuredly arrest all mortals: the governor, which thou sawest under the form of a great black dog, is certainly the devil, who, after his servants have served him to the utmost, will torment them eternally in hell! So he got up, as it were in haste, and said, "God forbid! It is nothing but a dream." But I told him it was a very significant one, and a warning to him from the Almighty, who sometimes speaks to men in dreams. After a single paragraph, relating to their passage, weather, &c. the good man resumes his story thus: "Now about this time (being some days after the doctor's dream) a grievous accident happened to us. We meeting with a Dutch vessel in Lime Bay, hailed her, and she us, they said, they came from Lisbon and were bound to Holland. She was loaded with wine, brandy, fruit, and such like commodities; and we, therefore, having little but water to drink (because our passage had been longer than we expected) sent our boat to them, in order to buy us a little wine to drink with our water. Our doctor, and a merchant that was a passenger, and one sailor, went on board, where they staid so long, that some of them were overcome with wine, although they were desired to beware thereof; so that when they came back, a rope being handed to them, they, being filled with wine unto excess, were not capable of

using it dexterously, insomuch, that they overset the boat, and she turned bottom upwards, having the doctor under her. The merchant caught hold of the rope, whereby his life was saved. The sailor, not getting so much drink as the other two, got nimbly on the bottom of the boat, and floated on the water, till such time as our other boat was hoisted out, which was done with great speed, and we took him in, but the doctor was drowned before the boat came. The seaman that sat upon the boat, saw him sink, but could not help him. This was the greatest exercise we met with in our whole voyage; and the more so, as the doctor was of an evil life and conversation, and much given to excess of drinking. When he got on board the aforesaid ship, the master sent for a can of wine, and said "Doctor, will you drink?" he replied, "Yes, with all my heart, for I've drank no wine a great while;" upon which he drank a hearty draught, that made him merry, as he said in his dream. And, notwithstanding the admonition which was so clearly manifested to him but three days before, and the many promises he had made to Almighty God, some of which I was a witness of, when strong convictions were upon him, yet now he was unhappily overcome, and in drink when he was drowned. This is, I think, a lively representation of the

tender mercy, and just judgment of the Almighty to poor mortals; and I thought it was worthy to be recorded to posterity, as a warning to all lovers of wine and strong liquors. This exercise was so great to me, that I could not, for several days, get over it: and one day, while I was musing in my mind, on those things relating to the doctor, it was opened to me, that God and his servants were clear, and his blood was on his own head; for he had been faithfully warned of his evil ways."

REFLECTIONS.

Much has been said and written of the wonderful effects of Alchymy. But we need not go into the laboratory of the adept for astonishing transmutations. Drunkenness, that odious vice, presents to our view, those surprising transformations, at which, Humanity weeps; and over which, Religion sighs. INTOXICATION turns the *Confidant*, through the gaiety of his heart, into a mischievous *babler;* and the pleasant and friendly *Companion*, into a *stupid blockhead*, a *noisy* demagogue; or a *quarrelsome aristocrat*. How it changes the man of habitual *silence* into an occasional *chatterer;* and *the small fibber*, into a wholesale *dealer* in falsehood. Drunkenness, transmutes, for a while, the

wise man into a *fool;* and a fool, into a *Solomon*, in his own apprehension. It exalts the *timorous*, into a fictitious *courage;* raises the *braggart* into a *ruffian*, and too, too often, stains the hands of the *hero* with the blood of his *friend*. Drunkenness, elevates the beggar, into a man of consequence, and, not unfrequently, sinks the gentleman into a beggar. It often turns a man of good temper, into a pitiable, faultering, half ideot; a man of passion, into a blood thirsty fury; a man of gravity, into a ridiculous harlequin; and, an affectionate husband, into an overbearing and cruel tyrant, more apt to resent, than follow any good counsel, which might preserve him from utter ruin.

O *Drunkenness*, thou hated vice, these are thy trophies. Beneath thy intoxicating and pestilential fumes, many a good character, now appears, like a withered garland—once admired, but now useless, and unlovely: or, like a putrid carcass, which was once resplendent with youth, and with beauty; but which now, is vile, and nauseous, and disgusting.

Son of intoxication, hear the voice of a friend. Wilt thou commit suicide on thyself, by wilfully undermining thy constitution? Wilt thou fall by thine own hands? You talk of jovial pleasures, Aye,

" And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
" Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll."

O fly, escape for your life. You linger in your determinations. What mean those half measures and feeble resolves. Thy soul is at stake. Thy riotous drunken associates are not the men you suppose them. Open your eyes, and see, how the vultures are preying upon your generousness. And, when you have spent all, and begin to be in want, you will find them miserable comforters, failing in their assurances; and full of hollow pretences; and, if not the first to condemn—the last to relieve. Anacharsis, the heathen philosopher, observed, " A vine bears three grapes, the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance." Hear, and beware.

Have these representations no effect? Consider, then, thy sin arises from a corrupt, degenerate nature, enslaved to animal appetites and pursuits; and is, therefore, by holy Paul, classed among the works of the flesh. And, O tremendous thought, he adds, " They which do such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God." That they should be shut out of the kingdom of God, was to be expected; for how could they expect to be admitted into the society of the blessed, with whom, in this

world, the blessed were neither to keep company, nor to eat. i Cor. v. 11.

Yet, O the infinite Goodness of God, which through the sacrificial death of Jesus, and the powerful operations of the Almighty Spirit, has magnified its own glory, in forgiving and purifying, such walking dunghills, and monsters of men, as it has. O dash then the cup of intoxication from thine hand, for shame and death are in it. Lift up thine eyes, and behold the cup of salvation free for every self-abhorring, penitent sinner. See also, the cup of consolation for those, who are obedient to the faith. "Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things." ii. Tim. ii. 7.

Should this paper meet the eye of an Atheistical reader, it will become him to consider, that if there be no divine, all-wise, and all superintending Being—no angelic spirits, who minister to his will—no fallen spirits, nor human existences, *once* of this world, from whence came this premonitory dream, and the many impressions and predictions relative to future events, verified in their accomplishment.

THE DEATH OF ALTAMONT.

It is a melancholy truth that, even in this life, God has, in righteous judgment, made some transgressors monuments of his hatred of sin, and, of his determination to inflict deserved punishment. They have expired in the utmost agonies, both of body and mind, to the horror of all that beheld them.

Many instances might be adduced to illustrate this awful case, but I have met with none which serves so strictly to exemplify it, as the following account of the death-bed scene of a noble, but profligate youth, given by *Dr. Young*.

"I am about to represent to you (says the Doctor) the last hours of a person of high birth, and high spirits; of great parts, and strong passions; every way accomplished, nor least in iniquity *. The death-bed of a profligate is next in horror to that abyss to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth.

"The sad evening before the death of that noble youth, I was with him. No one

* Report, says *Dr. Johnson*, has been accustomed to call *Altamont*, *Lord Euston*.

was there but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "you, and the physician are come too late. I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead." "*Heaven*, (I said) *was merciful.*" Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin! I said, "*The blessed Redeemer.*" "Hold! hold; you wound me! That is the rock on which I split. I denied his name!"

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from his physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then, with vehemence, "O time, time! It is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart—How art thou fled for ever—A month! Oh! for a single week! I ask not for years, though an age, were too little for the work I have to do." On my saying, "*We cannot do too much, Heaven is a blessed place.*" "So much the worse. It is lost! It is lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell."

Soon after, I *proposed prayer*. "Pray you that can; I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not heaven on my

side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own." His friend being much touched, even to tears at this, who could forbear? I could not, with a most affectionate look, he said, "Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost thou weep for me? that's cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him. "No, stay, thou mayest still hope.—Therefore hear me.—How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! but look on my present state as a full answer to thee and to myself. This body is all weakness, and pain, but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer; and that which thus triumphs, within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless, immortal. And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty, could inflict what I feel.

"I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he bitterly exclaimed, "No, no, let me speak on, I have not long to speak. My much injured friend. My soul, as my body, lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past,

throws my thoughts on the future, while dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldest struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames. That is not an everlasting flame. That is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we struck! yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out, "My principles have poisoned my friend! My extravagance has beggared my boy! My unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown." Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever to be forgotten; and ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched, *Altamont* expired.

REFLECTIONS.

"I almost fear to weaken the impression, which this story must have left on the reader's mind, by making any remark upon it; and yet I can scarcely forbear observing, that my purpose in transcribing it, will be

but very partially answered, if horror be the only feeling which it excites. Surely it is desirable to avoid every possibility of so dreadful an end. A whole life of sensual indulgence, supposing it (if that were possible) unmixed with its usual portion of alloy, would but poorly compensate, in the estimation of any reasonable man, one hour of torture so, exquisite as *Altamont's*. Horrid as it appears to be, it affords only a faint shadow of that misery, which, under the expression of "the worm that dieth not, and the fire which never shall be quenched," is represented in the word of eternal truth, as awaiting those who seek not their happiness in the favour and service of God. And, even if it were allowed, that any doubt existed on this point, yet is it not running a fearful risk, reader; to act as if you knew these representations to be false, especially as it may admit of very satisfactory proof that much is lost, even in this life on the score of real enjoyment, by preferring the pleasures of sense to the service of God. But pursuaded as I trust you are, that these are awful realities, what excuse will you be able to make for such a preference?

I am sure you would gladly escape the horrors which arise, from remorse of conscience and despair in this life, and the misery of everlasting banishment from

God, and happiness in the next. But there is one, and only one way to escape. You must, reader, betake yourself now to the mercies of the Saviour, and seek, through him, to be restored to the favour of an offended God. Do you desire a more particular account of what is to be done in order thereto? I must refer you to the bible, that blessed book, which, however it may be made the scoff of the infidel, and the merry jest of the profane, will continue the only way-mark to the road to happiness.

If you read this book with earnest prayer to God for the light and direction of his Holy Spirit, you will discover, indeed, the wretchedness of man's condition, and his own utter inability to relieve it; but you will learn, at the same time, the means of recovery, which the gospel of Christ affords. A nature polluted by sin, a heart full of enmity to God, and his holy law, a conscience bearing witness that ingratitude to God, disregard, nay contempt of his authority, and daring rebellion against him, can only have sharpened the sword of vengeance, seem almost to exclude the sinner from the hope of mercy. Whither, under these circumstances, shall he repair for help, whither shall he look for deliverance? Even to thee, thou compassionate Saviour of the lost, thou gracious suc-

willingly submitted to. And when at that time, his father perceived he sat up late at night, reading of his bible, he denied him candle-light, but being allowed a fire in his chamber; he told *Mr. Knight*, he was wont to lie along and read by the fire-light; and said, that while he was dressing his father's horses in his frock, and in that time reading by the fire, he had those comforts from the Lord, and joys that he had scarce experienced since. His father seeing these means ineffectual, resolved to send him into France, that, by the airiness of that country, his melancholy temper might be cured. He went, and being at his own dispose, by the Lord's guiding him, he placed himself in the house of a godly protestant minister; and between them, after they were acquainted, and such is the nature or relation of saving grace, (in divers subjects, that a little time will serve for Christians to be acquainted) there grew great endearment. Great progress he made in speaking the language; and his father expecting an account from the gentleman with whom he sojourned, of his proficiency in speaking French, he sent it to him; but soon after he had orders to return home. And the Father directing it, or he intreating it, the landlord with whom he had sojourned, came into England with him, and both were made very welcome at his father's

house, he not knowing that he was a minister. At last the father took the French gentleman and his son at prayers together, and was angry, paid him what was due to him, and sent him away. Then his father having an interest in a person of honour, a great lady at Whitehall, and his son, by his now past education, accomplished for such an employ, prevailed with that lady to take his son for her gentleman, to wait upon her in her coach. He thought by a court-life to drive away his melancholy (as he called his son's seriousness in religion). The lady had many servants, some given to swearing and rudeness, whom this young gentleman would take upon him to reprove, with that prudence and gravity, that sin fell down before him. And if any of the servants had been ill-employed, and they had heard him coming, they would say, "let us cease, or be gone, *Mr. Studley* is coming." After a year's time, his father waits upon the lady, to enquire of his son's carriage. She answered as it was, that she was glad she had seen his son's face, he had wrought a mighty reformation in her family. She, that had formerly been troubled with unruly servants, by his prudent carriage, was now as quiet in her house as if she had lived in a private family in the country. After this, the father stormed, what, will he make Puritans

in White Hall? told the lady that was no place for him, he would take him with him, which to her trouble he did. When he had him at home in Kent, as his last refuge, he thought of marrying him; and to that end found out a match, which he thought fit for his ends, to stifle that work of religion in his son. He bade him one night to put on his clothes in the morning, and ordered his servant to make ready their horses in the morning, and himself to wait upon them. When they were riding on the way, he bade the servant ride before, and spake to his son to this purpose, "Son, you have been matter of great grief to me, and having used much means to reclaim you from this way you are in, to no purpose, I have one more remedy to apply, in which if you comply with me, I shall settle my estate upon you, else you shall never enjoy a groat of it. I am riding to such a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you." The son said little, knowing that family to be prophane; but went with his father, who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly, he had a sight of the young lady, a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leaves, on his way, his father asked him, "What he thought of her?" He answered, "No man living, but must be taken with such an one; he

feared she would not like him." The father was glad it had taken, bid him take no care for that. The wooing was not long; at three weeks end they both came to London to buy things for the wedding. The father had charged, that in the time of wooing in that gentleman's house, there should be no swearing nor debauchery, lest his son should be discouraged. Wedding clothes were bought, and the day come, the young couple were married. At the wedding dinner, at her father's house, the mask was taken off; they fell to drinking healths, and swearing among their cups; and, amongst others, the bride swore an oath. At which the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occasion to rise from the table, stepped forth, and went to the stable, took an horse, none observing, all were busy within; he mounted and rode away, not knowing what to do. He bewailed himself as he rode along, as undone, and deservedly; for that he had been so taken in love, and the business so hurried on in design. He said he had at that time restrained prayer, and slackened his communion with God, when, as in that grand affair of his life, he should have been doubly and trebly serious; and so might thank himself, that he was utterly undone. He sometimes thought of riding quite away. At last, being among the woods, he led his horse into a solitary place, tied

him to a tree, in his distress, and betook himself to his prayers and tears, in which he spent the afternoon. The providence of God had altered his argument of prayer, which was now for the conversion of his new married wife, or he was undone. This he pressed with prayers and tears a great part of the afternoon, and did not rise from prayer without good hope of being heard. At the bride-house was hurry enough; horse and man, after they missed the bridegroom, sent every way. No news of him. He was wrestling as Jacob once at Peniel. In the evening he returned home, and enquiring where his bride was, went up to her, and found her in her chamber pensive enough; she asked him, "If he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision all the day?" He entreated her to sit down upon a couch there by him, and he would give her an account of his doing what he had then done, and tell her the story of his whole life, and what the Lord through grace had done for him. He went over the story here above-mentioned, with many beautiful particulars (no question here omitted) not without great affection and tears, the flood gates of which had been opened in the wood. And ever and anon, in the discourse would say, through grace God did so and so for me. When he had told her his story over (and by the way, this

was the apostle Paul's method by which many were converted, to tell over the story of his conversion) she asked him, what he meant by that word, so often used in the relation of his life, "through grace," so ignorantly had she been educated: and asked him, "if he thought there were no grace in God for her, who was so wretched a stranger to God?" "yes, my dear," saith he "there is grace for thee, and that I have been praying for this day in the wood; and God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears, and let us now go together to him about it." Then did they kneel down by the couch side, and he prayed, and such weeping and supplication there was on both sides, that when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping. At supper, the bride's father (according to his custom) swore. The bride immediately said; "father, I beseech you swear not." At which the bridegroom's father in a great rage, rose from table: what, says he, "is the devil in him; hath he made his wife a puritan already?" and swore bitterly, that he would rather set fire (with his own hands) to the four corners of his fair built house, than ever he should enjoy it. And accordingly he acted, made his will, gave his son (when he should die) ten pounds to cut off his claim; and gave the estate to some others,

of whom *Dr. Reeves* was one: and not long after died. *Dr. Reeves* sent for the gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him, he had been a rebellious son, and disobliged his father, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds and meekly departed.

His wife, the match was so huddled up, had no portion promised, at least that he knew of, who relied on his father; so that she was also deserted by her friends: and having two hundred pounds [illegible] own hands, that had been given h[illegible] grandmother, with that they too[illegible] stocked a farm in Sussex, where [illegible] *Knight* hath often been, and seen her had been highly bred, in her red coat, and milking her cows; and wa[illegible] become the great comforter and [illegible] rager of her husband, exceeding fully. God, saith she, "hath had on me, and any pains-taking is pl[illegible] to me." There they lived some with much comfort, and had the bl[illegible] of marriage, divers children. After three years, he was met in Kent, on the road, by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of landlord; "alas, (said he) I am none of your landlord:" "yes, you are, (said he) I know more than you do of the settlement: your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all

his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint purchaser. Myself, and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to *Dr. Reeves:* I have sixteen pounds ready for you in my hands, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to wage war with them. He was amazed at this wonderful providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term ... two recovered his estate: "He that th his life for my sake, and the gos- s, shall find it." His blessed wife, in midst of blessings, enjoying a loving band, divers fine children, and a plen- estate; in the midst of these outward sings, fell into a way of questioning the h of her grace, because of outward perity. This was her sin without bt, for which *Mr. Knight* rebuked ; but it was a severe rebuke that the d gave her for her unthankfulness: ie boy, about three years old, fell into ettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This she looked on as the Lord's discipline, for her unthankfulness, and was instructed. "This relation was sent me, says (*Mr. Turner*) by the *Rev. Mr. Singleton*, now living in Hogsdon Square, near the city of London; and he received it from *Mr. Knight*, who was intimately acquainted with *Mr. Studley*, as was hinted before.

Extracted from the History of Remarkable Providences, by the *Reverend William Turner*, M.A. Vicar of Walberton, in Sussex.

REFLECTIONS.

It was not without the highest reason, that over the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, was inscribed in golden characters, "Man, know thyself." Ignorance of ourselves, and selfishness, are sources of incalculable mischief. Hence arises that overweening fondness of ourselves, and those disgraceful attempts to bend every thing to our own will, which shows how deeply pride, and the supreme love of ourselves, are rooted in our corrupted hearts. In old *Mr. Studley*, those things were but too apparent. He did not know himself. He was selfish. There was evidently in him, a principle, of which he was not aware, even a hatred of genuine religion. The carnal mind is enmity against God. This was the bitter fountain from whence flowed his worthless, determinate, and distressing opposition to his son. He, deliberately, laid every stumbling block he could in the way, to discourage, or pervert his valuable son from the path of truth and holiness. Such conduct is acting the part of the devil, and shows a man to be in a dangerous condi-

tion. Our Saviour has decided on the case. Hear him pronounce the fearful doom, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Reader, art thou the man? then tremble and repent, or thy ruin is inevitable.

From the narrative of persecution before us, we cannot but see how inconsistent and contradictory is man with himself. Many condemn persecution who are chargeable with it. They disdain the character of tyrants, and yet exemplify it in the despotic authority which they assume over the consciences of their relatives and dependants. They profess to abhor the intolerant, and persecuting maxims, and conduct of the church of Rome, and yet, haughty and repulsive in their own spirit and conduct, they trample with anger and spite —with ill humour and rage, on the genuine principles of religious liberty. While, indignant at the idea of priest or layman dictating to them what they shall believe, or where they shall worship, they, themselves are found employing compulsatory measures, to crush the man, who, on these subjects, dares to think and act for himself. Such principles, and such conduct, are not only highly discreditable to their

understanding, and to their temper, but they would lead us back to the old, and detestable doctrine of passive obedience, and non-resistance. Nor is it to be forgotten that they, also, tend to a direct violation of that rule, "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you"—A rule, too valuable to be rated, transcending all price, and all praise.

But, why does this hopeful young man suffer? not because he is making gold his idol, or profaning the name of God; not that he treats the sabbath with indignity; or, is found dishonouring his parents—not that he is guilty of violating his neighbour's bed; or, defiling the virgin daughter of his friend; not that he is acting the part of a thief, or heard bearing false witness against his neighbour. He is neither a blasphemer of the gods, injurious to men, nor destructive to himself. O, no! The crime—the sin not to be forgiven, is, that he has turned from drunkenness, and irreligion, *to be a Puritan*: that is, he is contrite, searches the scriptures, gives himself to prayer, believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, enjoys the consolations of religion, walks in the way of God's holy commandments, and pays all dutiful respect to his father. Surely such a son is to be borne with. What would thousands of almost broken hearted parents give, if such was the character of their sons, and

what a world would this be, if our youth were cast into the same mould.

In the beautiful parable of the prodigal, and, *in the conduct of Mr. Studley towards his penitent son*, we see a contrast, which places God in the most endearing, and man in the most unlovely light. The father is infuriate at the change, but angels, bending over the steep of heaven, behold it with admiration and joy, for a christian is the noblest work of God.

Indignity is put on the convert. *He is made to dress his father's horses.* But God, for whose sake he endures this contemptuous injury, rewards and irradiates him with heavenly consolation, and interposes his care for his security. Every sacrifice may be securely and cheerfully made for God, when truth and a good conscience require it, for he has engaged, "I will honor them that honor me."

There is nothing which our pious youth need more to be guarded against, than the predominating influence of the passions. This devout convert *was ensnared by love to a forbidden object.* When the affections set in with the full tide of desire, and are borne along by the fair wind of opportunity, they often bring the young christian into perilous circum-

stances. It was so here. Navigating by the chart of his unmortified affections, he lost his proper course, struck on a sunken rock, and no small tempest lay on him. Though not shipwrecked, he sustained heavy loss.

We see in the instance before us, what restraints the wicked are capable of laying on themselves, to promote their own purposes. The father, the daughter—ALL set a watch before the door of their lips. *They swore not, and conducted themselves, during the period of courtship, with propriety.* This should put christians on their guard, and cause them to look beneath the surface of appearances. The neglect of exercising this natural power of external restraint, and of praiseworthy conduct, will doubtless, be found matter of fearful punishment in the future world. Such are worthy of death. They are wicked, slothful, and unprofitable servants, who employ not the talents entrusted to their care. The light of natural conscience, the natural ability they possess for the performance of outward good actions, the providential favours with which they are indulged, and their enjoyment of external gospel privileges, are valuable talents; but unhappily these are neglected and abused by them, and therefore they are to be cast into utter darkness. Consider

the case of the Gentiles. They, says the apostle, did not like to retain God in their knowledge, and God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient. The works of creation and providence, the remonstrances of conscience, and the advantages of revelation, not only teach that God will sharply punish all ungodliness, but show, that were men to improve their external advantages, the waste wilderness of this world, would become a fruitful field, yielding a rich harvest of moral advantage to man. He then that engages not in this culture himself, and discourages others, by sapping the foundations of morality, is an enemy to himself, to his Kind, and to God.

One cannot but lament to see the success of that old Serpent called the Devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world. Where he discerns a proneness, or inclination to any particular evil, he will not fail to watch over it, to cherish it, and to mature it. The weed he cultures—the flower he would blast. Thus he dealt with the covetous traitor, Judas, and thus he now works in the children of disobedience. And here the evil one is at work, suggesting, as a devil, to the father, false surmises, and lying accusations, against the godly son, the truth, and those who had

embraced it. This suits the enmity of the father's mind to vital godliness, denominated Puritanism. He plans to gratify his own will, and Satan, by circumvention, employs him as his agent to promote his infernal work.

The deep laid scheme has taken.— The unwary and too precipitate youth has been caught. O what reason to ponder well the path of our feet. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. God permits the triumph of the wicked, but it is only for a season. He takes them in their own craftiness, and accomplishes by their opposition the object against which it was directed. See this illustrated in the case of Joseph and his brethren, the Jews and Christ, and in the case before us. The young people, by an unworthy stratagem, were brought together, that the wife might turn him from the Lord, but he is the means of turning her to the Lord. Thus Satan is disappointed, suffers the loss of a vassal, and an addition is made to the subjects of Messiah. How wonderful are the ways of God! It is his prerogative to give day for night, and joy for tears. "He leads the blind by a way they knew not."

God will ever show his displeasure against sin. The instruction of Angels

and men, his essential love of holiness, and of his people, require it. As we have seen the distressing consequences of a marriage contrary to the rule which God has laid down, *(only in the Lord)* so we shall have occasion to admire the divine compassion. The good man has fallen, but he shall be lifted out of the mire. God is contending with him, but it shall not be for ever. He will not be always wroth, for says he, "the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." Yet, though he will remember mercy, he will show his righteous displeasure, by causing him to smart under the severe lash of his own conscience, in the painful recollection *how the business had been hurried on, and how he had, at that time, restrained prayer;* and to use his own expression, *slackened his communion with God.* These were the near and immediate causes of his fall; and in forming these tender connections, let him that hath ears to hear, hear; and let him learn by the grace of God, to keep his heart with all diligence, lest he also being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from his own stedfastness.

It is a dark and cloudy day with this poor wanderer. The devil aims to drive him into desperation. *He thought of riding quite away.* But he acknowledges his transgressions, he prays, and earnest

prayer prevails. The clouds thin, and the Sun of Righteousness once more gilds him with its beams. The joy of God's salvation is restored to him. He might now well use the language of David, "the God of my mercy shall prevent me." Yes, he went before him, and he, also, goes before us as a guide, making the crooked straight, and the rough place plain. He who sets himself against confession and godly sorrow for sin, and yet expects to enjoy the manifestations of forgiving love, might, with equal propriety expect, to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. The one is a contradiction to the law of nature, and, the other, is a violation of the order of grace.

How deep and hidden are the designs of God! nevertheless, in due season, the events of time, unfold the purposes of eternity. When he has plans of mercy to accomplish, they cannot but be accomplished. The bride, was a vessel of mercy, afore prepared unto glory, and her conversion was to be obtained by the prayer, and instrumentality of her husband. Hence, the adorable spirit, as the spirit of grace and supplication, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, inspired him to pray, according to the secret counsels of God, which respected his beloved partner. *The argument of his prayer*, we

are informed, *was now, for the conversion* of his new married wife. It was this divine agent, who guided his mind to suitable petitions, excited in him correspondent affections, and filled him with that intense ardor of holy desire for her salvation.

But he must not only bear her upon his heart in prayer, and cherish hope, but must also become her instructor. O, it was a lovely sight, to see her who was perishing for lack of knowledge, drinking in the words of life, from the fountain of his lips, which overflowed with information, gratitude, and praise. *She enquired, what he meant by the word* GRACE. Let those, who have unconverted partners, copy this interesting example; nor let the unconverted, contemn the instruction, or despise the admonition of affectionate relatives, for, "the lips of the righteous feed many; but fools die for want of wisdom."

The young, and beautiful, though ladies of family, polite education, and fortune, are, while *ignorant, as was Mrs. S. of the meaning of the word grace*, which is the foundation of human hope, and not conscious of their need of salvation by it; yes, they are sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. But such, who with her, are seriously enquiring, from a heart-

felt conviction of their need of mercy, *if there is no grace in God for them*, are passing over from the boundaries and territories of death to Immanuel's land. Of every such one, it may be truly said, "The day spring from on high hath visited her."

Penn, the celebrated quaker, published a work, with the interesting title, "No cross, no crown." We know, and we feel, that we must suffer, as well as reign with Christ. *Mrs. S.* having tasted that the Lord is gracious, must now, with all the faithful, take up her cross, deny herself, and follow the lamb through good and evil report. Well, though the ties of blood were forgotten, and the bonds of friendship violated, because of her commencing a Christian, yet God became her father, and her friend. Her loss was her gain. Parents must die, but here is an everlasting father. Friends change, but here is one that loveth at all times. Her name was cast out as evil, but God gave her a name among the living in Jerusalem, which is imperishable—a name, which is better than that of sons and daughters, and a title to an inheritance, which immensely compensated for the loss of earthly possessions. May his grace teach us to love him more than the dearest of our relations, and, even to be ready, for his sake, to sacrifice our lives, if called,

to it. May it make us willing to take up, and bear any cross for him, who bore his cross and expired upon it, for us men, and for our salvation. Thus it was with this pious, suffering pair. Though *he* was disinherited by his father, and *she* was deserted of her friends, yet, they looked to him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed. *She was now become the great comforter and encourager of her husband.* O the influence of faith. Believing for ourselves, that God will never leave, nor forsake us, how it brings the Christian, amid adversity, to be content with such things as he has.

He, who sees the end from the beginning, viewed this day of extremity, and provided a little oil and meal, sufficient to keep the sufferers from perishing. *She had two hundred pounds in her own hands, left her by her grandmother.* Providence had provided, and preserved this for its appointed season and use. The sum was, indeed, comparatively small, but as the wise king observes, "a little, that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked:" On which passage, *Bishop Horne* justly remarks, that a little, with the blessing of God upon it, is better than a great deal, with incumbrance of his curse. His blessing can multiply a mite

into a talent, but his curse will shrink a talent to a mite.

Mrs. S. though a lady who had been highly bred, did not feel herself scandalized *when seen in her red waistcoat and milking her cows.* All, we find, was done exceeding cheerfully. She bore up under her trials, not from a proud stoical apathy—that senselessness and stupidity of disposition, which produces a total unconcern respecting our condition or situation. Oh no! Hear and admire the principle, *God, saith she, hath had mercy on me, and any pains taking is pleasant to me.* Instead of being ashamed, rather let us glory in tribulation, when it is endured in so noble a cause as that of Christ and a good conscience; "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven." If God be for us, who can be against us?

As gold is proved by the fire, so the truth and excellency of religion is made evident by the support which it yields under heavy afflictions. This worthy pair, lived in comparative adversity *for some years, with much comfort.* The end of their sufferings being accomplished, which was, that they might in a higher degree be made partakers of his holiness,

they are delivered out of the furnace, and afterwards enjoy the mercies which were in store for them, with a higher sense of their excellence, than they would, had they not been thus purified. God never acts in an arbitrary and tyrannical manner. His proceedings should never be suspected and censured, for he ever wills, and acts for our advantage.

Though we can see no immediate way of escape from our trials, God is never at a loss for instruments to deliver us in his appointed time; and the means, which he employs, are often the last we should have supposed. *The tenants of the estate* unexpected and unsolicited, came forward and enabled *Mr. S.* to regain his right. Thus God led these distinguished servants of his, by a right, though a perplexing and distressing way, to a city of habitation.

We are unstable as water. The wind is not more variable than are our feelings. *Mrs. S.* who so nobly endured the rigours of the northern blast, now sinks into dejection, while the southern gales waft plenty to her door. Though crowned with loving kindness and tender mercies, she sinks into despondency, and because replenished in her basket, and her store, trembles lest her heart should be found destitute of spiritual blessings. *She*, it is

observed, *fell into a way of questioning the truth of her grace, because of outward prosperity.* This is a dart, with which the devil now often wounds those believers, who are placed in easy or affluent circumstances, and it is over-ruled for their good. It prevents them from becoming intoxicated with prosperity, and from falling asleep in the arms of indifference, and of false security.

How true was the remark of Dean Swift, "Small causes, says that shrewd observer of mankind, are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way. For want of a BLOCK he will stumble at a *straw.*" God rebuked this good woman for her unthankfulness. *He took her child from her by a dreadful death, and she was instructed.* "Hear ye the rod, suffering christians, and who hath appointed it" for as good *Mr. Henry* observes, "Every rod has a voice, and it is well for them that understand the language of it." He adds, "Every rod is appointed, of what kind it shall be, where it shall light, and how long it shall lie." Then, hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

MORTAL JACK.

J. S. a private in the 15th. Light Troops, had contracted such a habit of prophane swearing, and was so accustomed to d—n his mortal limbs, that he was generally known by the name of mortal Jack. In this respect his conduct became proverbial, "You are as bad as mortal Jack." Which was the common adage by which the most prophane swearer in the regiment was reproved. On April 24th, 1794, at Cambray, while asleep in his tent, he disturbed his fellow soldiers by making an unusual and dismal noise On being with difficulty awaked, he said, "I have been dreaming, that I was reaping corn with my father, in a field where I once beat him, because he would not supply me with money; and I thought, that a number of venemous creatures fixed upon me: and a large one flying over the corn, seized me by the throat: my father seeing the danger I was in, strove to drive them away. I imagined that the earth shook, trembled, and opened; and that the venemous creature which held me by the throat, dragged me into an opening chasm, or pit, when the earth immediately closed upon me; and this day I believe, I shall be in hell!" He

had just related this strange dream, with which his companions were diverting themselves, saying, "The devil is coming for mortal Jack," when the horn blew "boots and saddles." Instantly they rose, saddled, and mounted, and were ordered to form two deep, advance, and charge the enemy's infantry, which fired upon them as they advanced.

This was about four in the morning. S. had been in various engagements, and it seems had always behaved in a courageous and soldier-like manner; but now apparently his courage, for the first time, forsook him. His soul being appalled by his dream, he had scarce strength to draw his sword, which when drawn, visibly shook in his hand. His serjeant observing the perturbation of his mind, and either not knowing, or not adverting to the cause, thought him afraid of danger; and threatned to accuse, and have him tried for cowardice, as soon as the engagement was over. While he was advancing, covered by his front man, a ball struck him in the body, and he fell from his horse. Those of his companions, who were acquainted with his late awful dream, supposed that his fall was occasioned by fear; but, at the close of the engagement, the horse taking the ground, it was found that he was dead: and that his death was occasioned

by a wound from a musket ball. There was a previous agreement between himself and the deceased, that if either of them should fall, the survivor should inform the friends of the deceased, therefore his comrade, from whom I received this account, wrote to his father, informing him of his son's death. On the return of the 15th, to England, *S's* father sent a message, requesting that the comrade would call upon him, and give him some farther particulars respecting his unhappy son; accordingly he went, and found him confined by age, to his bed. "Are you the young man who informed me of my son's death?" "I am," replied the comrade: "Ah, rejoined the old man, with tears, he was the death of his mother. Because she would not supply his extravagance, he threw her down stairs, when she received a hurt, from which she never recovered. He was a wild lad, and I gave a premium with him to a shoemaker. His misconduct to his master got him into prison. I interfered and procured his release. He then wished to change his business. I found him a new master, and another trade; and gave a second premium with him. About six weeks after, he had a child laid upon him: I settled the business by finding security; and on a following sunday, while I was at church, he got into my room, broke open my box, and took out of it £10 which I had provided for

my rent, through these misfortunes I was in arrears with my landlord, who took my effects; this obliged me to apply to the parish, which allows me three shillings a week, and I now live with my daughter."

REFLECTIONS.

"A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him. The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it. Reader, art thou the man? Tremble, rash youth. Blush, foolish girl!—Look up to heaven. See the arm of the Almighty, prepared to avenge thy disobedience! Oh stop—pause—reflect—recover thy senses—repent—arise—return—cast thyself on thy mother's bosom, at thy father's feet, and say, "Father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee."

"J. PINDER."

Dursley, Feb. 9, 1809.

Communicated to, and published by, the Reverend and learned *Mr. Benson*, Editor of the Arminian Magazine.

THE HAPPY NEGRO.

Some years ago, an English gentleman, by a particular providence, had occasion to be in North America, where the following circumstance occurred, which is thus related in his own words:—

Every day's observation convinces me, that the children of God are made so by his own special grace, and that all means are equally effectual with him, whenever he is pleased to employ them for conversion. In one of my excursions, while I was in the province of New York, I was walking by myself, over a considerable plantation, amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country, till I came within a little distance of a middle-aged negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong inclination, unusual with me, to converse with him. After asking him some little questions about his work, which he answered very sensibly; I wished him to tell me, whether his state of slavery was not disagreeable to him, and whether he would not gladly exchange it for his liberty. "Massah (said he, looking seriously upon me) I have a wife and children, my Massah take care

of them, and I have no care to provide any thing, I have a good Massah, who teach me to read; and I read good book, that makes me happy." I am glad, replied I, to hear you say so; and pray what is the good book you read? "The bible, Massah, God's own book." Do you understand, friend, as well as read this book? For many can read the words well, who cannot get hold of the true, and good sense. "O, Massah, (said he) I read the book much, before I understand; but at last, I felt pain in my heart; I found things in the book that cut me to pieces." Ah! said I, and what things were they? "Why, Massah, I found that I had bad heart, Massah, a very bad heart, indeed: I felt pain, that God would destroy me, because I was wicked, and done nothing as I should do. God was holy, and I was very vile and naughty; I could have nothing from him, but fire and brimstone in hell." In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin, which were, indeed, as deep, and piercing, as almost, any I had ever heard of; and, what scriptures came to his mind, which he had read, that both probed to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul. I then enquired of him, what ministry, or means, he made use of, and found that his master was a quaker, a plain sort of a

man, who had taught his slaves to read, but who had not, however, conversed with this negro upon the state of his soul. I asked him, likewise, how he got comfort under all this trial? "O Massah (said he) it was Christ gave me comfort by his dear blood! He bade me come unto him, and he would give me rest, for I was very weary, and heavy laden." And here he went through a line of the most precious texts in the bible, shewing, by his artless comment upon them, as he went along, what great things God had done, in the course of some years, for his soul. Being rather more acquainted with doctrinal truths, and the analogy of the bible, than he had been, or, in his situation could easily be, I had a mind to try, how far a simple, untutored experience, graciously given, without the usual means, could carry a man from some speculative errors; and, I therefore asked him several questions, about the merit of works, the justification of a sinner, the power of grace, and the like; I own I was as much astonished at, as I admired the sweet spirit, and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom that God had put into the mind of this negro. His discourse, flowing merely from the richness of grace, with a tenderness, and expression, far beyond the reach of art, perfectly charmed me. On the other hand, my entering into all his

feelings, together, with an account to him, which he had never heard before, that thus, and thus, the Lord in his mercy dealt with all his children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears, down his black face, that we looked upon each other, and talked with that inexpressible glow of christian affection, that made me more than ever believe, what I have often too thoughtlessly professed to believe, the communion of saints. I shall never forget how the poor excellent creature seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners, the free bounty and tender mercy of God, the frequent, and delightful sense he gives of his presence, the faith he bestows in his promises, the victories this faith is enabled to get over trials, and temptations, the joy, and peace in believing the hope in life and death, and the glorious expectation of immortality. To have taken off his eager, delighted, animated air and manner, would have been a master-piece for a *Reynolds*. He had never heard such discourse, nor found the opportunity of hearing it before. He seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and, at length, had found company. Though my conversation lasted at least, two or three hours, I scarce ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life. We

knew not how to part. He would accompany me as far as he might: and I felt, on my side, such a delight, in the artless, savoury, solid, unaffected experience, of this dear soul, that I could have been glad to see him oftener then, or to see his like at any time now: but my situation rendered it impossible. I, therefore, took an affectionate adieu, with an ardour equal to the warmest, and the most ancient friendship, telling him, that neither the colour of his body, nor, the condition of his present life, could prevent him from being my dear brother, in our dear Saviour; and, that though we must part now, never to see each other again, any more, in this world; I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our father's home, where we should live together, and love one another throughout a long, and happy eternity.

"Amen, Amen, my dear Massah, God bless you, and poor me too, for ever, and ever."

Published by that valuable author, *A. Searle, Esq.* the gentleman who had the interesting conversation with this highly favoured Negro.

"If I (says *Mr. Searle*) had been an angel from heaven, he could not have received me with more evident delight than he did; nor could I have considered him with a more sympathetic regard, if he had been a long known christian, of the good old sort, grown up into my affections, in the course of many years.

Happy world, if all were christians! Or, at least, happy christians, if they shewed more of this brotherly love to each other in the world! None can deny that so it ought to be. Oh! that every one who names the name of Christ, and believes himself to be a member of his undivided body, would pray for faith and love, to put the whole into being! Blessed Lord, fountain of life, and love, send forth the spirit of thy son into my heart, and into the hearts of all my brethren; that, waving all mean and selfish distinctions, we may first love thee above all things, and then each other for thy sake, with a pure heart, fervently. Subdue animosities, and all the separating corruptions of the flesh, and let us consider ourselves as brethren, fellow heirs of the grace of life, persons who shall pass an eternity together; as parts of

thy body, thy flesh, and thy bones. Even so, let it be, for thy glory, and our present and eternal consolation, through thy grace ! Amen."

THE BRITISH SEAMAN.

The *Reverend J. Pratt*, a highly respectable clergyman of the Establishment, in the second volume of his Gleanings, relates an affecting anecdote of a sailor on board the Venerable, the ship in which *Admiral Duncan* commanded the fleet, in the action against the Dutch, off Camperdown. He received the account from *Dr. Duncan*, *Lord Duncan's* chaplain and relative, who, in the action, assisted the surgeon and his mate, in binding up the wounds, and amputating the limbs of the unfortunate sufferers. " A mariner (says the Doctor) of the name of *Covey*, was brought down to the surgery, deprived of both his legs, and it was necessary, some hours after, to amputate still higher. " I suppose (said *Covey*, with an oath) those scissars will finish the business of the ball, master

mate." "Indeed, my brave fellow, (cried the surgeon) there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind, (said *Covey*) I have lost my legs, to be sure, and mayhap, may lose my life, but, continued he, with a dreadful oath, we have beat the Dutch, we have beat the Dutch, so I'll even have another cheer for it, huzza, huzza.

This anecdote is rendered more interesting still, by some prior, and subsequent circumstances attending this poor sailor. *Covey* was a good seaman, and was noticed among his shipmates for his intrepidity, but he was pre-eminent in sin, as well as in courageous actions. About a fortnight before the English fell in with the Dutch fleet, he dreamed that they were in an engagement, in which both his legs were shot off, and that he was out of his mind; the dream made this courageous seaman tremble, and sometimes, attempt to pray, but not likely to retain God in his thoughts, he endeavoured to blot out the impressions from his memory, and the recollection of his sins from his conscience, by drinking, and blasphemous intercourse with the ship's company: his efforts, however, were in vain, the thoughts of his sins, of God, and of death, harrassed his mind day and night, and filled him with gloomy forebodings, of what awaited him in this world, and in the next, till the

sight of the Dutch fleet, and their conversation with each other, concerning the heroic atchievements they should perform, dispelled the gloomy subject from his mind. As the two fleets were coming in action, the noble admiral, to save the lives of his men, ordered them to lie flat on the deck, till being nearer the enemy, their firing might do the more execution. The Dutch ships, at this time, were pouring their broadsides into the Venerable, as she passed down part of the Dutch fleet, in order to break their line. This stout hearted, and wicked *Covey*, having lost all the impressions of his former reflections, heaped, in rapid succession, the most dreadful imprecations on the eyes, limbs, and souls, of what he called, his cowardly shipmates, for lying down to avoid the balls of the Dutch. He refused to obey the order, till fearing the authority of an officer not far from him, he, in part, complied, by leaning over a cask which stood near, till the word of command was given to fire. At the moment of rising, a bar shot carried away one of his legs, and the greater part of the other, but so instantaneous was the stroke, though he was sensible of something like a jar in his limbs, he knew not that he had lost a leg till his stump came to the deck, and he fell. When his legs were amputated higher up, and the noise of the battle had

ceased, he thought of his dream, and expected, that as one part of it was fulfilled, the other would be so too, Indeed, considering the pain of amputating, and dressing both legs, and the agitation of his mind, from fearing the full accomplishment of his dream, it appears next to a miracle that he retained his reason in the most perfect state, but this was to be explained to him at a future period. Some time after, he came out of Haslar Hospital, capable of walking by means of two wooden legs, and two crutches, but his spirits were sorely dejected, from fearing that as his sins had brought upon him the judgment of God, in the loss of his limbs, they would bring upon him the loss of his reason, and the loss of his soul.

Having heard of Orange-street chapel, Portsea; he came on the first sabbath evening, after his leaving the hospital. The text that evening was, Mark v. 15. "And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion sitting, and clothed in his right mind." The minister represented this demoniac as a fit emblem of sinners in general, but especially of those who live without rule, and order, drunkards, blasphemers, and injurious to themselves, and others, but his sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, as an en-

gaging representation of the sinner, converted to God, by the gospel, made sensible of the evil of sin, the value of his soul, and the necessity of salvation, through a crucified Redeemer, enjoying peace of mind, having fellowship with Christ and his people, submitting to the authority of the scriptures, and receiving instructions from Christ, the friend of sinners. *Covey* listened with attention, and surprise, wondered how the minister should know him among so many hundred people, or who could have told him his character and state of mind, his astonishment was still more increased, when he found him describe, as he thought, the whole of his life, and even his secret sins, he could not account for it, why a minister should make a sermon all about him, a poor wooden legged sailor. His sins being brought afresh to his mind, filled him with horrors, tenfold more gloomy than before; despair, for some minutes, took a firm hold on his spirits, and he thought he was now going out of his mind, should die, and be lost, till the minister declared Jesus Christ was as willing to save the vilest of sinners, as he was to relieve this poor creature possessed of the Devil, and that a man was restored to his right mind, when he believed in him. He now began to understand the true interpretation of his dream. He thought he had been out of

his mind all his life, and that to love and serve Jesus, would be a restoration to his right senses again; he was now almost overwhelmed with pleasure, while hearing of the astonishing love of Jesus Christ to sinners, hope took the place of despair, and joy of grief and horror, those eyes which had never shed a tear when he lost his legs, nor when the shattered parts of his limbs were amputated, now wept in copious streams, flowing from strong sensations of mingled joy and sorrow.

Some weeks after this, he called and related to me the whole of his history and experience, he was surprised to find that I had never received any information about him, at the time the sermon was preached, which so exactly met his case. Something more than twelve months after this time, he was received a member of our church, having given satisfactory evidences of being a genuine and consistent christian. A few weeks since, hearing he was ill, I went to visit him, when I entered his room he said, "Come in thou man of God, I have been longing to see you, and to tell you the happy state of my mind, I believe I shall soon die, but death now has no terrors in it, the sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God, he hath given me the victory through Jesus Christ; I am going to heaven, Oh what has Jesus done for me,

one of the vilest sinners of the human race." A little before he died, when he thought himself within a few hours of dissolution he said "I have often thought it a hard thing to die, but now I find it a very easy thing to die, the presence of Christ makes it easy, the joy I feel from a sense of the love of God to sinners, from the thought of being with the Saviour, of being free from a sinful heart, and of enjoying the presence of God for ever, is more than I can express, O how different are my thoughts of God, and of myself, and of another world, from what they were when I lost my precious limbs on board the Venerable; it was a precious loss to me, if I had not lost my legs I should perhaps have lost my soul." With elevated and clasped hands, and with eyes glistening earnestness through the tears which flowed down his face, he said, "O my dear minister, I pray you, when I am dead, to preach a funeral sermon for a poor sailor, and tell others, especially sailors, who are as ignorant and wicked as I was, that poor blaspheming *Covey* found mercy with God, through faith in the blood of Christ. Tell them, that since I have found mercy none that seek it need to despair; you know better than I do what to say to them, but, Oh be in earnest with them, and may the Lord grant that my wicked neighbours and fellow sailors, may find mercy as well

as *Covey*. He said much more, but the last words he uttered were Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

REFLECTIONS.

How much, under God, are we indebted to the *bravery* of our British seamen, and how high a claim these intrepid, and frequently mangled warriors, have on our gratitude and liberality. Their sufferings demand our sympathy; and their privations, the exercise of our generosity.

Let us adore the Divine condescension, in looking with pity, on *this chief of sinners*. And let us, ourselves, take encouragement from such an extraordinary sinner having obtained mercy. It is by such instances as this, of *Covey*, that the hopes of the humble, are encouraged; the arrogance of the vain, is checked; and the devotion and gratitude of the genuine christian, are cherished and invigorated. O matchless Grace! how free in its source! how sovereign in its objects! and how invincible in its operations! See in this most *brave*, but abandoned seaman, a change, which surely all will admit to be the effect of the agency of the Holy Spirit. Here is a work, which is super-human.

Yes, the origin of that power, by which the will of *Covey* was led to embrace Christ, must be sought, not in fallen man, but in that God, whose high prerogative it is to be characterized, as the God of salvation. How extraordinary the dream! and, how exact its accomplishment! This *dream*, which we may call *prophetic*, was not from *Covey* himself. If not directly from God, it must have been, either from representations made to his mind, by disembodied, or angelic spirits, instructed and commissioned from God: and it shows, that what are called *contingencies*, are perfectly known to God; for what could be more contingent, than whether poor *Covey* should lose *one*, EITHER, or BOTH his legs, in the action? He, like all sinners, was in respect of spiritual things, according to his dream, *out of his mind*. All his actions were directed to a wrong end. For momentary gratifications, he was sacrificing his soul. Reader, is this thy case; may God correct thy misapprehensions; and determine thy choice aright. How admirably adapted was the discourse of this truly estimable *Calvinist* independent minister, to *Covey's* case! Nor let us over look the wonderful, and all directing providence of God in this affair; for, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." *Despair*, we are informed, for a while took

hold of his spirits. A conviction of our ruined condition, as sinners; and the absolute necessity of obtaining forgiveness, from a justly offended God; always, and necessarily, precedes a believing application to Christ for salvation. We fly to the refuge, under the consciousness of danger; and we apply to the physician, from a feeling sense of the dreadful malady of sin.

See, in this *vessel of mercy*, the influence of faith in the welcome tidings of pardon and eternal life, through Christ alone. His was, not a speculative faith in the gospel—it was a faith, which in its operative influence, almost over-whelmed him with pleasure: having much forgiven, he loved much.

Who can read the account of dear *Covey's affection to sinners*, his deep self-abasement, his animated gratitude to God, and his triumphant exultation, in the prospect of eternity, without being filled with admiration of those noble principles, of doctrine and action, which thus enlarge, purify, and elevate the soul: and which, as we see in the case before us, disarms death of its terrors; blasts the laurels of the Grave; and opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

A GOOD WIFE A GREAT BLESSING.

One Sunday, when I had done reading prayers at Madeley, I went up into the pulpit, intending to preach a sermon, which I had prepared for that purpose; but my mind was so confused, that I could not recollect either my text, or any part of my sermon. I was afraid I should be obliged to come down without saying any thing. But having recollected myself a little, I thought I would say something on the first lesson, which was the third chapter of Daniel, containing the account of the three children cast into the fiery furnace: I found in doing it, such an extraordinary assistance from God, and such a peculiar enlargement of heart, that I supposed there must be some peculiar cause for it; I, therefore desired, if any of the congregation found any thing particular, they would acquaint me with it the ensuing week.

In consequence of this, the Wednesday after, a woman came, and gave me the following account: "I have been for some time much concerned about my

soul, I have attended the church at all opportunities, and have spent much time in private prayer. At this, my husband, (who is a butcher) has been exceedingly enraged, and threatned me severely, what he would do, if I did not leave off going to *John Fletcher's* church, yea, if I dared to go to any religious meetings whatever. When I told him I could not in conscience refrain from going, at least to our parish church, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully, if I went any more, he would cut my throat as soon as I came home. This made me cry mightily to God, that he would support me in the trying hour. And though I did not feel any great degree of comfort, yet having a sure confidence in God, I determined to go on in my duty, and leave the rest to him. Last Sunday, after many struggles with the devil, and my own heart, I came down stairs ready for church. My husband asked whether I was resolved to go thither, I told him I was, well then said he, I shall not as I intended cut your throat, but will heat the oven and throw you into it the moment you come home. Notwithstanding this threatning, which he enforced with many bitter oaths, I went to church, praying all the way that God would strengthen me to suffer whatever might befall me. While you were speaking of the three children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burn-

ing fiery furnace, I found it all belonged to me, and God applied every word of it to my heart. And when the sermon was ended, I thought if I had a thousand lives, I could lay them all down for God; I felt my whole soul so filled with the love of God, that I hastened home fully determined to give myself to whatsoever God pleased, nothing doubting, but that he either would take me to heaven, if he suffered me to be burnt to death, or that he would some how deliver me, even as he did his three servants that trusted in him. When I had got almost to my own door, I saw the flames issuing out of the mouth of the oven, and I expected nothing else but that I should be thrown into it; immediately I felt my heart rejoice, that if it were so, the will of the Lord would be done.—I opened the door, and to my utter astonishment, saw my husband upon his knees, wrestling with God in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. He caught me in his arms, earnestly begged my pardon, and has continued diligently seeking the Lord ever since. "I now know (adds *Mr. Fletcher*) why my sermon was taken from me, namely, that God might thus magnify his mercy."

Communicated by the *Reverend J. Fletcher*, vicar of Madeley.

REFLECTIONS.

The extraordinary circumstances of this narrative, remind us of the words of Eliphaz to Job, "God doeth great things, and unsearchable; marvellous things without number."

Wonderful are the plans of divine goodness! and happy are the men who are employed in promoting them. *Mr. Fletcher* was, in this instance, most eminently honoured of God, who works with a sovereign freedom on the hearts of his Ministers, and people. Here was an operation of that Holy Spirit, by which the clergy declare they are inwardly moved to take on them the office of the ministry; an operation, producing an effect worthy the Divine perfections. As so much, under God, depends on the subjects chosen by his ministers, let not hearers forget earnestly to intreat him, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that their minds may be suitably directed in their choice, and aided in the study of their subjects.

It is matter of great thankfulness, if, with this valuable woman, we *are much*

concerned for our souls; for, the concerns of the soul, in their importance, infinitely outweigh all other concerns: "Wherein is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" He, who loses his soul, loses himself; and loses himself for ever.

Though this devoted woman was threatened with the most rigorous punishment, if she attended on the ministry of the word, it is delightful to observe the zeal and courage which she displayed. She consulted not with flesh and blood, but acted according to the caution given to the believing Hebrews, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." And, I cannot but remark, that if the Apostle did not allow, that the fury of persecution was a sufficient reason for absenting from public worship, how worthy of the severest censure, would he have thought those, who now absent themselves, not for fear of persecution, but from indolence, indifference, self-conceitedness of their own knowledge, and a peculiar attachment to the dogmas of a party, or, from the prevailing influence of worldly-mindedness. It would well become them impartially to examine by what spirit they are led; and to think, seriously, how materially they serve, by their example, the interest of

that infernal spirit, who would wish public worship to be laid aside, because it checks the progress of vice, is a barrier against apostacy, and a public token of our allegiance to God, and to his Christ, the appointed king of Zion. These are things which should be well weighed.

We shudder with horror at the sight of this ferocious monster, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against a helpless Christian woman. Is this a man? Where is his manliness—a husband—where is his heart. In her distress, she fled from man, and flew to God; and proved the all-sufficiency of his grace. He is our refuge. Persecuted wife, see here an index, which points out thy path; behold here a model, which, it is thy duty, thy honour, and thy interest to copy.

Holding the reins of the universe, and grasping a power which is omnipotent, you expect her loving Saviour will hurl his thunder on the head of that persecuting Savage. O no, he is a destined vessel of mercy, set apart to be a most amazing instance of the power and sovereignty of divine grace.

It is not enough that we go to church, but let us, with this persecuted saint, *go praying all the way*. Nor did she pray

in vain. Her's was a joy extatic—such as martyrs felt. She saw the *flames* issuing forth, and, in her intention, was a victim ready to be offered, and is enrolled as such among the noble army of martyrs. No, blessed woman, thy body is not intended for the flames! Thy faith has passed through the fiery trial. Days of happiness await thee. Behold, thy husband prayeth. His lips entreat forgiveness of God and thee. He presses thee to a heart, which now, for the first time, swells with the sorrow, and glows with the benevolence of a christian. Here, indeed, is a proof of the unconquerable energy, the sovereignty, and the adorable freedom of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Grace, grace, this is a doctrine—a fact worth our study. Let us labour to digest it; and not rest in a few wandering, unconnected, and undigested ideas, on a subject, which makes known the riches of God's glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory. Rom. ix. 23.

THE QUAKER THE DISCOVERER.

In the time of the American war an encampment of about 500 men were stationed near the dwelling of *David Sands*, in North America. During their stay, *D. S.* and his wife became very uneasy, particularly his wife, who felt a presentiment, that some trial was approaching. In a short time afterwards, she was alarmed by a noise she heard in the house, after they were gone to bed, which her husband apprehended, might be only the wind rustling among the trees: in a few minutes, they were more certain, by finding some persons near their room, and distinctly hearing them say, "Some of the family are awake, we will shoot them." In this alarming situation, personal safety seemed the first object, and they soon determined to attempt an escape, which was more easily effected, by their chamber window being on the first floor. In getting out through the window, one of the company, stationed to keep guard on the outside, discharged a piece at them, the ball of which, grazed the forehead of *D. Sands*, however, they escaped, but with very thin.

clothing; and, as it was a very cold night, and they remained in the open air till break of day, these circumstances, together with their painful anxiety, rendered it a most suffering time. When they returned to their dwelling, they found it plundered of all the cash, about £50, most of their bedding, and much of their furniture. A servant, and two children, who were sleeping in another part of the house, were not disturbed. After considering what was best to be done, *David* found his mind most easy, in determining to go to the encampment. On his arrival, he saw several officers conversing together, who said to him, "*Mr. Sands*, we have heard of the depredation committed at your house, and we desire to know what you think can be done to discover the offenders." After some solid consideration, he informed them, he had on the road felt a belief, that if the men were drawn up rank and file, about fifty in a company, he might be able (if he followed the best direction) in passing through them, to detect those concerned in the robbery. The officers wondered at his proposal, thinking it improbable he should discover them in such a manner, without any outward knowledge of their persons. But they complied, and gave the necessary orders. On passing down the first rank, he made a stop near the bottom, but went on to the next, when he

soon made a stand at one of the men, and, looking him full in the face, said to him, "where wast thou last night?" he answered "on guard, Sir, and a very cold night it was." "Didst thou find it so when at my house?" replied *David*; at which the man trembled much, and shewed evident signs of guilt, on which, he was ordered out of the ranks, and in like manner four others were discovered. Then he went to a young officer, whom he asked how he came to aid and accompany his men, in pillaging his house? he positively denied the charge, but *D. S.* further interrogated him by saying, "Let me feel thy heart, and see if that do not accuse thee." On putting his hand to it, it throbbed up to his neck, and so loud, that *D. S.* called to the other officers, to come and see, and hear how it accused the officer. He was, therefore considered to be guilty. Two others, which made eight concerned, deserted before the search commenced, and which accounted for the stop he made in the first rank. The officers now desired to know what could be done for him? He said, he should like to have his furniture, bedding, &c. returned, as he wanted his bedding, in particular; on which, they brought the greatest part, with half the money, assuring him the rest was lost. They were brought to trial before the civil power, but

as *David* declined appearing at the stated time, they were of course acquitted, but this not exempting them from the trial by martial law, and their guilt appearing beyond a doubt, the officers had them bound together, and taken to *D. Sands'* house, informing him their lives were at his mercy, and he was to determine their sentence; upon which, he gave them suitable advice, and then forgave them, and as they were weary with long travelling, he ordered them comfortable refreshment. At this time, his wife, observing one of the men, said, "Thou art he that shot at us." Her husband made answer, "He has been told before." *David Sands* was informed the officer could not be pardoned, as the punishment of such a crime was death to him who should have been an example to his men. But *David* being very solicitous to preserve his life, asked if nothing could be done to release him from that punishment? They informed him there was but one way, which was for him to desert the regiment, which was permitted. They likewise said, some punishment must be inflicted upon some of the men, to deter others from the like practices. Therefore, some of them underwent a slight flogging.

Several years after this occurrence, *D. Sands* was travelling upon a religious

visit, and after appointing a public meeting, a person came up to him and begged his pardon. He was indeed going to kneel upon his knees, but *David* prevented him, saying, he thought he was not the person he meant, as he had no knowledge of him. But the man confessed he was one of those concerned in pillaging *David's* house, and was one of the two who deserted to avoid discovery; and that he had not been easy in his mind since, but hoped he should meet with forgiveness. *D. S.* told him it was not of his power to forgive sins, but he hoped the Almighty would forgive him, as he had done. The man informed him the other person was at a short distance off, who came to *David* attired as a friend, asking his excuse, and confessing his crime, desiring him at the same time, as a confirmation of his entire forgiveness, to go with him to his house, telling him he had married a young woman of the society, but said he had not had true peace of mind since they had done him that injury. *David* consented to go, and found it as he had said, his wife being reinstated in the society, and himself on the point of being received as a member.

Arminian Magazine, 1808.

REFLECTIONS.

On the the subject of presentiment and extraordinary impressions, the remarks of the celebrated *Sturm*, as translated by *Dr. Adam Clark*, deserve attention.—Among other things he observes, "The faculty which our souls have of foresight manifests itself, by such extraordinary effects, that it must strike us with astonishment. Without being able to account for the way in which we foresee a future event, we have notwithstanding an idea more or less clear of it. Presentiments take place chiefly in the silence of the night, in sleep, and in dreams. At such times, man is often raised above himself; the veil which covers futurity is drawn from before his eyes, without his knowing how it was done; and he can speak of future events, while he is scarcely able to see those which pass before his eyes.

A multitude of facts prove beyond a doubt, that the soul has the faculty of sometimes foreseeing the future: and he must have a slight acquaintance with nature, who would deny a thing, merely because it appears extraordinary or inexplicable. History is so full of examples

of this, that we cannot possibly deny them all. Few persons have arrived at mature age without having had some presentiments. Why should we consider it as a thing impossible, that the soul should be informed of future events. In the universe there are millions of intelligencies superior to man, who may reveal to him some part of futurity.

But however obscure and inexplicable the cause of presentiment may be, it is enough for us to know that it may contribute in a direct or indirect manner to our happiness. At one time it may warn us of our approaching danger: at another time, it announces some pleasing and happy event. In both cases this presentiment may be very advantageous to us: we have only to take care that this faculty of our soul become not our torment, but that it serve, on the contrary, to establish and increase our tranquility. We must particularly guard against all superstition: we must not trust too much to these *presentiments*, nor draw rash conclusions from them. They must not lead us to neglect the performance of any duty; and, we must never forget, that God, alone, deserves all our confidence!" Thus far our valuable author.

Let infidels, and all their first cousins,

pour their contempt on the Society of the Friends, yet I will honour them, for they are worthy of being honoured. In this, and in the other cases, which respect this valuable part of the community, there is full proof that he who inhabiteth the praises of eternity, has often communed with their spirits, in such a manner, as proved, that they were not only friends with each other, and the friends of mankind, but above all, the friends of God.

BONY HANDS.

Written by *Mr. M.* to one of his friends, Translated from the Encyclopedie Methodique, Article, Encyclopediana, page 129.

"Dear Friend,"

I am about to trust you with a dreadful secret, which I can tell only to yourself. The marriage of *Miss de Vildac* with the young *Sainville*, took place yesterday. Being one of the neighbours, I was obliged to attend. You know *Mr. de Vildac*; he

has an ominous physiognomy, which I have always suspected. I observed yesterday, that far from taking part in the festivity of the occasion, or in the happiness of his daughter and son in law, the general joy was insupportable to him.

When the hour of retirement came, I was conducted to an apartment below the great tower. I had but just fallen asleep, when awakened by a dull noise over my head; I listened, and heard the step of a person dragging chains along, and who descended slowly some steps. One of the doors of my chamber was open—the noise of the chains advanced—the person who dragged them entered, and advanced towards the chimney. There were a few fire-brands half extinguished, which he put together, and having made a little fire, he said, with a sepulchral voice, "Ah! how long a time since I got myself warmed" I assure you my dear friend, I began to be afraid—I snatched my sword to defend myself, and opening the curtains gently, I perceived by the light of the brands, the appearance of an old man, half naked, reduced to mere skin and bone, with a bald head, and white beard, attempting to warm his bony hands at the half extinguished fire. The sight affected me much. While I was viewing him, the wood emitted a small flame, he turned his

eyes towards the door, by which he entered, then fixed them on the floor, and abandoned himself to the most extraordinary grief: a moment after, he fell on his knees, and beat his head against the floor; between his sobs, I heard him utter. "My God! oh, my God!" At that instant, my curtains, made some noise; he turned with terror, and cried out, "Is there any body there? Is there any person in that bed?" "Yes, (cried I) but who are you?" His sobs hindered him from speaking, he made a sign with his hand that his voice failed him. At last he grew calm. "I am (said he) the most wretched of men, and perhaps, I should say no more, did not the pleasure of seeing one of my own species, (after so many years, in which I have seen no person) oblige me: fear nothing, come and sit by me at this chimney; have pity on me, it will soften my woes to relate them to you."

The terror with which I had been seized, gave place to a flood of compassion: I arose, went and sat down by him. That mark of confidence affected him.—He grasped my hand, and wet it with his tears. "Generous man (said he) begin by satisfying my curiosity; tell me, why you lodge in this apartment? which is never inhabited? What is the meaning of the noise which I have heard this morning?

What extraordinary thing has happened to day in the castle?" When I told him of the marriage of the daughter of *Vildac*, he lifted his hands towards heaven, and exclaimed, "*Vildac* has a daughter! She is married! Great God, make her happy. Grant, especially, that she may never know the crime. Learn then, Sir, who I am. You speak to the father of *Vildac*." "What! the cruel *Vildac*?" "But, Sir, have I a right to complain of him? should I accuse him?" "What, (cried I, with astonishment) *Vildac* is your son! the monster detains you here; and has you loaded with chains."

"Behold (said he) what base self-interest can produce,—the hard and ferocious heart of my unhappy son, has never felt any kind emotion—insensible to friendship, he has rendered himself deaf even to the cries of nature; and, to seize my possessions, he has loaded me with chains. He went one day, to the house of a neighbouring lord, who had lost his father; he found him encompassed by his vassals, receiving his rents, and disposing of his crops. That sight produced an awful effect on the mind of *Vildac*. The thirst to enjoy his patrimony had for a long time devoured him. I remarked, at his return, that he had a more gloomy, and distracted air than common. A fortnight after, three men, with

masks, seized me, stripped me of every thing, and lodged me in this tower; I know not how *Villac* managed to spread abroad the news of my death, but I soon understood, from the noise of bells, and funeral dirges, that they celebrated my interment. The idea of that ceremony, plunged me into the deepest distress. I asked, uselessly, to see *Villac*. Those who brought me my bread, doubtless, considered me as some criminal, doomed to perish in that tower. It is twenty years since I was put here. Perceiving this morning, that those who brought me my bread, had neglected to secure my door, I waited for the night to profit by it. I do not desire to escape; but the liberty of stepping a few paces farther, is something to a prisoner." "No! (said I) you shall leave this wretched abode! Heaven has designed me to be your defender; your support; your guide. "Alas (said he, after a moment's silence) this kind of solitude has greatly changed my principles and ideas; all is but opinion. At present, seeing I have inured myself to the most wretched situation, why should I quit it for another? What, should I go to do in the world? The die is cast. I will expire in this tower." "Do you think of such a thing, (said I) we have but a moment. The day advances. Let us lose no time: Come away." "Your zeal, affects me,

(replied he) but I have so few days to live, that liberty has few charms for me. Should I go to enjoy it, and dishonour my son? Alas! It is he who has dishonored himself. But what evil has his daughter done me? That young innocent. Shall I go to cover her with infamy? Ah, would to God that I could see her, and sprinkle her with my tears, and grasp her in my arms! But my wishes are useless; I shall never see her. Adieu. The day approaches, our conversation may be overheard. I must go and enter my prison." "No, (said I) stopping him) I will not suffer you. Confinement has enfeebled your mind; it is my part to furnish you with courage. We will examine afterwards, whether you should be made known. At present, let us escape. I offer you my castle, my credit, my fortune. You shall not be known, if you please; the crime of *Vildac* shall be hidden from all the world. What do you fear?" "Nothing (said he) I am penetrated with gratitude; I admire you; but all is useless; I cannot follow you." "You will not then choose: I will go immediately to the Governor of the province, I will tell him who you are; and we will come with an armed force, and snatch you from the barbarism of your son." "See that you do not disclose my secret. Leave me to die here, I am a monster unworthy of the light. There is a crime which I

must expiate, and one the most infamous and the most horrible. Turn your eyes hither, see the blood, the traces of which, are on the boards, and on the wall. This is the blood of *my father*, whom I assassinated; I wished, like *Vildac?* Ah, I see him still! he stretches out his bloody arms to prevent me. He falls! O horrible appearance! O, despair.

In the mean time, the old man threw himself upon the floor, and tore his hair; he fell into terrible convulsions; I saw that he could no longer turn his eyes towards me; I was as if petrified. After some moments silence, we thought we heard a noise; the day began to appear; he rose up; "You are penetrated with horror, (said he) Adieu! fly from me, I will ascend into my tower, to come out of it no more for ever." I remained without motion or speech. Every thing in the castle inspired me with horror. I got out of it immediately. I am now going to live on one of my other estates. I can neither bear to see *Vildac*, nor remain here. O, my friend, how is it possible that human nature can produce such monsters, and such crimes.

This matter happened in Provence, in the beginning of the present century. Before we printed the account, we took

care to disguise the names. *Morale en action.*

The above account was published by *Mr. C. Panckoucke*, in 1791, the Editor of the *Encyclopædie Methodique*. A man of considerable literary eminence and respectability, before, and since the Revolution.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

London, April 9, 1798.

Arminian Magazine, 1790.

REFLECTIONS.

Mr. Vildac had an *ominous physiognomy*; and it was but too faithful an index of his mind. But though the face is often a book, in which is written the dispositions of the soul, yet, owing to the difficulty there is found in learning to read it, and the frequent mistakes which occur, we should be much on our guard, lest we ourselves are deceived; and worthy persons deeply injured. There may be good accommodations in the house, though the sign be but badly painted.

Well might the *general joy be insupportable to him*, whom guilt had rendered insupportable to himself. The opiates of pleasure, interest, and irreligion, may, for a while, put the conscience

to rest; but, "At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

To what dreadful calamities are we exposed, and how deeply some drink of the bitter cup to what others do. What can be more affecting than the view before us. Here is a spectacle, and here is a tale of woe. *I am, said he, the most wretched of men.* Do I suffer privations, I will remember this man of misery, and be thankful that it is no worse with me: and above all, and before all, adore God for the great salvation of Jesus Christ, that only Catholicon; that universal remedy for human misery.

Yes, unhappy man, *it will soften thy woes to relate them.* It is well to unbosom ourselves, and tell out our sorrows; for it takes off the sharp edge, and blunts the points of our sufferings. Griefs untold are a fever, which drink up the soul. Happy they, who have God in Christ for their friend; and make use of him as such: "I found trouble and sorrow, then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul."

"*I arose, went, and sat down by him.*" Son of humanity, thou didst well to open thine ears to his sorrows, and

mingle tears with the sufferer. Thine was not an heart, which if felt, was cold as ice, and hard as marble. Thy kindness was a ray of light, which, for a moment, illumined this cell of misery; and showed thee to this wretched one, as a man worthy of thy kind. Yes, my Saviour, I am reminded, that thou art touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Thy compassions irradiate the gloom, and wipe away the tears, incident to pilgrim's passing through the vale of life.

Let us here behold in *Vitalus*, the fatal fruits of an avaricious mind, "*The thirst to enjoy his patrimony, had for a long time devoured him.*" This is not to be indulged, but guarded against. It is a poisonous root of quick growth. It has brought many to an untimely and disgraceful end. O Covetousness! Thou fever of inordinate desire; Thou grave of Humanity, Justice, and Religion, with thy greedy desire of riches and gain, thou piercest thyself, and others, through and through with sorrows. Here thou hast thy portion, yet must soon be torn away from it; but, hereafter, thou hast no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, and of God. Ephes. v. 5.

But, why does not this aged sufferer fly? the means of escape and security are

at hand. O, earth, earth, hear the confession! That hoary headed sinner, embrued his hands in a father's blood. "*This*, (he says) *is the blood of* MY *father whom I assassinated.*" No, he cannot fly, he is God's prisoner, held in the chains of retaliation unto the judgment of the great day.

Deluded, unhappy man; thou man horrible for wickedness, thy hope to expiate thy crimes by personal sufferings, is altogether vain. God does not require thee to make an atonement for thy sin; nor to work out a righteousness for thy acceptance with him. Such a principle would be subversive of the gospel. It would render useless, the unknown agonies, and sacrificial death of Christ Jesus, the great high priest of our profession. O, had the voice of a messenger, one of a thousand, been heard warning this most atrocious offender, of his fatal error, and directing him to plead nothing, but the expiatory death of Jesus, for forgiveness and heaven; and had he listened to these good tidings, he would have been found numbered among those Jerusalem, scarlet, crimson sinners, who, though they killed the Prince of Life, yet. in this way, became white as wool, and as snow. O marvellous! matchless transformation! Who then, need for a moment to despair.

THE ILLUMINATI.

In the select, and posthumous works of the celebrated *Mr. de la Harpe*, of the French Academy, who was once a most confirmed infidel, but afterwards from examination, a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, is the following relation; equally extraordinary in its nature, and striking in its contents.

" It appears to me (says *Mr. de la Harpe*) as if it were but yesterday; and it was, nevertheless, in the beginning of the year 1788; we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained, and at the desert, the wines of Malvoisiè, and the Cape, added to the natural gaiety, of a good company, that kind of social freedom, which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that would produce mirth. *Chamfort* had been reading some of his impious and libertine tales, and the fine ladies had heard them, without once making use of their fans. A deluge of

pleasantries on religion then succeeded; one gave a quotation from *Pucelle d' Orleans*; another recollected, and applauded the philosophical distich of *Diderot.*

> Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre,
> Serrez le cou du dernier roi.
>
> And of the last Priest's entrails form the string
> Around the neck of the last king.

A third rises, and with a bumper in his hand, "Yes, gentlemen, (he exclaims) I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that *Homer* is a fool." The conversation, afterwards, took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the Revolution, which *Voltaire* had produced; and they all agreed, that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. "He has given the *ton* to his age, and has contrived to be read in the anti-chamber, as well as in the drawing-room." One of the company mentioned, and almost burst with laughter at the circumstance, that his hair-dresser had said, while he was powdering him, "Look you, Sir, though I am nothing but a poor journeyman barber, I have no more religion than another man." It was concluded, that the Revolution would be soon consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism, to give place to philosophy.

The probability of this epoch, was then calculated, and which of the company present would live to see the *reign of Reason*. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying such a pleasure; while the younger part rejoiced, in the expectation that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand work, and being, at the same time, the strong, the centre, and the moving principle of freedom of thought.

There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delights of this conversation; he had even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm. It was *Cazotte*, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but, unfortunately, infatuated with the reveries of the *Illuminati*. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, (said he) be satisfied, you will all see this grand and sublime Revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat, that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, "*It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretell that.*" "Agreed, (he replied) but, perhaps, it may be necessary to be something more,

respecting what I am now going to tell you. Have you any idea of what will result from this *Revolution*? What will happen to yourselves, to every one of you now present; what will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?" Oh, (said *Condorcet*), with his silly and saturnine laugh, let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet." "You, *Condorcet*, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon; you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the executioner: of poison, which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you."

At first, there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment; but it was soon recollected, that *Cazotte* was in the habit of dreaming, while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever. "*M. Cazotte*, the tale which you have just told, is not so pleasant as your *Diable amoureux*. But what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head? What can these spirits have in common with *Philosophy, and the Reign of Reason*?" "That (he replied) is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of Philosophy, of Humanity, and of Liberty; it will be under the reign of

Reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then, indeed, be the reign of Reason; for she will have temples erected to her honour. Nay, throughout France, there will be no other places of public worship, but the Temples of Reason." "In faith, (said *Chamfort*, with one of his sarcastic smiles) "you will not, however, be an officiating priest in any of these temples." "I hope not; but you—*M. Chamfort*, you will be well worthy of that distinction: for you will cut yourself across the veins with twenty-two strokes of a razor, and will, nevertheless, survive the attempt for some months." They all looked at him, and continued to laugh. "You, *M. Vicq. d' Azyr*, you will not open your veins yourself, but you will order them to be opened six times in one day, during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose, and you will die during the night." "As for you, *M. de Nicolai*, you will die on the scaffold, and so *M. Bailly* will you; and so will you. *M. Malesherbes*." "O heavens! (said *Roucher*) it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy: he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it; now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy." "You will die, also, on the scaffold." "Oh, (it was universally exclaimed) he has sworn to extermi-

nate all of us." "No, it is not me who has sworn it." "Are we then to be subjugated by Turks, and Tartars?" "By no means; I have already told you, that you will be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour, will deliver all your maxims, and will quote you, as you have done *Diderot* and the *Pucelle*." "O, (it was whispered) the man is out of his senses;" for, during the whole of the conversation, his features never underwent the least change. "O, no, (said another) you must perceive that he is laughing at us; for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries." "Yes, (answered *Chamfort*) the marvellous, with him, is never enlivened with gaiety. He always looks as if he were going to be hanged. But when will all this happen?" "Six years will not have passed away, before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

"Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles, it was myself (says *M. de la Harpe*, who now spoke) and you set me down for nothing." "You will yourself be a miracle, as extraordinary as any which I have told. You will then be a *Christian*."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. "Ah, (replied *Chamfort*) all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish, till *La Harpe* becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

"As for us women, (said the *Dutchess de Grammont*, it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these Revolutions. Not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood, that in such cases, we are to be left to ourselves. Our sex ——" "Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in these times. It will make no difference whatever, whether you interfere or not. You will be treated precisely as the men; no distinction will be made between you." "But what does all this mean, *M. Cazotte?* You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world." "I know no more about that, my *Lady Dutchess*, than yourself; but this, I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you." "I hope, Sir, that in such a case, I shall be allowed, at least, a coach, hung with black." "No, Madam, you will not have that indulgence; ladies of higher rank than you, will be drawn in a cart, as you will be: with their hands tied as your's will be, and to the same fate

as that to which you are destined." "Ladies of higher rank than myself! What, Princesses of the blood!" "Greater still."

Here, there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion, wore a very grave and solemn aspect; it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried rather too far. *Madame de Grammont*, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, "*You see he will not even leave me a confessor.*" "No, Madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold, who will be allowed a confessor, as the greatest of favours, will be ———." Here he paused for a moment. "And who, then, is the happy mortal, who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative?" "It is the only one which will be left to him; it will be the King of France."

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced towards *M. Cazotte*, and said to him in an affecting and impressive tone, "My dear *M. Cazotte*, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits. You carry

it too far; even to the compromising the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them." *Cazotte* made no answer, and was preparing to retire: when *Madame de Grammont*, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gaiety among them, advanced towards him, and said, "My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own." After a few minutes silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, "Madam, (he replied) have you read the Siege of Jerusalem, as related by *Josephus*." "To be sure I have, and who has not? but you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it." "Then you must know, Madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man, for seven successive days, went round the ramparts of that city, in the sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice, "*Woe to Jerusalem!* and on the seventh day, he cried, *Woe to Jerusalem, and to myself!* at that very moment, an enormous stone, thrown by the machines of the enemy, dashed him in pieces."

"*M. Cazotte* then made his bow, and retired."

Such, Sir, is the extraordinary paper

which *M. de la Harpe* left behind him. I have observed, in the beginning, that the Editor of his works, makes no remarks upon it; neither shall I venture to offer any; but you, who are so well acquainted with the events of the last twenty-five years, cannot fail to know, that the whole of the predictions here ascribed to *M. Cazotte*, were literally fulfilled.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the Arminian Magazine.

REFLECTIONS.

By the spirit and conduct of this French philosophic assemblage, we are reminded of the ancient epicurean maxim, "*Let us eat and drink*, take all the pleasure we can, *for to-morrow we die*," and there's an end of us for ever. Thus man, formed with capacities for perpetual improvement; formed for far greater happiness than he can enjoy in the present world; Man, the subject of a strong desire of immortality, and feeling an internal consciousness that he is immortal, is, according to these groveling, mean spirited philosophers, to be honoured at last, with the burial of an ass: and, the lamp within, lighted up for eternity, is to be blown out with their putrid, pestilential

blast. From these epicurean and sepulchral notions, which poison with their infectious, and fatal stench, we turn to evangelical sentiments, which present a paradise; and which are more sweet than odoriferous gales, wafted from the spicy shores. Hear them,

"Live, while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live, while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
"Lord, in my views, let both united be;
"I live in pleasure, when I live to thee."

These excellent lines, written by *Dr. Doddridge*, on the motto to the arms of his family, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," in *Dr. Johnson's* opinion, constituted one of the finest epigrams in the English language.

This epicurean; this atheistical scheme, is not only shocking as to its nature, but every way injurious as to its tendency The following instance, recorded by *Mr. Buck* in his anecdotes, is a confirmation of it. "A servant who waited at the table of *Mr. M*—— often hearing this subject brought forward, at last, became as great an adept in these atheistical principles as his master; and being thoroughly convinced, that for any

of his misdeeds, he should have no after account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily, he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "I have heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but you rascal, (replied *Mallet*) had you no fear of the gallows?" "Sir, (said the fellow) looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you? if I had a mind to venture that, you had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?"

It is no wonder the Parisian ladies *did not use their fans*, when a christian female would have had all the crimson instantly called up into her face; for those ladies were infidels: and infidelity is the consumption of virgin purity; and the grave of female delicacy. Broken hearted parents, polluted daughters, debauched wives, and abandoned husbands, shew what the voluptuous infidel is when admitted into a a family.

In this scene of French gaiety, the genius, or rather the demon of infidelity, stood unmasked; and was beheld thirsting equally for the *immolation of the minister of religion, and the sovereign of the people.* Its votaries were then, and would now be, guilty of any crime that suited their convenience and inclination. Serpents, in their guile; and tigers, in their cruelty.

"*Diderot's distich was recollected and applauded.*" Judge of its sublimity and humanity!

"And of the last Priest's entrails form the string,
"Around the neck of the last King."

This was a quotation, which exhibited the originality of a monster; and was most admirably suited to the taste of a company of infidels, whose principles and practices turned Paris, into a Tyburn; and Europe, into a slaughter-house.

"*The deluge of pleasantries on religion, and the bursts of laughter against it,*" did no honor to their characters, as rational beings, who were shortly to lay down their heads and die. They were a deep reflection on their understanding, because the religion of the bible, breathing forth good will to man, is

no more a proper subject for the wild uproar of licentious merriment, than would be the strangling of a wise and benevolent man, because his enemies had placed a fool's cap upon his head; and dressed him up in a harlequin's jacket.

As to that son of Bacchus, with the bumper in his hand, who exclaims, "*I am as sure that there is no God, as that Homer is a fool;*" his bolt is soon shot; for though *Homer* were proved a fool, there yet might, and would be a God. He need excite no surprise, unless it be, that what a fool of old only said in his heart, he, the greater fool, has uttered with his lips. If this man ever was an eagle, capable of gazing on the sun, sceptical, and licentious notions, have transformed him into an owl; and now, rolling his eyes, amid the blaze of day, he hates the sun, because he cannot bear the splendour of its beams.

We need not be surprized, that "*Mons. Cazotte, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but one of the French illuminati,*" should utter such astonishing and fearful predictions, and which received as astonishing, and as fearful an accomplishment; for, even Balaam, the covetous soothsayer, was over-ruled by God, to foretel the prosperity, advance-

ment, and victories of Israel, the destruction of nations, and the kingdom of Christ. God, who reigns every where, without being confined to place; who is in all, and above all, *works* where, and by whom he will—employing all, and being accountable to none. Deny him this, and he ceases to be a God.

But we must not overlook this *Revolution* in religious sentiments; this pretended *age of reason*, so vauntingly spoken of, *as forming the brightest ray of Voltaire's glory*. Bring forth, then, the ballances. In worth, it is lighter than a feather. Exhibit the scales high to view; it is, in mischief, ponderous dross. Speak, historic truth, for thou hast both heard and seen. What sayest thou? It has, in its effects, eclipsed the sun of royalty; it has torn the priestly vest; shut up the temples of antichrist, and of Christ; it has shaken the nations; disorganized the political, and deranged the moral world; and would have shut man out of heaven, and God out of the universe.

THE QUAKER THE PRESERVER.

Mr. Editor,

In the Methodist Magazine, for this year, page 74, I recollect reading a very interesting anecdote respecting *David Sands;* and as the following refers to the same person, and is well authenticated, it may be perused by some of your numerous readers, if you judge it proper for insertion in your useful and esteemed miscellany. Serious persons take a peculiar pleasure in hearing, or reading any singular occurrence, that tends to display the attributes of God in creation, providence, or grace, and, perhaps, there are few circumstances which occur, wherein the divine goodness is more discernable, than in the following:—The person who communicated this anecdote to me, had his information from another person, but being himself afterwards, in company with *David Sands*, he took occasion to relate what he had heard, and requested to know whether it was true; and the reply he received, was a confirmation of the whole. I am,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

JAMES EVERETT.

Belper, Dec. 29, 1808.

" Some years ago, ***David Sands***, and two others of the friends; or people called Quakers, were travelling in the North of England; and as they passed through a village, consisting of a few scattered houses, ***David Sands*** told his fellow travellers, that it was impressed upon his mind, to remain in that village to keep a meeting. His companions remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to point out the impracticability of it; and, in order to prevail upon him to relinquish his design, they informed him, that the people were much engaged with the harvest, in consequence of which, the meeting, if held, must be late, and few or none would attend. But ***D. S.*** being well acquainted with the operations of the spirit of God upon the mind, and firm to what he conceived was his duty, was unmoved by the arguments advanced; he therefore, replied, " However late the meeting may be, or however few may attend, I cannot be free in my mind, to pass through this village without calling the people together." On his companions observing his firmness, they yielded, and directed their course towards a small house, and when they arrived at the door, they requested accommodations for themselves and their horses, informing the people, at the same time, that they would make them a suitable recompence for their trouble.

The request was immediately complied with, and the result of that compliance, was a kind reception, and an hospitable entertainment. When the people of the house were apprized of the design of their guests, they made every necessary preparation for the meeting, while *D. S.* and his companions, went and gave notice to the villagers respecting it; at the time appointed, several attended, and after some time had elapsed in silence, *D. S.* arose, and addressed the company; the manner in which he delivered his address, was sufficient to excite surprize and enquiry in every breast. He informed his hearers, that it was impressed upon his mind, that a person among them had the instruments of death about him, and that the same person had prepared them for his own destruction. After thus pointing out the evil itself, he then exhorted the person to desist from his awful design, and warned him of the fatal consequences which would most assuredly follow such an attempt. He also informed the people, that, although he did not know the individual person, yet he was as much pursuaded of the truth of what he asserted, by his inward eye, or the eye of his mind, as though he had seen the instruments with the eyes of his body.

While he was thus enlarging upon the

deed, which he was pursuaded the person was going to perpetrate, an individual was observed to weep, and those around suspected him to be the person. *D. S.* concluded the whole with a suitable exhortation to the company at large, and left many under serious impressions. When the meeting was concluded, the person who was observed to weep, came up to *David Sands*, drew a brace of pistols from his pocket, told him that he had prepared them for his own destruction; and that he intended to put an end to his existence that same night; but on hearing there would be a meeting of the friends, he thought he would attend; and as he supposed, there would be no one to speak, he judged he could sit and meditate without interruption, concerning the best means to accomplish his design. He also informed him, that as soon as the instruments of death were mentioned, he was struck with terror, and that it was certainly the hand of God for good to his soul. He affirmed too, that *David Sands* must have known his design by Divine revelation, as he had not communicated it to a single individual.

REFLECTIONS.

"I have the happiness to add, thatthe horrid deed of suicide was not only pre

vented, but the man was convinced of sin, became serious, and Satan was deprived of his expected prey. How can the sneering patrons of infidelity account for this? Both an extraordinary influence of the Holy Spirit, and a particular providence appear visible; the former, in the circumstance being revealed to *David Sands;* and the latter, in snatching the poor deluded man from endless ruin. And if God, in particular cases, reveals to his servants certain circumstances at this period, is it a thing incredible that holy men of God, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, in early times?"

DEATH OF HUME.

The account of the closing part of *Mr. Hume's* life has long been very well known to the public; but we are inclined to print it once more, as exhibiting what would probably be admitted, and even cited by infidels, as an example of the noblest and most magnanimous deportment in the prospect of death, that it is possible for any of their class to maintain; an example

indeed, which very few of them ever in their serious moments, dare promise themselves to equal; though they may, like *Mr. Richie*, deem it in the highest degree enviable. It may be taken as quite their apostolic specimen, standing parallel in their history, to the instance of St. Paul, in the records of the Christians, "I have fought a good fight, &c. *Mr. Hume* had visited Bath, but was returning to Scotland, under an increase of his fatal malady. At this period, however, his cheerfulness never forsook him. He wrote letters to his literary friends, informing them of his intention to be at Edinburgh on a certain day, and inviting them to dine with him on the day following. It was a kind of farewell dinner; and among those who came to partake of the hospitality of the dying historian, were *Lord Elibank*, *Dr. Smith*, *Dr. Blair*, *Professor Ferguson*, and *John Home*,

At his return to Edinburgh, *Mr. Hume*, though extremely debilitated by disease, went abroad at times in a sedan chair, and called on his friends: but his ghastly looks indicated the rapid approach of death. He diverted himself with correcting his works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and sometimes in the evening with a party at his favorite

game of whist. His facetiousness led him to indulge occasionally in the bagatelle. Among other verbal legacies, in making which he amused himself, the following whimsical one has been related. The author of *Douglas* is said to have a mortal aversion to Port wine, and to have had frequent disputes with the historian about the manner of spelling his name. Both these circumstances, were often the subject of *Mr. Hume's* raillery; and he verbally bequeathed to the poet, a quantity of port wine, on condition that he should always drink a bottle at a sitting, and give a receipt for it under the signature of *John Hume.*

Dr. Smith has recorded an instance of *Mr. Hume's* sportive disposition; and it also shews the placidity of his mind, notwithstanding the prospect of speedy dissolution. *Colonel Edmonstone* came to take leave of him; and, on his way home, he could not forbear writing *Hume* a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him the French verses, in which the *Abbè Chaulieu*, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the *Marquis de la Fare. Dr. Smith* happened to enter the room while *Mr. Hume* was reading the letter; and, in the course of the conversation, it gave rise to, *Mr. Hume*

expressed the satisfaction he had in leaving his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in prosperous circumstances. This he said, he felt so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, *Lucian's* Dialogues of the Dead, he could not, among all the excuses which are alleged to *Charon*, for not readily entering into his boat, find one that fitted him. He had no house to finish; he had no daughter to provide for; he had no enemies, upon whom he wished to revenge himself—"I could not well imagine (said he) what excuse I could make to *Charon*, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do, I could at no time expect to leave my relations, and friends, in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I, therefore, have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself (says *Dr. Smith*,) with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to *Charon*, and in imagining the very surly answers, which it might suit the character of *Charon* to return to them." "Upon consideration, (said he) "I thought I might say to him, "Good *Charon*, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alteration." But *Charon* would answer, "when you see the effect of these, you will

be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so honest friend please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience good *Charon*: I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But *Charon* would then lose all patience and decency: "You loitering rogue that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue."

The hour of his departure had now arrived. His decline being gradual, he was in his last moments, perfectly sensible, and free from pain. He shewed not the slightest indication of impatience or fretfulness, but conversed with the people around him, in a tone of mildness, and affection; and his whole conduct evinced a happy composure of mind. On Sunday the 25th of August, 1776, about four o'clock in the afternoon, this great and amiable man expired. p. p. 298—301.

"On this most remarkable exhibition, we think there was room for the biographer to have made several observations: as,

First, supposing a certainty of the final cessation of conscious existence at death, this indifference to life, if it was not affected (which indeed we suppose it to have been in part) was an absurd undervaluation of a possession, which almost all rational creatures, that have not been extremely miserable, have held most dear, and which is in its own nature most precious. To be a conscious agent, exerting a rich combination of wonderful faculties, to feel an infinite variety of pleasureable sensations and emotions, to contemplate all nature, to extend an intellectual presence to indefinite ages of the past and future, to possess a perenial spring of ideas, to run infinite lengths of enquiry, with the delight of exercise and fleetness, even when not with the satisfaction of full attainment, and to be a lord over inanimate matter, compelling it to an action, and an use altogether foreign to its nature; to be all this, is a state so stupendously different from that of being simply a piece of clay,

that to be quite easy and complacent in the immediate prospect of passing from the one to the other, is a total inversion of all reasonable estimates of things, it is a renunciation, we do not say of sound philosophy, but of common sense. The certainty that the loss will not be felt after it has taken place, will but little sooth a man of unperverted mind, in considering what it is that he is going to lose.

2. The jocularity of the philosopher, was contrary to good taste. Supposing that the expected loss were not according to a grand law of nature, a cause for melancholy and desperation, but that the contentment were rational; yet, the approaching transformation, was, at all events, to be regarded as a very grave, and very strange event, and, therefore, jocularity was totally incongruous with the anticipation of such an event: a grave and solemn feeling was the only one that could be in unison with the contemplation of such a change. There was, in this instance, the same incongruity which we should impute to a writer, who should mingle buffoonery, in a solemn crisis of the drama, or with the most momentous event of a history. To be in harmony with his situation, in his own view of that situation, the expressions of the dying philosopher, were required to be dignified;

and, if they were in any degree vivacious, the vivacity ought to have been rendered graceful, by being accompanied with the noblest efforts of the intellect, of which, the efforts were going to cease for ever. The low vivacity of which we have been reading, seems but like the quickening corruption of a mind, whose faculty of perception is putrifying, and dissolving even before the body. It is true, that good men, of a high order, have been known to utter pleasantries in their last hours. But these have been pleasantries of a fine ethereal quality, the scintillations of animated hope, the high pulsations of mental health, the involuntary movements of a spirit, feeling itself free, even in the grasp of death, the natural springs and boundings of faculties, on the point of obtaining a still much greater, and a boundless liberty. These had no resemblance to the low and laboured jokes of our philosopher; jokes, so laboured, as to give strong cause for suspicion, after all, that they were of the same nature, and for the same purpose, as the expedient of a boy, on passing through some gloomy place in the night, whistles to lessen his fear, or to pursuade his companion that he does not feel it.

3. Such a manner of meeting death was inconsistent with the scepticism, to

which *Hume* was always found to avow his adherence. For that scepticism necessarily acknowledged a possibility and chance, that the religion which he had scorned, might be found true, and might, in the moment after his death, glare upon him with all its terrors. But how dreadful to such a reflecting mind, would have been the smallest chance of meeting such a vision! Yet, our philosopher could be cracking his heavy jokes, and *Dr. Smith*, could be much diverted at the sport.

4. To a man who solemnly believes the truth of revelation, and, therefore, the threatenings of divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle, [illegible] sun ever shone upon. We have beheld a man of great talents, and invincible perseverance, entering on his career with the profession of an impartial inquiry after truth, met at every stage and step by the evidences and expostulations of religion, and the claims of his Creator, but devoting labours to the pursuit of fame, and the promotion of impiety, at length acquiring and accomplishing, as he declared himself, all he had intended and desired, and descending toward the close of life, amidst tranquillity, widely extended reputation, and the homage of the great and learned. We behold him appointed soon to appear

before that judge to whom he had never alluded, but with entire malice or contempt; yet, preserving, to appearance, an entire self-complacency, idly jesting about his approaching dissolution, and mingling, with these insane sports, his reference to the fall of "superstition," a term of which, the meaning is hardly ever dubious, when expressed by such men. We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to hear, the next moment, from the darkness in which he vanishes, the shriek of surprize and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance. On the whole globe there probably was not acting, at the time, so mournful a tragedy as that, of which the friends of *Hume* were the spectators, without being aware that it was any tragedy at all.

If that barbarous old *Charon* would have permitted a century or two more of life, it is probable that *Hume* would have been severely mortified in viewing the effect of his writings against "superstition," an effect so much less than his vanity no doubt secretly anticipated. Indeed his strictly philosophical works seem to fall into utter neglect. The biographer justly observes, that though, very acute, they are not very lucid or systematical in point of reasoning; and they have none of that eloquence, which sometimes continues to

interest the general reader, in works that are becoming superannuated in the schools of philosophy. Many of his shorter essays will allways be read with much advantage; but his history, we need not say, is the basis of permanent reputation; and it will perpetuate the moral, as well as the intellectual cast of his mind; it will shew a man indifferent to the welfare of mankind, contemptuous of the sublime feelings of moral and religious heroism, incapable himself of all grand and affecting sentiments, and constantly cherishing a consumate arrogance, though often under the semblance and language of philosophic moderation."

Eclectic Review, 1808.

THE COCK-FIGHTER IN DESPAIR.

Joseph M—ge of the parish of S—y, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, lived estranged from God, in a course of open rebellion and actual transgression against him, violating his law, trampling upon

his authority, and adding iniquity unto iniquity: walking in the ways of his evil heart, and in the sight of his eyes; not considering that for all these things, God would bring him into judgment; and that he was treasuring up for himself wrath, against the day of wrath; Satan having blinded his eyes, and hardened his heart. It may be necessary to observe here, that amongst other vices, he was much addicted to the brutal practice of *Cock-fighting*.

When he was nearly thirty years of age, it pleased God to afflict him with a violent fever, when there was little hope of his recovery. He now began to be alarmed; his conscience, which 'till this time, seemed to have been asleep, was roused; the fear of death was on every side, yea, the unutterable pangs of hell got hold of him, and the keenest sensibility of being exposed to eternal punishment constrained him to cry out in the bitterest anguish, not so much for the pardon of his sins, as to have his life spared; for the thought of dwelling with everlasting burnings, which was all he dreaded, was what he could not endure. "O, said he, that God would spare me a little longer. O that he would suffer me to live, that I may turn to him, and become *a new man*." Many such things as these he uttered, when he thought death was approaching near him, and its terrors took

hold on his mind, then he made the *most solemn vows and protestations* to forsake his wicked practices, and cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart, upon condition that he would raise him up again; promising to part with all his fighting cocks, and never to be guilty of any of those sins that he had formerly committed: but these resolutions were made in his own strength, and therefore came to nothing.

It pleased God to grant him a respite, and restore him in a great measure to his former health, when his vicious inclinations returned again, and his words proved like water spilt upon the ground, or like the morning clouds and early dew; for he seemed to have lost all sense of the horrors he had felt, and the engagements he had entered into; but God will not be mocked. The first time he went abroad, after his recovery, was to a place in the neighbourhood, where he had a batch of chickens, to appoint where they should be trained up for the purpose of fighting: but God met him in his way, and he was seized with a relapse of his disorder; his guilty horrors returned with redoubled violence, so that the last state of this miserable man was worse than the first: he had not the least glimmering of hope, but languishing in the most fearful torments, as though the flames of hell were already

kindled upon him, he constantly cried out, "Hell fire,—for ever!—hell fire,—for ever!" until he expired in the sharpest agonies.

REFLECTIONS.

"Thus died this sinner, with no other prospect than that of a certain fearful looking for of wrath, and fiery indignation to be showered upon him without measure or mitigation, throughout the countless ages of a never ending eternity. As the tree falls, so it lies; there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither all mankind are hastening. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living, sin avenging God; who, out of Christ, is a consuming fire. O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end, and cry for mercy before the door is shut."

Will's Register.

THE COCK-FIGHTER SAVED.

Robert Hazlem, a serious young man, on his way to Leeds, on a Sunday morning, in the month of January, **1779**, met with a brother collier, who formerly was his companion in iniquity. ***Robert***, after enquiring after his health, said, "Where are you going?" he replied, "to buy a cock—we are to have a match to morrow; (this being a favorite diversion among the colliers.) ***Hazlem*** said, "this is a bad errand any day, but much worse on a Sabbath; I wish you would go with me to Whitechapel. The Lord, who had a favor to the poor man, secretly inclined his heart to yield to the wish of his friend. ***Robert*** and he went. ***Mr. Edward's*** text was, Isaiah, iv. 2. "In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of Israel." When the sermon was over, ***Robert*** said, "How do you find yourself?" he replied, "I do not know how I find myself, but I feel I am one of the vilest sinners out of hell. ***Robert*** said, "I generally bring a bit of bread and cheese; and if you will stay, you shall have half of it for your dinner; to which he did not want pressing. In the afternoon ***Mr. E.*** addressed

himself to the worst of sinners, and encouraged them to come to Christ. The poor man wept bitterly, and said, he had a little gleam of hope that perhaps God might have mercy on his soul. His friend seeing him so deeply impressed, said, "if he had a mind to go with him to another place of worship in that town, he had heard *Mr. C*— spoken of as being a fine preacher. Accordingly, they went. *Mr. C——'s* subject was the healing of the lepers, under which, the poor man was much broken down. *Robert*, and his friend, went about a mile together, as far as their road lay, and they parted. How this poor man passed the night, we have not been able to learn; but he went to his work the next morning. His companions accosted him by saying, "Now, where is the cock?" He said, "I fought three such battles yesterday, as I never fought in my life. I have bought no cock, nor do I ever intend to fight again." "So, (some of them said) here's bonny (fine) to do! What's to become of our half guineas?" He answered, I will freely forfeit mine; (and then said) come lads, let us go down into the pit." One remarked, "*Come lads*, it used to be with a great oath, now it is only *come lads!* I'll lay a wager he has been to hear the methodists." The pit steward said, "I'll give thee a guinea, if thou dost not swear for a month;

but I'll bet thee a guinea thou'lt swear before the week is out. He was so much affected with this expression, and with the conviction of his own weakness, that he knelt down on the pit hill, and earnestly prayed that he might rather die instantly than be left to blaspheme that holy name, he had so much reverence for; and which he knew, if left to himself, he should blaspheme before night. His request was granted, for he died instantly, as soon as he had finished his prayer.

These two cases, respecting the cock-fighters, are extracted from a valuable work, entitled the *Register*, by my much respected friend, the *Rev. Mr. Wills*, who was a most valuable minister in the establishment; and laboured, with great success, in the county of Cornwall, and in various other parts of the kingdom.

REFLECTIONS.

When a man becomes a Christian, he cannot but *give up his former companions in iniquity*. This is the certain effect, if the fear of God be put into the heart: "for how can two walk together, except they be agreed?" This is true of God and the sinner—the sinner and the saint.

How *kind and prudent was the con-*

duct of *Haxlem*, to his former companion in iniquity. Sinners are to be treated not with anger or severity. Such conduct has been a source of much evil. They are to be dealt with faithfully; and are to be reasoned with, out of the scriptures, yet with gentleness and affection.

We see in the instance before us, what great encouragement we have to reason with, and to urge the wicked and the thoughtless to attend on the preaching of the gospel. In the case before us, and in innumerable instances, these means have been followed by the divine blessing. Should we fail in our attempts to save a soul from death, our love of souls will prove, that we ourselves have passed from death unto life. Paul did not merely apply argument to the reasoning faculty; but also applied persuasion to the passions, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men."

In the effect, wrought on the heart of this poor Collier, we see that the Gospel now, as well as in the days of the Apostles, is mighty through God. *Cock-fighting* that cruel sport—that element of savage barbarity, and that deep reflection on our rationality, was abandoned by the Collier when he became a Christian. Christianity and cruelty can no more amalgamate than

the iron and the clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image.

"*I'll lay a wager he has been to hear the Methodists.*" And what marvel? The most direct and efficacious way to impede the progress of pure and undefiled Religion, is to *misrepresent*, and make a *bugbear* of it. For shame, put away the tales of raw-head and bloody-bones about Methodism; or leave them to the nursery. Come out of this babyism of ridiculous prejudice. Think with the freedom, determine with the judgment, and act with that candour and justice, which dignifies a man in dealing with his fellow men; particularly, on so important a subject as Religion, compared with which, all other subjects, however excellent, are little more than a speck, scarcely visible, compared to the sun; or a grain of gold to an eternal weight of glory. Men, on subjects which respect theology, should see with their own eyes; and form their own determination. All that is needful to be said on the great change effected by methodism, on the present state, and on the future destiny of man, is contained in the Spanish proverb, "*Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.*"

See the purifying influence of faith. The collier believes the gospel report.

This begets veneration in his heart for God; and this veneration *cleanses his lips from those oaths*, which pollute the jockey, the bawd, and the blackguard. Of course, gentlemen, heroes, philosophers, and statesmen, should be out of the question. But it is not so. Their throats also, are an open sepulchre, exhaling the pestilential effluvia of vulgar profaneness. Yet not all; for some have too much regard to dignity and propriety thus to demean themselves. Whether gentlemen learnt profane swearing from the blackguards, or the blackguards from the gentlemen, is a point of chronology which I cannot settle. Yet one thing is plain; it is common to each. But christians cannot use the name of God lightly. They believe it to be a high and holy name; and therefore cannot but reverence it. They feel the weight of that authority, which enjoins, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain:*" and they tremble at the fearful sanction, "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

It was from God, the great and adorable author of all good, that the collier, now a penitent believer, derived that influential sense of his weakness, which made him tremble at the thought of being left to himself: and which caused him to pre-

fer immediate death to sin. A tender conscience, and a believing apprehension, that all our sufficiency is of God, are inestimable blessings. The poor man's prayer was heard, and he died, blessed in the Lord. His race was short, and his conflict soon over.

"*His prayer scarce ended, 'ere his praise begun.*" In some instances God cuts his work short in righteousness. Truly regenerated in his soul, from spiritual death; and fully justified in his state, from the legal death denounced on him in the law; the collier was, in all that was essential, prepared to meet his God. Such is the preparation, which the gospel requires; and such is the preparation, which the gospel alone can produce. May the infinite importance of this evangelical preparation, be deeply impressed on all who read, and on all who hear these well meant reflections.

THE FAMILY ALTAR REBUILT.

The following anecdote transcribed from the Weekly Instructor, having a happy effect on my own mind, as well as on the minds of many of my friends, I take the liberty of enclosing it, as I trust it will be instrumental in the hand of God, of encouraging heads of families, never to relinquish or neglect a duty which appears so universally attended with divine blessing. If you deem it worthy of a place in your highly valuable Miscellany, you will greatly oblige. Yours, &c.

H. NYE.

Tunbridge-Wells,
March 15, 1809.

" A pious tradesman, conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following highly instructive circumstance respecting himself. When I first began business for myself, I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer, accordingly, I persevered for many years, in the

delightful practice of domestic worship, morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered always to be present, nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years, the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous: the blessings of the upper, and the nether springs followed me, health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think, whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose, respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but, at length, worldly interest prevailed so far, as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long after, it was deemed adviseable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience, that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared with a hot iron,

when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms: but, judge of my surprize and confusion, when I read these words—"Oh, my dear master, never, never, shall I be able sufficiently to thank you, for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions: Oh, Sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learnt there. It was there that I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation; and there that I first experienced the preciousness of "Christ in me, the hope of glory." Oh, Sir! permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements: you have yet a family, and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls." I could read no farther, every line flashed condemnation in my face; I trembled, I shuddered. I was alarmed at the blood of my children, and my apprentices, that I apprehended were soon to be demanded at my soul-murdering hands.

Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret—I spread the letter before God—I agonized, and; but you can better conceive, than I can describe, my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, a sense of blood bought pardon was obtained, &c. &c. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord; and from that day to the present, I have been, and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion. Better to loose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul."

From the Instructor.

REFLECTIONS.

The determination of this pious tradesman *to erect the family Altar, immediately on his entering into business*, and to require the *strict attendance* of every domestic, when the morning and evening sacrifice were presented, was a determination, as honourable to his christian character, as it was salutary to his soul. Whatever sphere we may be called to fill, it is

of great advantage to be decided for God. By this method, we shall be at peace with ourselves, which is a matter of great concern; we shall escape many snares; and prevent or lessen much of that opposition, to which we are necessarily exposed, if we aim to live godly in Christ Jesus. Every one is ready to despise and insult a coward professor, while a free and determined air in the christian, often represses the insolence of the insolent. Men do not readily encounter those, whose appearances afford no hope of success, but rather retire, cautious and impressed.

What an interesting sight is a christian family at their accustomed social worship. Those views and feelings, which spring out of family worship, elevate a man in the scale of moral dignity, and of spiritual worth. They associate him with men, who are the excellent of the earth; and they associate him, through the mediation of Jesus, with that great God, who is the highest, and the unchangeable good of Angels, and of Men.

It is not the lot of every praying family, *to be thus prosperous in their worldly concerns.* Few, are the Cedars of Lebanon; but numerous, the Lillies of the valley. Why then, suffering Christian, do you despond? Has not the wise

King declared, "No man knoweth love or hatred, by the things which are before him." See Job, on the dunghill, and Lazarus, at the rich man's gate, and reason like a man; and conclude like a christian.

How deceitful and dangerous *is worldly prosperity* in itself; but it becomes tenfold more so, when the love of it is entwined about our hearts. How numerous are the entanglements, which may arise out of a great run of business. What nets and gins do Satan, and our own naughty hearts, draw from that, which is, in itself, a good sovereignly bestowed; and which affords an ability for glorifying God.—These Christians, who are prospering in the world; will do well to, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the relation before us. The spot, the deep, the foul spot, in this good man's profession, was, relinquishing a well known and highly important duty. This arose, *not* from those deep discouragements, which sometimes prey upon the feeble minded, but genuine believer. No, the family Altar, which was raised by hands devoted to God, was now thrown down, through the dictates of an ascendant worldly Spirit. It was not the fear of man, which overthrew it, but a deep declension in the fear of God. Conscience remonstrated, but it was in vain. The world spoke, and it was heard.

Alas, this relation shows us to what unexpected, and degrading changes the christian is liable. Faith, occasionally, becomes wavering; Love, cold; Hope, contracted; Zeal, enfeebled; and importunity in prayer, is succeeded by that restraining of prayer, which sooner or later, will pierce the soul through and through with sorrow. How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! O thou worldly spirit, thou perverted reason, and Thou—Thou base unbelief, together ye have unnerved the soul, and blasted the wreath of honour, which encircled the brow of this praise-worthy christian.

In the dealings of God with this much declined christian, we see the compassion of our heavenly father. Yes, and well might our souls melt within us, in the humbling and grateful recollection of the signal instances, in which it has been exercised towards *us*, who have so often provoked him to jealousy. Instead of turning this disobedient son out of the family, he mercifully raises up an instrument for his recovery. The *letter* deserves to be read over, and over, and over again. Little did the young man think, when he was writing, that he was pointing an arrow, which was intended to pierce deep into the heart of his master. We often do God's work, without intending.

or knowing it. But he, superintends all; and he, overrules all. This letter was written under the superintending influence of the Almighty. It was meant for the heart; and, therefore, it reached the heart. None of God's arrows fall short. What a conflict followed. Here were the living embers, though covered over with much ashes; and they were blown by the breath of God, into a flame. The christian, sometimes, owing to having fallen into the gulph of spiritual declension, is in nearly similar circumstances with the drowning man. Ah, when the *respiration* of prayer is impeded, then the *circulation* of praise nearly ceases; then the *warmth* of desire becomes *cold;* and then the *activity* of the vital principle ceases. Yet, blessed, for ever blessed be God, there is a great difference between the ACTUAL EXTINCTION, and the *mere suspension* of the living principle in the Christian.

See, the family altar is rebuilt; and the sacrifice, again ascends to God. What a happy change. Good men, and good angels rejoice at it; and, with such sacrifices, God is well pleased: and he gave the most decided tokens of his approbation. Verily it is not a vain thing to serve God. He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Christian reader, is thy altar neglected? Does it lie in ruins? Awake from thy worthless sloth; arise out of thy deep disgrace; and instantly erect thy altar anew. Art thou, though prosperous, pursuing business, with that intenseness of desire and application, which is, as a canker worm, at the root of thy devotion? Remember, O remember, the determination you have read; and seek, by the grace of God, to rise into the same exalted spirit. Once more hear him, "I have been, and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business and retain my devotion. Better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul."

THE DRUNKEN FROLIC OVERRULED.

One night, at a Public-house in Leek, Staffordshire, a few men were drinking at a late hour; when one of the party said, he would engage to ride his horse to Black-

mere, and back again in a certain time, (which he mentioned) for a sum of money, which he also named; and that he would bring with him sufficient proof of his having been there. Blackmere is a large pool of water, at the top of the hill, called, "Morridge;" which, some think, is without bottom: it is about three miles from Leek. His proposal was agreed to, and he mounted his horse, and set off with all speed. When he came near the place, he heard a woman cry out, in a very mournful tone, apparently, in very great distress. It directly struck him, that some person was going to drown the woman. He immediately spoke aloud, as though he had been addressing some companions. "He is here: he is here. I have him." The person directly left the woman, and ran for his life, and never was heard of after. But the man found his conjectures too true, for the person was, indeed, going to throw her into the pool! He gave the woman his top coat, told her she must get up behind him, and hold fast, for that he was obliged to be at Leek by such a time. They both mounted, and reached Leek within the time. He delivered the woman to the landlady, gave orders for her to be dressed immediately, related the circumstance, and presented the woman as a demonstrative proof that he had been at Blackmere.

Communicated, as a well-known fact, by the *Rev. J. Beaumont*, to the Editor of the Arminian Magazine.

REFLECTIONS.

How true are the words of *Hanani*, the seer, to *Asa* King, of Judah, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." God saw the perilous situation of this distressed woman, and sent deliverance; but it was at the last moment. Why no sooner, and why he suffers the wicked, in the secret places, to murder the innocent, it probably does not become us to enquire. Of this one thing, however, we are confident, that when it comports with his plan to effect deliverance, it is always wrought in the fittest season. As light enters all bodies without being defiled, so God permits, and overrules even sin, to fulfil his determinate counsel, without spotting the purity of his nature; thus was the life of a helpless creature saved through the frolic of a few drunken men. The goodness of God towards this poor woman, rescuing her in so extrordinary a manner from a watery grave, should have led her to repentance. If it did not, it heightened her guilt in the present, and deepened her punishment in the future world. Reader, hast thou been

delivered in thy extremity, and yet, hast thou forgotten the hand of God, that plucked thee from the jaws of death? O sin, thus ungratefully, no longer, lest, in some evil hour, a worse thing befall thee.

THE DRUMMER AND HIS BOY.

When on a preaching tour with a friend, we met with a pious drummer, belonging to a regiment quartered in a town which we visited. We invited him to sup with us in the inn. After supper we requested him to favor us with his history, which he did with great modesty and seriousness, in the following words, which are as nearly his own as I can recollect. "I have been (said he) twenty-four years in the army and navy together. Till four years ago I was the wickedest wretch in either. Our regiment was then at Hull. I was seized with an unaccountable melancholy, it was not about religion. I do not know what it was, but I was miserable. One evening, as I was walking on the common, very unhappy, I observed a

church lighted up, which convinced me there was a sermon in it, but I durst not go lest my comrades should laugh at me for going to sermon on a week day. I knelt on the common and prayed to God to give me courage to go to church. When I arose I went directly to church. The minister was preaching upon believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Immediately when I was seated, the minister said, "If it could be of the smallest service to the meanest person present, I would come down from the pulpit, and on my bended knees beseech that person to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Thought I, this must be a mighty matter surely, that a gentleman would come down from the pulpit, and on his bended knees beseech a poor drummer to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. That, with the remainder of his sermon, made a deep impression on my mind. I went home to my wife; she met me at the door: I said to her "*Jane* we are all wrong, we are living like beasts, we know nothing about believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." Poor thing! she trembled, for she thought I was gone mad; but said I, "*Jane*, I am not mad, but you and I are going to destruction. I understand the bible will tell us every thing; but we have not a bible, and though we had, we cannot read it." "O, (said she) we can buy a bible, and our little boy, who is only twelve miles off, can read it to us." Accordingly we sent for

our boy, and also bought a bible. When he came home, we desired him to begin at the first page and read forward to the end of the book. We gave him always two suppers to keep him from sleep, for he got drowsy with reading. I used to rise very early in the morning to hear more of the bible, but I would say, it is cruel to awake my boy so early, and would give him another hour of sleep: then he rose and began to read where he had stopped the preceding night, and we both sat listening to our boy reading the book. He read slow, for he had many hard words to spell. At length God opened my poor blind eyes to see that Jesus Christ was the very Saviour I stood in need of. O how happy I was! our boy read onward, and the Lord was pleased to open the poor blind eyes of my wife, so that she saw in Jesus Christ just what I saw. Now we became one of the happiest families in all Hull.

I had put myself to school that I might learn to read, and in a few months I was able to read nearly as well as my little boy. I determined that my house should be a house of prayer; and my door open to all that should choose to come. I told my comrades I had now begun to pray to God, and read his word, every morning and evening; and I should be glad of their company at these times. Several attended

to make sport. When I could not make out a long word, then they all laughed, but I thought, now a few months ago I would have laughed at these things as well as them, but if God opens their eyes as he has mine, they will laugh no more at these things—so I read on as well as I was able. By and by some of them became very serious, but drink and wicked company, did them much injury. One of them however remains very stedfast to this day.

In a letter from the *Rev. John Campbell* of Kingsland, to the *Rev. John Newton*, Rector of ST. MARY WOOLNORTH, *Lombard Street*.

REFLECTIONS.

Mr. Newton remarks to his valuable correspondent, "Your story about the drummer and his boy, is very affecting, and shews the sovereignty and power of grace, which can work upon any person, in any circumstances, either by, or without the use of public means, with equal ease. I trust the number of the Lord's hidden ones is not small. We sometimes meet with such, in places where we do not expect to find them. I think this is a great advantage of our established Church. I am told there are about ten thousand pa-

rishes in England; I believe more than nine thousand of these are destitute of the Gospel: but they have public worship on the Lord's-day. The liturgy is in an evangelical strain, and four chapters of the bible, and about a thirtieth part of the book of Psalms, are statedly read. By the Lord s blessing on these helps, I believe many people, who perhaps cannot read, are made wiser than their teachers; and I think were it not for the church service, nine-tenths of the kingdom, would, in a little time, be as ignorant and wild as the American Indians."

THE BASTINADO.

On the fifteenth of November, 1779, *Mr. Antes*, returning from a short country excursion, to Grand Cairo, was seized by some of the attendants of *Osman Bey*, a Mameluke chief; and, after stripping him of his clothes, they demanded money; which he not having about him, they dragged him before the Bey, telling him that he was a European, from whom he might get something. In order to extort money

from him, the Bey ordered him to be bastinadoed: they first threw him down flat on his face, and then bent up his legs, so that the soles of his feet were horizontal; they then brought a strong staff, about six feet long, with an iron chain fixed to it at both ends. This chain they threw round both feet, above the ancles, and twisted them together; and two fellows on each side, provided with what they call a *corbage*, held up the soles of the feet, by means of the stick. When thus placed, an officer whispered in his ear, "Do not suffer yourself to be beaten; give him a thousand dollars, and he will let you go." *Mr. Antes*, not willing to give up the money which he had received for the goods of other merchants, refused: the two men then began to beat the soles of his feet, at first moderately; but when a second application for money was refused, and then the demand was two thousand dollars, they began to lay on more roughly, and *every stroke felt like the application of a red hot poker*. Finding they could get no money, supposing he might have some choice goods, a third application was made to him by the officer: he told them he had a fine silver mounted blunderbuss, at his lodging, which he would give. The Bey asked what he offered; the officer sneered, and said *bir carabina*, i. e. "one blunderbuss;" on which, the Bey said, *ettrup*

il kulp, " beat the dog." Then they began to *lay on with all their might*. " At first (says *Mr. Antes,)* the pain was excruciating ; but, after some time, my feeling grew numb, and it was like beating a bag of wool." Finding that nothing was to be got from him, and knowing that he had done nothing to deserve punishment, the Bey ordered them to let him go. One of the attendants anointed his feet, and bound them up with some rags, put him on an ass, and conducted him to his house, in Cairo, and laid him on his bed, where he was confined *for six weeks, before he could walk, even with crutches; and, for more than three years, his feet and ancles were very much swelled*, and, *though twenty years had elapsed*, when he published this account, *his feet and ancles were so affected, that, on any strong exertion, they were accustomed to swell.*

He mentions instances of the bastinado having been applied for three days successively, and, if the person survived, *the feet were rendered useless for life;* but, in general, he observes, when they have received *between five and six hundred strokes, the blood gushes from their mouth and nose, and they die either under, or soon after the operation.*

aged 110 years; well known in the wars which occurred, while we were British colonies, and in the contest which issued in our independence, as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. He was very savage, and addicted to drunkenness in his youth* but by his own reflections, and the benevolent instructions of the late *Rev. Mr. Kirkland*, missionary to his tribe, he lived a reformed man, for more than sixty years, and died in christian hope.

From attachment to *Mr. Kirkland*, he had always expressed a desire to be buried near his minister and his father, that he might (to use his own expression) go up with him at the great resurrection. At the approach of death, after listening to the prayers which were read at his bedside by his great grandaughter, he again repeated the request. Accordingly, the family of *Mr. Kirkland* having received information by a runner, *Skenandon* was dead, in compliance with a previous promise sent assistance to the Indians, that the

* In the year 1755, *Skenandon* was present at a treaty made in Albany, at night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning found himself in the streets, stripped of all his ornaments, and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved that he would never again deliver himself over to the power of strong water.

corpse might be conveyed to the village of Clinton, for burial. Divine service was attended at the Meeting-house, at Clinton, on Wednesday, at two o'Clock, P. M. an address was made to the Indians, by the *Rev. Dr. Backus*, President of Hamilton College, which was interpreted by *Judge Dean*, of Westmoreland. Prayer was then offered, and appropriate psalms sung. After service, the concourse which had assembled from respect to the deceased Chief, from the singularity of the occasion, moved to the grave in the following order;

Students of Hamilton College,
Corpse,
INDIANS.
Mrs. Kirkland and family,
Judge Dean, *Rev. Dr. Norton*
Rev. Mr. Ayer,
Officers of Hamilton College,
CITIZENS.

After interment, the only surviving son of the deceased, self-moved, returned thanks through *Judge Dean*, as interpreter, to the people for the respect shewn to his father on the occasion, and to *Mrs. Kirkland* and family, for their kind and friendly intentions.

Skenandon's person was tall and brawny, but well made; his countenance

was intelligent, and beamed with all the indigenous dignity of an Indian Chief. In In his youth he was a brave intrepid warrior, and in his riper years, one of the ablest counsellors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind; and though terrible as the tornado in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace. With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invaders. His vigilance once preserved from massacre, the inhabitants of the infant settlement of German-flats. His influence brought his tribe to our assistance in the war of the revolution. How many of the living and the dead, have been saved from the tomahawk and scalping knife, by his friendly aid, is not known; but individuals and villages have expressed gratitude for his benevolent interpositions: and among the Indian tribes, he was distinguished by the appellation of the White man's Friend.

Although he could speak but little English, and, in his extreme old age, was blind, yet his company was sought after. In conversation, he was highly decorous, evincing that he had profited by seeing civilized, and polished society, and by mingling with good company in his better days.

To a friend, who called on him a short time since, he thus expressed himself by an interpreter :—

"I am an aged hemlock—the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged, have run away and left me; why I live, the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus, that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Honoured Chief! his prayer was answered, he was cheerful and obedient to the last. For several years, he kept his dress for the grave prepared. Once again, and again, and again, he came to Clinton to die, longing that his soul might be with Christ, and his body in the narrow house, near his beloved christian teacher.

REFLECTIONS.

"While the ambitious but vulgar great, look principally to sculptured monuments, and to niches in the temple of earthly fame, *Shenandoh*, in the spirit of the only real nobility, stood with his lions girded, waiting the coming of his Lord.

His Lord has come! and the day

approaches when the green hillock that covers his dust, will be more respected than the pyramids, the mausoleum, and the pantheons of the proud and imperious. His simple turf and stone, will be viewed with affection and veneration; when their taudry ornaments of human apotheosis, shall awaken only pity and disgust."

"Indulge my native land, indulge the tear,
"That steals impassion'd o'er a nations doom,
"To me each twig from Adam's stock is dear,
"And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb."

Evangelical Magazine, 1816.

THE FRENCH DREAMER.

Dear Sir,

The truth of the following anecdote may be depended upon, and as it shews the incessant and watchful care of providence over a chastened heir of glory, and that at a time of unfathomable and complicated distress, it may contribute, if publickly known, to encourage some of the tried

saints of God to confide in him, in their journey through this world to a better.

I remain,

Respectfully and affectionately, yours,

ROBERT MILLER.

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine, 1805.

Captain Harris was taken prisoner in the last war, and carried to Dunkirk. During his imprisonment, he was observed to be much depressed in mind, and in general, very pensive and thoughtful.—And when an order came from the French Government to remove the prisoners to Versailles, (a distance of more than 200 miles up the country) his anxiety and perplexity seemed to be much increased. Being of a very reserved disposition, he kept his troubles to himself. They therefore preyed incessantly upon his spirits. But a morning or two before they marched to Versailles, a Frenchman came into the prison, and made the following remarkable declaration. "There is some person, in this prison, in great distress of mind for want of money. Who it is I know not; the moment I see him, I shall know him,—for his person and circumstances were so impressed on my mind in a dream last night, that I cannot be mistaken!" The

moment the Frenchman saw *Captain H.* he said, "That's the man!" He immediately asked him if he was not distressed for want of money; and before he could receive an answer, he offered to lend him forty pounds. *Captain H.* was struck with wonder and amazement, that a stranger and an enemy, should, in a strange land, make such an offer to a man in his circumstances. He then informed him, that he had been very unsuccessful, and had encountred many difficulties in his last voyage: That he had been taken with his ship and cargo, and had lain in that prison for some time; that he had expected remittances from England, but had been disappointed: That he understood the prisoners were to be removed to Versailes: That all his money was expended except four pence, and that he had expected to die on the road for want. The Frenchman then pressed him hard to take forty pounds; but he would only accept three guineas, supposing that sum would supply his wants 'till he received remittances from England. *Captain H.* had feared the Lord from the time he was seven years of age, but nevertheless was now in distress. After the Lord had tried him, however, (and he trieth all the righteous) he thus arose for his help. *Captain H.* since then has been very successful, and is now in opulent circumstances.

Behold this good man, *this prisoner*; not only to the French, but to a worse foe, even an unbelieving and desponding heart, and that aggravated by a very reserved disposition, which rivetted his fetters still closer, and increased the weight of his chains. A christian, with such a disposition, must not be treated harshly. This is to drown the sinking, and strike dead the dying. Yet such are to be exhorted, from evangelical considerations, to be still; in patience, to possess their souls; and to cast all their anxious cares upon God, under a believing apprehension of his care for them. It is not only injurious to the soul, but sinful to indulge in despondency, and determinately to put from us those invaluable supports afforded us in the Gospel.

Though it is distressing to see good men struggling with misery; yet, how consoling to observe the Lord supporting, assisting, and defending them amid their trials. He is their arm, their shield, their eye—their all. Though they are launched upon the ocean of a calamitous life, they shall not be swallowed up by its quick-sands, or dashed upon its rocks; for God sits at the helm, and steers the vessel to her destined port.

When *Captain Harris* thought all was lost, help was at hand. His deliverance was effected by the interposition of a very remarkable providence. God, who came to Abimelech in a dream, came to this Frenchman also in a dream, in a vision of the night, "when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed," and impressed his soul on behalf of his suffering servant. This extraordinary dream is, unquestionably, a mirror, in which we behold a most wise and beneficent God. He that sees not here, an intelligent, invisible agent, disposing and directing the affairs of this distressed Christian, belongs, not to the class of the candid; but to the the ward of the incurables.

Though, under the banner of the French Revolution, were listed the vilest, and the most infamous of mankind, yet, here is a man—a man, worthy the name of a man—and he a Frenchman. Alas, what a wretched spirit of degeneracy and prejudice does he manifest, who hates a man because he is of Britain, or of Gaul—who elevates his countryman, into a God; and degrades his foeman, into a Devil. This is one of the foulest spots of human apostacy—"hateful, and hating one another:" and, is as *contrary* to the Divine command, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," as the tiger's growl, to the voice

of the turtle. But the fire of national animosity, so carefully supplied with fuel, for ages past, by interested, ambitious, and blood thirsty politicians, shall be extinguished; and a brotherhood—a brotherhood, glorious, universal, and lasting, shall be established. Yes, as all nations of men descended from one common father, so shall they constitute one family, under one head—Jesus, whom God has appointed to be head over all things to the church. The signs of the times announce his approach. The sound of his chariot wheels are heard—"Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

THE SON OF SCIENCE BOWING TO THE SON OF GOD.

M. de la Harpe ranked high among the literati of France. His various works have rendered him popular as an author. He claims attention as the associate of *Voltaire*, *D' Alembert*, and *Condorcet*. During the greater part of his life, he was a disciple of the French philosophy, and an active and a zealous disseminator of

its principles; and he affords, probably, the only instance of a convert made from that sect to Christianity. The circumstance which gives the most peculiar interest to his annals, is his conversion, in advanced life, from French infidelity to Christianity.

La Harpe hailed the commencement of the Revolution in France; and, during the two first years of its course, he was its advocate. Under the reign of terror, he was arrested, and lodged in the Luxemburgh; and, in this situation, he became very disconsolate. We are told that he did not feel his principles adapted to give relief, in the conjuncture in which he found himself; and a friend, who was anxious for his welfare, requested him to peruse the Psalms of David. Into these compositions he had never before looked, except with a view to discover poetical beauties, and they were very little in his recollection. Fearful of offending the philosopher, and of stumbling, as it were, at the threshold, his friend requested him to peruse them, as a resource for killing time; and, in order to fix his attention more on the sacred compositions, he was requested to compose a purely literary comment on them, which conduct, strikingly illustrates that scripture apothegm, "He that winneth souls is wise." He undertook it. Scarcely had

he begun, before he discovered in the Psalms, a number of beauties of a superior order: this persuasion continued to gain strength; and farther perusal soon fortified it. From this commentary, originating in a mere regard to friendship, and afterwards pursued to pious zeal, was formed the preliminary discourse, prefixed to the translation of the Psalter, the first work, in which he announced his conversion. His own account of that memorable event, he gives in the following words:—

"I was alone in my prison, in a small dark chamber, very sorrowful. I had, for several days, been reading the Psalms, the Gospels, and some good books. Their effect had been rapid, though progressive. I was already restored to the faith, I saw a new light, but it terrified me in shewing me an abyss, that of forty years of error. I saw all the evil, but no remedy. Nothing around me offered to me the succour of religion. On one side, my life, was before my eyes, such as it appeared by the torch of Divine truth; and, on the other, death, such as was then inflicted, and which I expected every day. The Priest no longer appeared on the scaffold to comfort those who were about to die; he no longer ascended it except to die himself. Full of these distressing ideas, my heart

had sunk within me, it silently addressed itself to God, whom I had just found, and whom I scarcely yet knew. I besought him to shew me what I was to do, and what was to become of me. I had on my table the Imitation, and I had been told, that I should frequently find in that excellent book an answer to my thoughts. I opened it without any view to a particular part, and fell on these words: "Behold me, my son, I come to thee because thou hast invoked me." I read no more, the sudden impression which I experienced is beyond description; and it is not more possible to convey it in words than to forget it. I fell with my face on the ground, bathed in tears, almost suffocated, uttering inarticulate cries, and broken sentences. I perceived my heart lightened and dilated, yet, at the same time, ready to burst. A multitude of ideas and sentiments rushed on my mind, I wept a long time; and I am without any recollection of this situation, except that it was something beyond comparison, the most violent and transporting, that my heart ever experienced. These words "Behold me my son," never ceased to sound in my ears, and forcibly to agitate my frame."

On being released from prison, the new convert resumed his lectures at the Lyceum; where he displayed all that zeal

which is natural to that character. The sensation produced by this novelty, the ridicule which it provoked, and the persecutions which it drew on this confessor in the cause of religion, are well known to those who paid attention to events at Paris, at that period. In what is termed the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor, *La Harpe* was obliged to flee, in order to escape deportation: but he found a secure and commodious asylum near Paris, where he composed a part of his Fragments of an Apology for Religion. Soon after his release from his last captivity, his health rapidly declined, and early in the year, 1803, he closed his mortal carreer. His conversation we are informed, was, in the highest degree, pious and edifying, on the prospect of dissolution.

In his Preface to his Apology, the author makes this declaration:—"I am not in a condition to instruct those who know any thing: my book is addressed to those, who, like myself, have not, to this moment, been desirous of knowing any thing; and, it has occurred to me, that the manner in which I have been instructed, might prove instructive to them. A heavenly voice, when I least thought of it, spoke to my heart, and said, "Take and read: it was not the Apologists that were put into my hands; it was the Gospels,

the Psalms, the Scriptures. They were not *Grotius*, *Abadie*, *Houtteville*, *Crousaz*, and *Bergier*, who enlightened me. They are absolutely unknown to me, not that I do not cordially believe them to merit the testimonies borne to them. But I have never, for a moment, felt any desire or need of reading them."

Arminian Magazine, 1807.

REFLECTIONS.

The prediction by *Cazotte*, of the conversion of *M. de la Harpe*, as mentioned in the Narrative of the Illuminati, called forth at the time, loud, contemptuous exclamation; and caused the infidel, *Chamfort* to reply, "*Ah, all my fears are removed; for, if we are not doomed to perish, 'till* La Harpe *becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal.*" But, here the prediction is verified:—"With men this is impossible; but, with God all things are possible." Passing by many affecting incidents, which would afford matter for useful reflection, my reader will permit me to direct his attention to this company, so distinguished for talents, witticism, dissoluteness, and impiety.

And here, I cannot but observe, that

instead of amusing themselves with declamations against priestcraft, artful evasions of facts, and shallow sophisms, against the gospel, how much better it would have become them to have remembered, that it is always easy to be on the negative side; for what more easy than to query, scruple, or deny any thing?

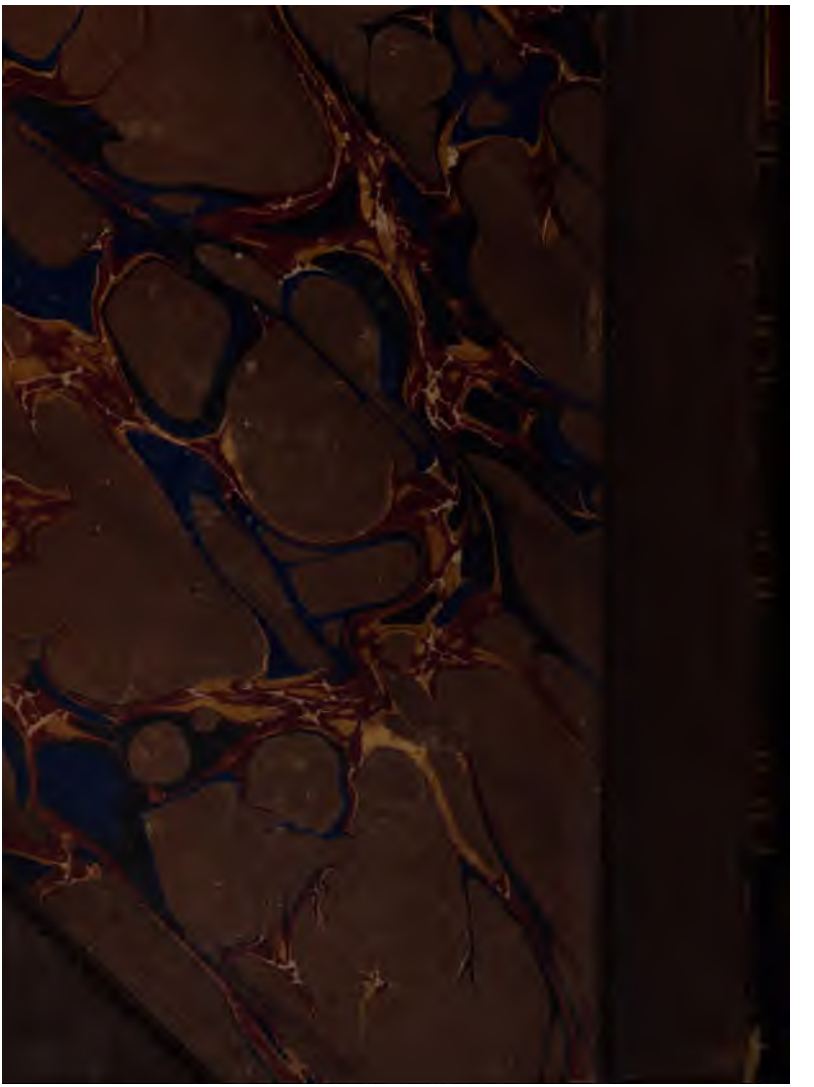
They should have distinguished between the religion of Jesus Christ, as revealed in the Scriptures, and the trappings of grandeur with which it is invested; the ignorance in which men wrap up themselves, who pin their faith on the sleeve of a priest; the trumpery of relics; the miracles, which retire to the shade of secresy; and the men, who wait with anxiety and terror, the purification of purgatory; the various errors; with which it has been blended; and the horrid abuses, with which it has been loaded. Having swept this rubbish away, they should then have recollected, that the true question is, whether the gospel, which remains, be a mere forgery; and whether Jesus Christ, the founder of it, was an artful impostor: and also, whether, that which constitues so vile a character, fairly and fully attaches to our precious Saviour. It would have well become them to have frankly acknowledged, with the sceptical *Lord Bolingbroke*, "That, supposing Christianty to

rity over every other professed religion—om the *possibility*, *reasonableness*, and *esirableness* of such a dispensation—from ıe *Prophesies* which went before of the .se, the promulgation, and the establish-ıent of Christianity—from the *Character* f those who have embraced, and written ı its defence—and from the *Absurdities* ıto which its opposers run, in order to get id of the evidences which are produced in upport of this Godlike system, I call it *Godlike*, for as the coin exhibits the mage and *Impress* of the Sovereign, so he Gospel from the *Character* which it ;ives of God; the *evidences* by which it is :onfirmed; and its natural *tendency* to :onform the faithful to the moral and imitable perfections of God, show its Di-vine Author. I say, once more, these gay ınd self-inflated philosophers, should have fairly and fully discussed these interesting topics; each one, as a dying man with dying men; and they would soon have seen and felt, that it ought to be something very weighty indeed, to preponderate against all this evidence; and that light and darkness, fire and water, life and death, are not more incompatible than CHRIS-TIANITY and *Imposture*.

I would only add one suggestion to our dear young friends, whose welfare should always lay very near our hearts.

It is this, that they would conscientiously remember the caution of the Apostle, "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners." On which passage *Dr. Adam Clark* remarks, "There is a proverb much like this among the Rabbins :—

"*There were two* DRY *Logs of wood, and one* GREEN *Log, ; but the* DRY *logs, burnt up the* GREEN *Log.*"

There is no difficulty, the *Doctor* observes, in this saying; he who frequents the company of bad or corrupt men, will soon be as they are. He may be sound in the faith, and at first frequent their company only for the sake of their pleasing conversation, or their literary accomplishments: and he may think his *faith* proof against their *infidelity*; but he will soon find, by means of their glozing speeches, his faith weakened; and when once he gets under the empire of *doubt*, unbelief will soon prevail: his bad company will corrupt his morals, and the two dry logs, will soon burn up the green one."

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